# the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN

## BRAND NEW DAY

MARVEL

# the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN®

## BRAND NEW DAY

*The*

## COMPLETE COLLECTION

## VOLUME 4

# the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN

## BRAND NEW DAY

### *AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #592-594*

Writer: **MARK WAID**
Pencilers: **MIKE McKONE** with **BARRY KITSON** (#594)
Inkers: **ANDY LANNING** with **KARL KESEL** (#593) & **MARK MORALES** (#594)
Color Artist: **JEROMY COX**
Letterer: **VC'S JOE CARAMAGNA**
Cover Art: **JOE QUESADA** with **DANNY MIKI, TIM TOWNSEND, RICHARD ISANOVE** & **MORRY HOLLOWELL**

### *SPIDER-MAN: THE SHORT HALLOWEEN*

Writers: **BILL HADER** & **SETH MEYERS**
Artist: **KEVIN MAGUIRE**
Color Artist: **DEAN WHITE**
Letterer: **VC's CHRIS ELIOPOULOS**
Cover Art: **KEVIN MAGUIRE** & **DEAN WHITE**

### *AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #595*

Writer: **JOE KELLY**
Penciler: **PHIL JIMENEZ**
Inker: **ANDY LANNING**
Colorist: **CHRIS CHUCKRY**
Letterer: **VC's JOE CARAMAGNA**
Cover Art: **PHIL JIMENEZ** & **CHRIS CHUCKRY**

### *AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #596*

Writer: **JOE KELLY**
Penciler: **PAULO SIQUEIRA**
Inker: **AMILTON SANTOS**
Colorist: **JEROMY COX**
Letterer: **VC's CHRIS ELIOPOULOS**
Cover Art: **PHIL JIMENEZ** & **CHRIS CHUCKRY**

### *AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #597*

Writer: **JOE KELLY**
Artist: **MARCO CHECCHETTO**
Colorist: **CHRIS CHUCKRY**
Letterer: **VC's JOE CARAMAGNA**
Cover Art: **PHIL JIMENEZ** & **CHRIS CHUCKRY**

### *AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #598*

Writer: **JOE KELLY**
Pencilers: **PAUL SIQUEIRA** & **MARCO CHECCHETTO**
Inkers: **PAUL SIQUEIRA, MARCO CHECCHETTO** & **AMILTON SANTOS**
Colorists: **JEROMY COX** with **CHRIS CHUCKRY**
Letterer: **VC's CHRIS ELIOPOULOS**
Cover Art: **PHIL JIMENEZ** & **CHRIS CHUCKRY**

### *AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #599*

Writer: **JOE KELLY**
Artists: **STEPHEN SEGOVIA, MARCO CHECCHETTO** and **PAULO SIQUEIRA** & **AMILTON SANTOS**
Colorists: **CHRIS CHUCKRY** & **JEROMY COX**
Letterer: **VC's JOE CARAMAGNA**
Cover Art: **PHIL JIMENEZ** & **CHRIS CHUCKRY**

### *DARK REIGN: MISTER NEGATIVE #1-3*

Writer: **FRED VAN LENTE**
Penciler: **GIANLUCA GUGLIOTTA**
Inkers: **ANDY LANNING** (#1), **KRIS JUSTICE** (#1) & **GIANLUCA GUGLIOTTA** (#2-3)
Colorists: **RONDA PATTISON** with **ANDRES MOSSA** (#1, #3) & **ANTONIO FABELA** (#3)
Letterers: **DAVE LANPHEAR**
Cover Art: **JAE LEE** & **JUNE CHUNG**

### *"IDENTITY CRISIS"*

Writer: **STAN LEE**
Artist: **MARCOS MARTIN**
Colorist: **JAVIER RODRIGUEZ**
Letterer: **VC's JOE CARAMAGNA**

### *"MY BROTHER'S SON"*

Writer: **MARK WAID**
Artist: **COLLEEN DORAN**
Colorist: **JOSE VILLARRUBIA**
Letterer: **VC's JOE CARAMAGNA**

### *"THE BLESSING"*

Writer: **MARC GUGGENHEIM**
Artist: **MITCH BREITWEISER**
Colorist: **ELIZABETH BREITWEISER**
Letterer: **VC's JOE CARAMAGNA**

### *AMAZING SPIDER-MAN FAMILY #7*

Writer: **ROGER STERN**
Penciler: **VAL SEMEIKS**
Inker: **MIKE GETTY**
Colorist: **ANDRES MOSSA**
Letterer: **JARED K. FLETCHER**
Cover Art: **JOE SUITOR**

### *AMAZING SPIDER-MAN ANNUAL #36*

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Penciler: **PAT OLLIFFE**
Inkers: **PAT OLLIFFE** with **ANDY LANNING**
Colorist: **ANTONIO FABELA**
Letterer: **VC's JOE CARAMAGNA**
Cover Art: **OLIVIER COIPEL** & **JUSTIN PONSOR**

### *"FIGHT AT THE MUSEUM"*

Writer: **ZEB WELLS**
Artist: **DEREC DONOVAN**
Colorist: **ANTONIO FABELA**
Letterer: **VC's JOE CARAMAGNA**

### *"IF I WAS A SPIDER-MAN..."*

Writer: **BOB GALE**
Artist/Colorist: **MARIO ALBERTI**
Letterer: **JARED K. FLETCHER**

### *AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #600*

Writer: **DAN SLOTT**
Penciler: **JOHN ROMITA JR.**
Inker: **KLAUS JANSON**
Colorist: **DEAN WHITE**
Letterer: **VC's JOE CARAMAGNA**
Cover Art: **JOHN ROMITA JR., KLAUS JANSON** & **DEAN WHITE**

### *AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #601*

Writer: **MARK WAID**
Artist: **MARIO ALBERTI**
Color Artist: **ANDRES MOSSA**
Letterer: **VC's JOE CARAMAGNA**
Cover Art: **J. SCOTT CAMPBELL**

### *"THE BEST VERSION OF MYSELF"*

Writer: **BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS**
Artist: **JOE QUESADA**
Colorist: **MORRY HOLLOWELL**
Letterer: **VC's CHRIS ELIOPOULOS**

### *"VIOLENT VISIONS"*

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Artist: **MAX FIUMARA**
Colorist: **CHRIS CHUCKRY**
Letterer: **VC's JOE CARAMAGNA**

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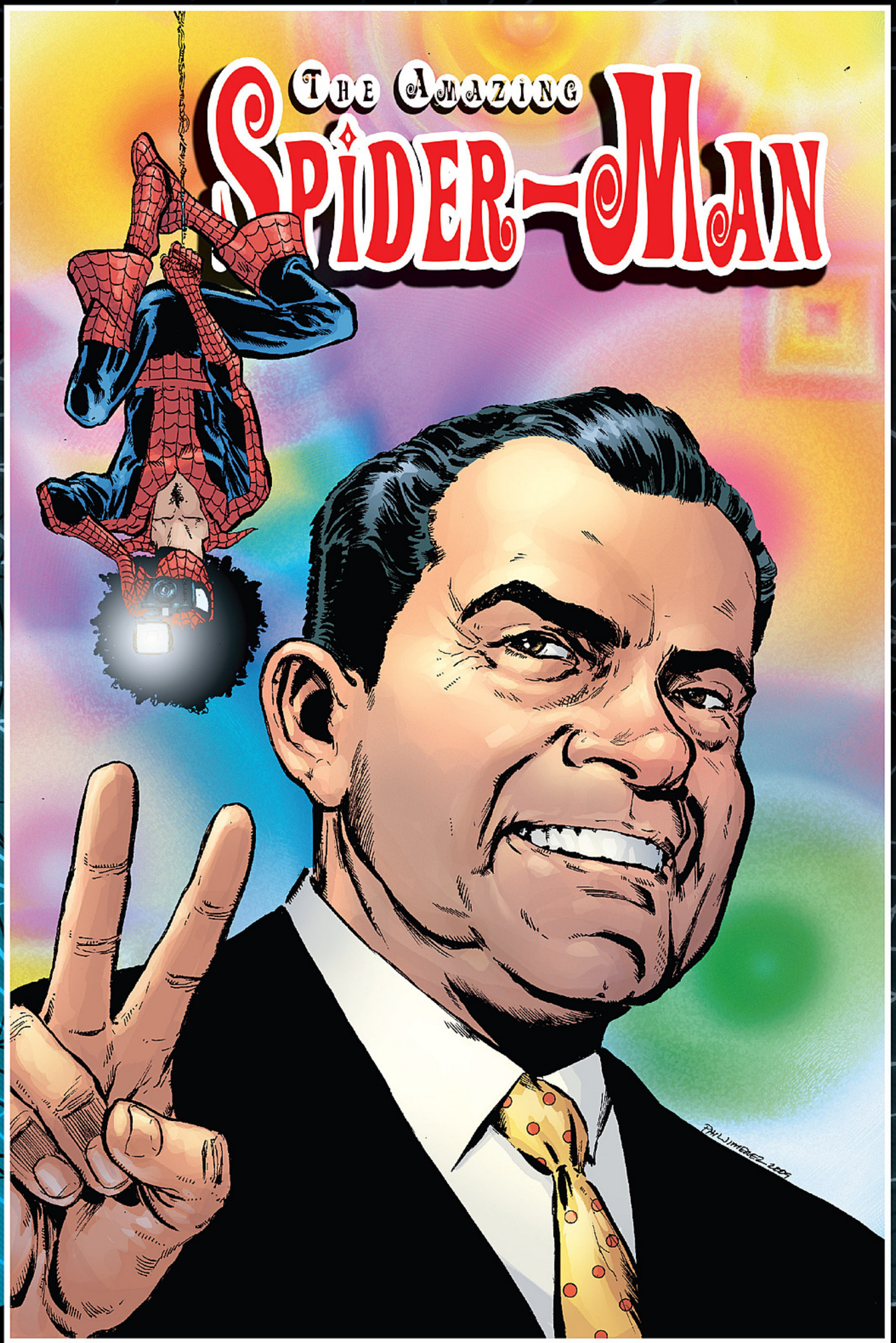
AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #592




**AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #599 ’70s DECADE VARIANT**
BY **PHIL JIMENEZ**

THE DAILY BUGLE

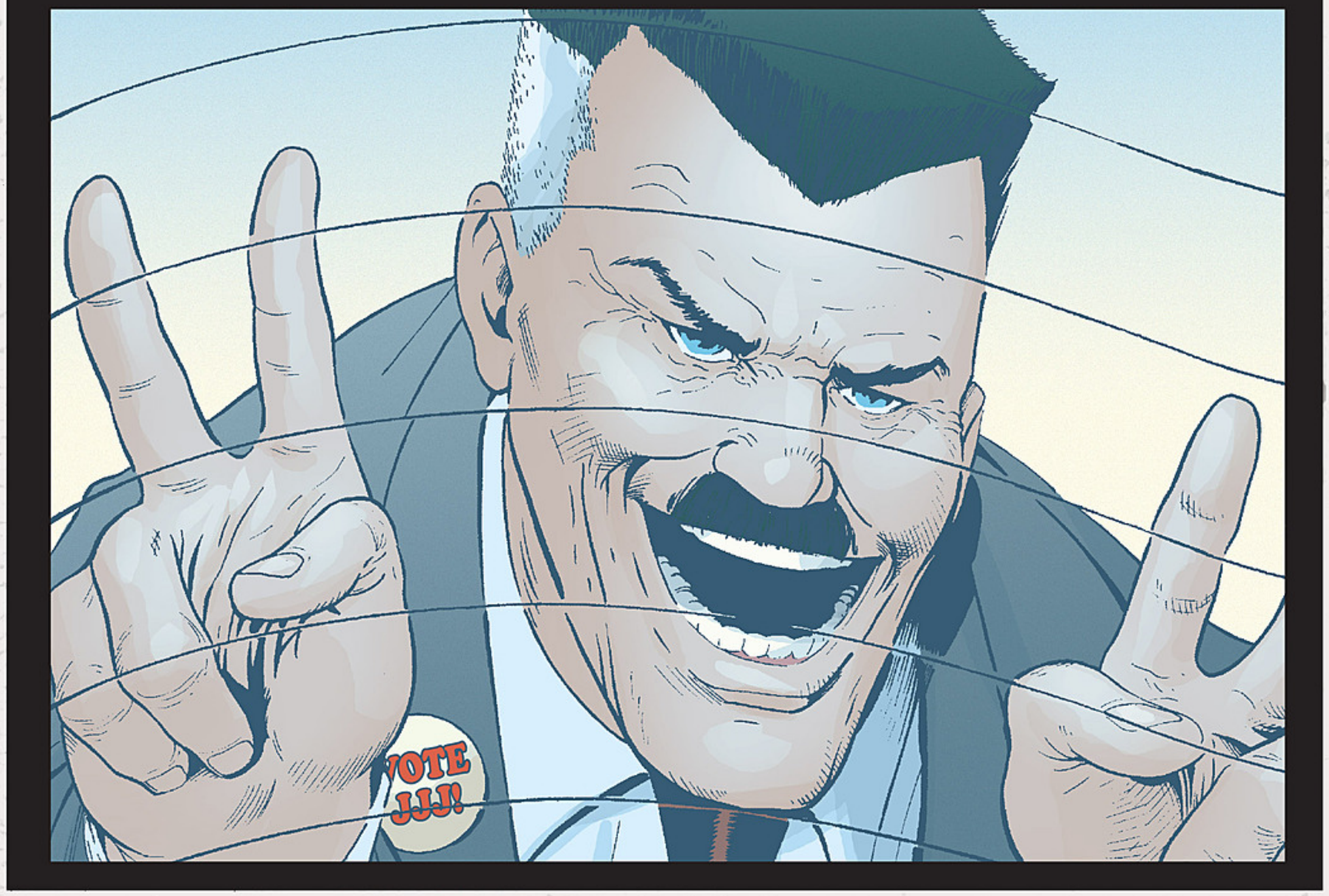
# THE DB! FOR EVERY BRAND *NEWS* DAY!

THE DB

SPIDER-MAN NO MORE? WITH NO SIGN OF THE WEB-HEAD THESE PAST TWO MONTHS AND J. JONAH JAMESON'S SUDDEN ASCENT TO POWER, DB SOURCES BELIEVE HE MAY HAVE BEEN INSTRUMENTAL IN MAKING THE HERO DISAPPEAR. IS OUR NEW MAYOR A MURDERER? *MORE ON PAGE Y46!*

**APRIL 22, 2009 • WEDNESDAY**

# IT'S JONAH!




Mayor J. Jonah Jameson. Yes, THE J. Jonah Jameson is mayor of New York. How did it happen? When we last saw Jonah J., he was recovering from a heart attack and wondering what to do with his life now that his wife Marla sold the Daily Bugle out from under him to the king of slimeball journalism, Dexter Bennett. How did he turn it all around? Spidey couldn't tell you – he and the FF were busy quelling civil unrest in the Macroverse, a dimension who's time stream so differs from our own that a short mission cost them two months on Earth! And everyone knows two months in the life of Peter Parker, ANYTHING can change – his rent, his love life, even his circle of friends, a base slightly expanded when Peter begrudgingly unmasked to the Fantastic Four. But the big problem remains clear – J. Jonah Jameson, former Stalin-esque boss to Peter Parker and archenemy to Spider-Man, is now Chief Executive of New York City. It's time for Pete to make his next move.

## UNDERWORLD UNDER SIEGE!

*By Betty Brant*

What began as a few seemingly unrelated gangland murders have escalated to a full-fledged spree, as crime organizations across the city have seen their numbers depleted by ruthless and indiscriminate means. The attacks, at first thought to be coincidental animal slayings, have formed a pattern all too obvious to NYPD sources. "Whatever this thing is – it ain't human, but it's clearly got a strategy." Said one NYPD officer, speaking on condition of anonymity. The creature leaves little of his victims behind, and although…

(more on page A11)

DETOUR

Move To Sunny TRINIDAD

ENJOY THE ISLAND!

Eclipse Outback

Come Live In The Outback

=SIGH=

299

Where Life Is Good By Royal Decree

TRAVEL

# 24/7

MARK WAID
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PENCILS

ANDY LANNING
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JEROMY COX
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PUBLISHER

ALAN FINE
EXEC. PRODUCER

GALE, SLOTT, GUGGENHEIM, WAID & KELLY — WEB-HEADS

THANK YOU, SPACE-TIME CONTINUUM!

I GO INTO ANOTHER DIMENSION TO HELP OUT THE FANTASTIC FOUR FOR ONE AFTERNOON-- ONE LOUSY AFTERNOON--

--AND I COME BACK TO FIND OUT THAT TIME BETWEEN HERE AND THERE IS MORE OUTTA SYNC THAN THE RED SKULL AT A GLAAD RALLY--

--AND WHAT WAS A FEW HOURS TO US WAS ACTUALLY TWO WHOLE MONTHS!

TWO MONTHS IN WHICH NEW YORK CITY, IN SOME CRAZED FIT OF GROUP INSANITY, MADE J. JONAH JAMESON THE MAYOR IN A SPECIAL ELECTION!

AMAZING #590-591! --S.T.E.V.I.E.

I HAD TO CALL REED RICHARDS TWICE TO MAKE SURE THIS ISN'T SOME ALTERNATE EARTH WHERE GREEN IS BROWN AND MICE CHASE CATS AND...

...AND MILK IS STILL FRESH?

AND MAIL IS STACKED AND SORTED AND CONTAINS NO OVERDUE BILLS?

WHO'S BEEN KEEPING UP MY APARTMENT WHILE I WAS GONE?

NOT AUNT MAY--SHE'D HAVE MENTIONED IT WHEN I CALLED HER TO APOLOGIZE FOR EIGHT WEEKS OF RADIO SILENCE.

AND NOT MY ROOMMATE. EX-ROOMMATE. VIN'S SERVING SIX MONTHS IN RYKER'S.

STILL, ONE OF MY FRIENDS HAS CLEARLY BEEN LOOKING IN ON THE PLACE. BETTY? HARRY?

AFTER MY BRILLIANT STORY IN #584-588. --GUGGENHEIM

I'LL FIGURE OUT WHO TO THANK LATER. MAYBE THEY CAN HELP ME PACK FOR WAKANDA.

AAAAAAAAGGHH... WHO'M I KIDDING? NEW YORK IS MY HOME.

I CAN'T LET A LITTLE THING LIKE PETER PARKER'S MORTAL ENEMY SINCE HE WAS SIXTEEN BEING IN CHARGE OF THE ENTIRE CITY DRIVE ME AWAY... CAN I?

OKAY, *FORGET* PETER PARKER.

Q: W.W. S-M.D.?

A: HE'D LEAD WITH HIS *FACE!*

INTO THE *TRASH*, LITTLE BROCHURES!

I GOTS TO GO FIGHT ME SOME *CITY HALL!*

"AND MAYBE PICK UP A *THANK-YOU CAKE* FOR MY *MYSTERY HOUSE-SITTER--*

"*--WHOEVER* IT MAY BE!"

SONAVE.

MAN...

...HOW DO ORDINARY FOLKS GET AROUND IN NEW YORK TRAFFIC?

City Hall.

MR. MAYOR--!

MR. MAYOR--!

MR. MAYOR--!

MR. MAYOR--!

MR. MAYOR--!

MR. MAYOR--!

SIR, THE *BUDGET MEETING*--

--HOUSING--

--*BENEFIT* DINNER--

--CITY *COUNCIL*--

*ENOUGH!*

TAKE IT UP WITH MY *SCHEDULING ASSISTANT!* I'M A *BUSY MAN!*

TOO BUSY FOR THE *PRESS?*

MISS *BRANT?*

*BETTY* BRANT, REPORTING FOR THE DB!

*HA! THAT* RAG?

MAYOR, SPIDER-MAN HASN'T BEEN SEEN SINCE YOU TOOK *OFFICE!* ANY TRUTH TO THE RUMOR THAT YOU'RE *RESPONSIBLE* FOR HIS ABSENCE?

WHY...

...WHY, *YES!* *ABSOLUTELY* TRUE!

I'VE RUN THAT WALL-CRAWLER *OUT OF TOWN*--

--AN EXAMPLE OF THE *NO-NONSENSE, LAW-AND-ORDER, ZERO-ARACHNID POLICIES* OF THE JAMESON ADMINISTRATION IN ACTION! NOW, IF YOU'LL *EXCUSE* ME...

MAYOR, A *FOLLOW-UP* QUESTION--

--*MUSEUM* BENEFIT--

--*KREE WAR VETERANS* LOBBYISTS--

ORDER SOME *BEAR TRAPS,* ANDERSON.

RIGHT AWAY, MR. MAYOR, SIR. YOUR *FOUR O'CLOCK* IS HERE AND WAITING IN YOUR *OFFICE.*

--WANT YOU FOR *CONAN O'BRIEN*--

--SIGN OFF ON *UTILITIES* WORK--

--GOT YOUR *MUSTACHE WAX*--

*BACK*, YOU ANIMALS! *BACK!*

AND BRANT, TELL YOUR READERS SPIDER-MAN IS *THROUGH* IN THIS TOWN--AND TO CREDIT *MAYOR J. JONAH JAMESON*--

--*JUNIOR*.

HELLO, SON.

I HAD TO MAKE AN APPOINTMENT TO *SEE* YOU, JUNIOR. I WISH YOU'D STOP *AVOIDING* ME.

AVOIDING *YOU?* YOU LEFT HOME WHEN I WAS A *KID* AND I ONLY JUST *HEARD* FROM YOU *TWO WEEKS AGO!* WHO'S AVOIDING *WHO?*

I SUPPOSE I *DESERVE* THAT.

YOU READY TO TELL ME WHY YOU ABANDONED MOM IN THE *FIRST* PLACE?

I--

--I CAME BACK TO NEW YORK TO MAKE *AMENDS*...ONLY TO FIND YOU DRAGGING YOUR NAME--*MY* NAME--THROUGH THE *MUD!*

WHAT ARE YOU *TALKING* ABOUT? I'VE *MADE* THE NAME "*J. JONAH JAMESON*"--AND *STOP* CALLING ME "*JUNIOR!*"--*INTO* SOMETHING IN THIS TOWN!

I WAS THE *PUBLISHER* OF THE BEST NEWS-PAPER IN THE *CITY!* AND NOW I'M THE *MAYOR!* I'D *THINK* YOU'D BE *PROUD* TO HAVE THE SAME NAME!

PROUD? OF THE WAY YOU'VE SO RELENTLESSLY PERSECUTED A MAN OF CHARACTER?
DO NOT START WITH THAT! DO NOT--
SPIDER-MAN! HE IS AN OBSESSION WITH YOU AND HAS BEEN FOR YEARS!
DO NOT DEFEND THAT WEB-SLINGING CRIMINAL IN THIS OFFICE!
HE IS A GOOD MAN, JUNIOR! I'VE DONE MY HOMEWORK ON THIS! THE PEOPLE OF THIS CITY OWE HIM MORE THAN THEY CAN EVER REPAY!
THE SPIDER-TRACER MURDERS--
HE WAS CLEARED OF ALL CHARGES!
BUT--
HE WAS GOOD ENOUGH FOR THE AVENGERS--
--BUT--
--AND FOR YOUR HERO, CAPTAIN AMERICA!
--BUT--
WHAT'S THE MATTER, JUNIOR? NO COMEBACK FOR THAT ONE? OR IS MY SON, THE NEWSMAN, AFRAID OF THE FACTS?
CRUNCH
CRUNCH

PLEASE, DO NOT LET ME INTERRUPT!

I'M BLUSHING!

OsCorn! Popcorn Treats!

YOU! HOW DARE YOU BREAK INTO MY--

RELAX, BROOMHEAD! I AM NEITHER THREAT NOR MENACE TODAY. HI, MR. JAMESON!

GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN, SIR.

DAD, YOU-- YOU KNOW THIS DEGENERATE?

KNOW ME? HE SAVED MY LIFE!

AMAZING #579!

YOU DID WHAT?

DURING THE SUBWAY COLLAPSE. SPIDER-MAN'S BEING MODEST. HE SAVED US ALL.

I HAVE ANOTHER APPOINTMENT. TAKE CARE, SPIDER-MAN. DON'T LET JUNIOR GET TO YOU.

I LOVE THAT MAN.

CAN'T... BREATHE.

MUSTN'T DIE...BEFORE SPIDER-MAN...

MUSTN'T DIE...BEFORE SPIDER-MAN...

LISTEN, YOU CROTCHETY OLD *CRANK*...

...I'M SORRY, I MEAN "*YOUR HONOR*"...

...YOU AND I HAVE BEEN GOING AROUND AND AROUND SINCE *FOREVER*, AND I'VE DECIDED WE'RE BOTH GETTING *TOO OLD* FOR THIS...

...SO DESPITE THE FACT THAT IT'S *KILLING ME INSIDE*, I'M MAKING YOU AN *OFFER*: *TRUCE*.

WHAT?

YOU HEARD ME. I RESPECT THE *OFFICE* IF NOT THE PINHEAD WHO BLUNDERED *INTO* IT, SO I'M SENDING A POSTCARD FROM A PLACE CALLED THE *HIGH ROAD*. I'M SURE YOU'VE *HEARD* OF IT.

THIS IS A *TRICK*.

*IT'S NOT A--*

*SIGH*

--IT'S NOT A TRICK!

LOOK, I DON'T KNOW IF SOMETHING GOT INTO THE NEW YORK *WATER SUPPLY* OR EVERYONE'S A *LEFTOVER SKRULL* OR *WHAT*--

--BUT THE *REALITY* IS THAT *YOU* AREN'T GOING ANYWHERE, *I'M* NOT GOING ANYWHERE--

--AND SINCE NOTHING *ELSE* OVER THE YEARS HAS EVER, *EVER* WORKED TO GET YOU OFF MY BACK, I'M TRYING SOMETHING *NEW* AS A *LAST RESORT*.

A HANDSHAKE *TRUCE*.

WELL?

...

YOU'RE SCARED.

OH, BROTHER...

YOU'RE TERRIFIED! I FINALLY HAVE YOU RIGHT WHERE I WANT YOU, AND YOU KNOW IT!

SPIDER-SENSE... SCREAMING...

DEET

FINE! I TRIED! RESUME COYOTE/ROADRUNNER PROTOCOL. LIGHT YOUR CIGAR, MR. QUADRUPLE-BYPASS?

÷SNFFF÷

MMMMMMM...

NO, NO, NO. I KEEP IT JUST TO SAVOR THE SMELL IN A MOMENT OF TRIUMPH LIKE THIS. NOTHING "RESUMES," SPIDER-MAN. NOT THIS TIME.

EVERYTHING HAS CHANGED. I AM NOW THE LAW IN THIS CITY. YOU CAN'T TOUCH ME--

--BUT I CAN USE THE FULL POWER OF THIS OFFICE TO TAKE YOU DOWN!

WE GOT HERE AS FAST AS WE COULD WHEN WE HEARD THE SILENT ALARM, MR. MAYOR!

OPEN FIRE!

YOU'VE BUDGETED A *DEDICATED S.W.A.T. TEAM* FOR *ME?*

IN *THIS* FINANCIAL CLIMATE?

YOU'RE A *LUNATIC!*

AS FAR AS *YOU'RE* CONCERNED, I AM THE *EXTERMINATOR!*

AND I *SWEAR* TO YOU THAT I WILL NOT *REST* UNTIL YOU ARE DESTROYED! DO YOU HEAR ME?

I'M DOING WHAT *NO OTHER MAYOR* HAS HAD THE *GUTS* OR THE *VISION* TO DO! I'M *SQUASHING* YOU!

MY *ANTI-SPIDER SQUAD* WILL HUNT YOU DOWN *AROUND THE CLOCK!*

YOU'RE FINISHED IN MY CITY--AND THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO ABOUT IT!

WELL... NOW WHAT?

SLEEPY'S® The Mattress Professionals®

IT'S NEVER BEEN LIKE *THIS*. I'M USED TO BRICKBATS, I'M EVEN USED TO BEING WANTED BY THE *LAW* OR THE *FEDS*...

...BUT BEING *HOUNDED* AND *HUNTED* 24/7 BY A GUY WHO'S CRAZY ENOUGH TO IMPOSE A *TAX* ON *BABIES' PACIFIERS* TO BUY *BULLETS*... WOW.

EVERY DAY I'M AT *LARGE*, IT'S ONLY GONNA MAKE JONAH *ANGRIER*...

...HEH...

...IN FACT, IT'LL DRIVE HIM *NUTS*. HAVING SPIDER-MAN IN HIS FACE *MORNING, NOON* AND *NIGHT* WOULD ABSOLUTELY MAKE JONAH *LOSE HIS MIND!*

Y'KNOW, IT'S NOT LIKE PETER PARKER HASN'T BEEN OFF THE GRID FOR WEEKS *ALREADY* AND DOESN'T SEEM TO BE MISSED--WHAT'S A FEW MORE *DAYS?*

*LOOK OUT, BIG APPLE! AS OF THIS MOMENT--*

--YOUR FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD SPIDER-MAN IS ON *SWING-SHIFT!*

THE DB
BRENNAN DENIES ALLEGATIONS OF MISCONDUCT
ONLINE EDITION
SPIDER-MAN THWARTS ARMED ATTACK
The New York Ghost
ONLINE
LAST UPDATE 5:52 PM
SPIDEY: UPTOWN, DOWNTOWN, CROSSTOWN
HOME
METRO
SPORTS
CONTACT
FRONT LINE ONLINE
SPIDEY TO THE RESCUE
FRONT LINE ONLINE
MAYOR REDOUBLES "ANTI-SPIDER INITIATIVE"
VOWS TO "ERADICATE MENACE"
ADVERTISE WITH US
THE DB
BRENNAN STILL DENIES ALLEGATIONS OF MISCONDUCT
ONLINE EDITION
SPIDER-MAN STOPS LAB MELTDOWN
FRONT LINE ONLINE
SPIDER, SPIDER EVERYWHERE

...AND, FINALLY, "SPIDER-MAN RESCUES STRAY KITTEN FROM HIGH STEEL."

THAT'S THE *LATEST*, MR. MAYOR. THE DB! CAN'T PRINT ENOUGH *PAPERS*, AND FRONT LINE UPDATES ITS HOMEPAGE EVERY *HOUR* JUST FOR *SPIDER-MAN* NEWS.

*HOW?* HOW CAN THIS BE *HAPPENING?*

WHAT MORE CAN HE DO TO *TAUNT* ME?

UMMM...

...I BELIEVE *THIS* IS FOR YOU...

O SENOR DON GATO WAS A CAT...

...ON A HIGH RED ROOF DON GATO SAT...

PUT THE SQUAD ON *DOUBLE OVERTIME.*

BUT, SIR, THE *BUDGET--*

TAKE IT OUT OF MY *SALARY.* I DON'T *CARE.* JUST *DO IT.*

WE'LL *GET HIM.*

THIS CANNOT *LAST.*

"EVEN SPIDER-MAN CAN'T BE EVERYWHERE AT ONCE!"

MOVE IT! LET'S GO! COPS HADTA'VE HEARD THAT SHOOTOUT!

THEY HEARD NOTHIN', NATE! GIACOMO'S WAREHOUSES ARE ALL SOUND-PROOFED!

THAT BEIN' SAID, I DON'T WANNA BE CAUGHT STANDIN' ON A PIER WITH A HALF-MIL IN MOB HEROIN! MOVE!

I TOLDJA IT WAS AN EASY SNATCH, CLEAN AND SIMPLE--

WAIT. WHERE'S JOEY?

GUYS...?

GUYS, WAIT UP...I GOT SHOT...NEED A DOCTOR...

AW, NO.

AH, HELL. WE GOTTA TIE HIM UP.

NO! I DIDN'T MEAN--

--I WON'T HOLD YA BACK, I SWEAR--!

SORRY, JOEY. IT'S GOTTA BE. YOU KNOW THAT.

EVERYBODY IN NEW YORK CRIME KNOWS THESE DAYS WHAT'S GOTTA BE DONE WITH THE DEADWEIGHT SO THEY AIN'T A DRAG.

SO HE DON'T CATCH US ALL.

WE GOTTA LEAVE THE WOUNDED *BEHIND.*

NO! DON'T LEAVE MEEEEE!

OH GOD, OH GOD...

CALM DOWN, JOEY...AIN'T NOTHIN' GONNA HAPPEN...

AAAAAAH!

HE'S REAL! HELP ME! HELLLLP MEEEE-->!<

...*HE'S* JUST ONE O' THEM *URBAN LEGENDS*...NOTHIN' TO *PANIC* ABOU--

Astoria, Queens

HEY, KID!

HONK HONK

HONNNNNK

NOBODY ORDERED *STREET PIZZA*, OKAY?

YOU *STINK*, SPIDER-MAN.

REALLY? THAT'S HOW YOU THANK ME?

TONY!

TONY, ARE YOU OKAY? ARE YOU HURT?

HE'S JUST FINE, MA'AM. BUT BALL OR NO BALL, HE NEEDS TO LOOK BOTH WAYS BEFORE RUNNING INTO THE STREET, AGREED?

SNIFF

I MEAN IT. YOU REEK.

SNIFF

WOW. YOU'RE NOT WRONG.

'SCUSE, PLEASE. UP, UP AND AWAY...!

Soon...

BACK IN FOREST HILLS, QUEENS.

I AM RIPE. I HAVEN'T TAKEN THIS COSTUME OFF FOR THREE DAYS!

LITTLE FOOD, BARELY ANY SLEEP...

...BUT EVERY TIME I IMAGINE JJJ BEATING HIS HEAD ON HIS DESK, IT'S ALL WORTHWHILE.

STILL, YES, I NEED A SHOWER LIKE DRAGON MAN NEEDS MOUTHWASH.

I'M CLOSER TO AUNT MAY'S HOUSE RIGHT NOW THAN ANYWHERE ELSE.

SHE'S WORKING AT THE F.E.A.S.T. CENTER TODAY, SO THE COAST IS CLEAR.

NOW'S A GOOD TIME TO SNEAK IN AND MAYBE RUN THIS COSTUME THROUGH THE LAUNDRY, TOO.

PLUS, I JUST REALIZED THAT I HAVEN'T EATEN SINCE YESTERDAY MORNING.

WOW. WHERE IS ALL THIS ENERGY COMING FROM?

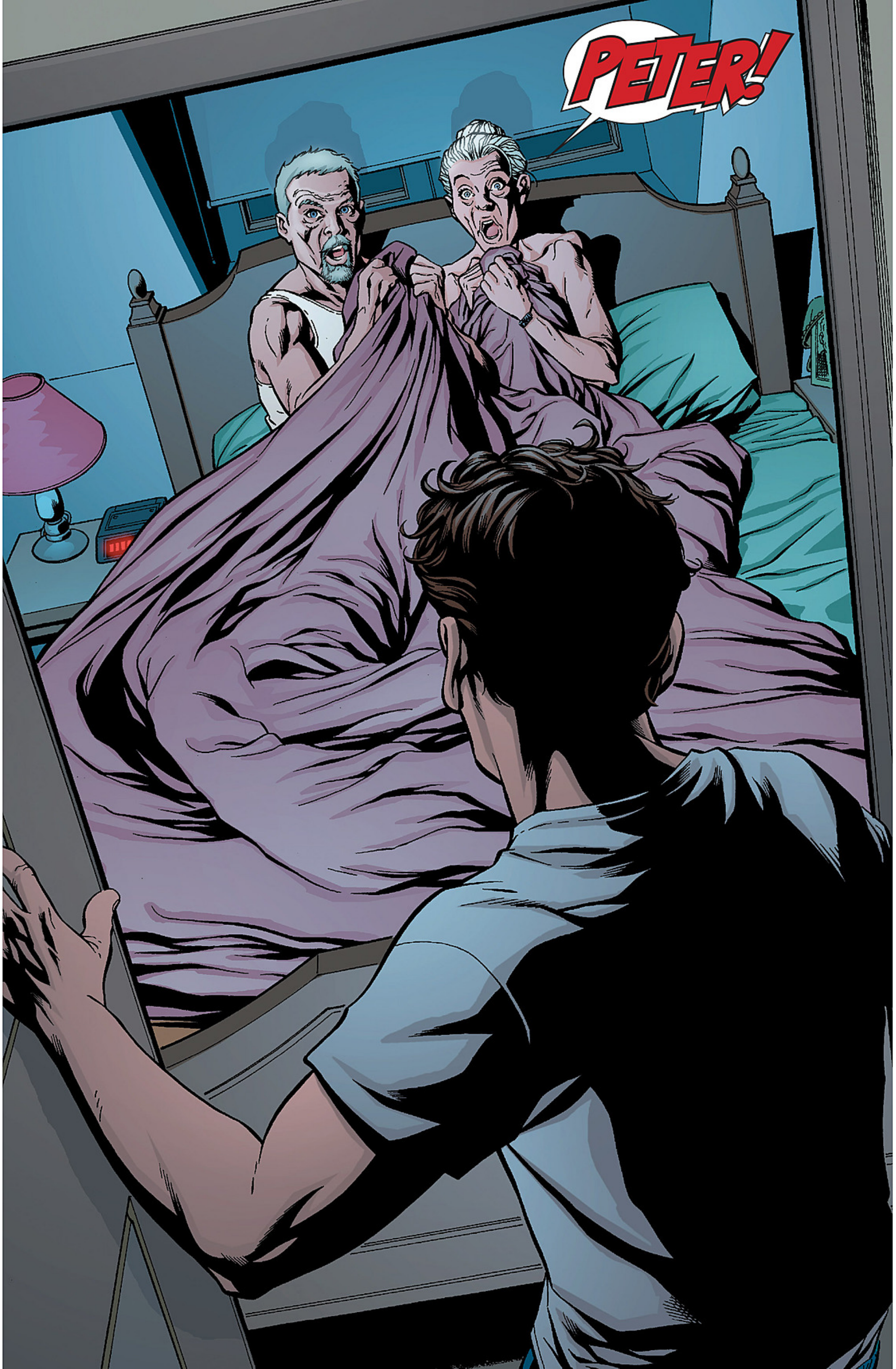
I DON'T FEEL THE LEAST BIT TIRED. JUST STARVED. MAY WON'T MIND IF I RAID THE FRIDGE.

THAT WAY, MY STOMACH'LL STOP GROWLING.

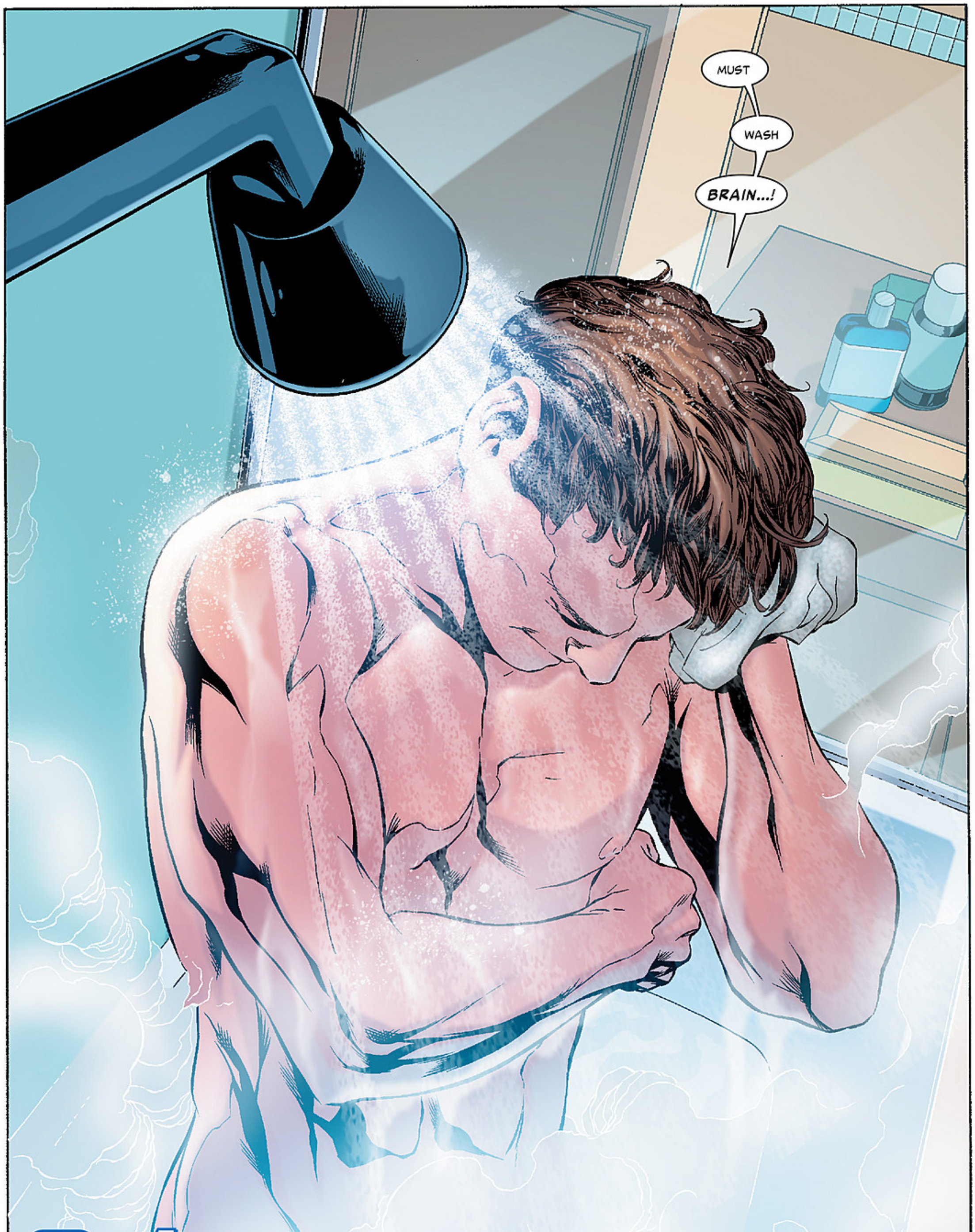
HANG ON. THAT NOISE WASN'T MY STOMACH.

SOMETHING'S BUMPING AROUND IN AUNT MAY'S ROOM!

HEY! SOMEBODY IN HERE--?


PETER!

AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #593


MUST
WASH
BRAIN...!
24/7
PART TWO
MARK WAID
WRITER
MIKE McKONE
PENCILS
LANNING AND KESEL
INKS
JEROMY COX
COLORS
VC'S JOE CARAMAGNA
LETTERS
TOM BRENNAN
FIRST MATE
STEPHEN WACKER
SKIPPER
TOM BREVOORT
EXEC. EDITOR
JOE QUESADA
EDITOR IN CHIEF
DAN BUCKLEY
PUBLISHER
ALAN FINE
EXEC. PRODUCER
GALE, SLOTT, DEWEY, CHEATUM, AND GUGGENHEIM – WEB-HEADS

THIS IS THE *PUNISHMENT* FOR *FUN!*

*I'M* NOT THE NITWIT WHO WENT AND ELECTED J. JONAH JAMESON *MAYOR OF NEW YORK!*

*I'M* THE *GOOD* GUY WHO DECIDED TO DRIVE JJJ *NUTS* BY BEING ALL *SPIDER-MAN-Y 24/7* TO MAKE HIS POINTY *HEAD* EXPLODE!

AND NOW I'M *PAYING!* I SWING BY *AUNT MAY'S* FOR A *SHOWER* AND A *BITE*, MOST NATURAL THING IN THE *WORLD*, ASSUMING SHE'S NOT *HOME*...

...AND I FIND HER *IN BED* WITH JAMESON'S *FATHER*, AND THE TWO OF THEM ARE...ARE...

...*AAAAAAAAUUUUGH!*

KNOCK KNOCK

PETER?

ARE YOU *ALL RIGHT*, DEAR? YOU'VE BEEN IN THERE A *WHILE*...

I'M *FINE!*

*DON'T COME IN!*

WE SHOULD PROBABLY *TALK.*

NO. NO. NO. NO.

OKAY.

NO. NO.

SOUNDS GREAT.

NO. NO.

*SNFF*

NOT EVEN A CHANCE TO LAUNDER MY *COSTUME!*

PETER PARKER IS *SOAPY FRESH*, BUT *SPIDER-MAN* STILL STINKS LIKE LOCKJAW'S *BUTT!*

I...I DIDN'T EXPECT TO *SEE* YOU HERE TODAY, PETER...

IT'S... MY FAULT. I SHOULD HAVE CALLED *AHEAD*.

I PROBABLY OUGHT TO *INTRODUCE* MYSELF. MY NAME IS J. JONAH JAMESON... *SENIOR*.

CALL ME *JAY*.

WE'VE M--

MAN, I *AM* TIRED. HE WOULDN'T KNOW ME *UNMASKED!*

"WE MET WHEN HE HELPED ME RESCUE A DOZEN *VICTIMS* IN A *SUBWAY COLLAPSE!*"

*ISSUES #578-579*
*--THE WATCHER.*

--I MEAN-- *HI*. HOW...

...HOW LONG HAVE...

HOW LONG HAVE I BEEN COURTING YOUR *AUNT?* ABOUT A *MONTH*, IS IT, MAY?

I WOULD HAVE *TOLD* YOU, PETER, BUT YOU'VE BEEN *AWAY*, AND...AND WE BOTH *KNOW* HOW BADLY JAY'S *SON* HAS TREATED YOU OVER THE YEARS, AND...

...THIS ISN'T HOW I *WANTED* YOU TO...

..OH, I'M SO *EMBARRASSED*.

I HAVE TO GO.

PETER, WAIT. YOU DON'T SEEM *YOURSELF*. YOU'RE NOT COMING *DOWN* WITH SOMETHING, ARE YOU?

I'M *FINE*. THIS IS JUST...

I CAN'T *HANDLE* THIS RIGHT NOW. I HAVE A LOT GOING *ON*.

ALL RIGHT. BUT TAKE *CARE*. AND REMEMBER, PETER...

...I LOVE YOU.

YOU ALWAYS *DO.*

OKAY. LISTEN *UP.* I HAVE ONLY *ONE THING* TO SAY.

PRETTY LADY, *WHATEVER* MAKES YOU HAPPY--

--AND DOESN'T SEND MY SPIDER-SENSE TINGLING--

--MAKES ME HAPPY. THIS GUY'S A *CATCH.* HANG *ONTO* HIM.

AS YOU *WERE,* YOU TWO.

AND DON'T *BREAK* ANYTHING!

PETER, WE'RE NOT *THAT* OLD!

I MEAN *FURNITURE!*

WOW. I LOVE SEEING THAT WOMAN SMILE. IT'S ALMOST ENOUGH TO MAKE ME FORGET WHAT HAS ME SO *WOUND UP.*

MAYOR JAMESON PROMISES A SPIDER-FREE NYC!

*ALMOST.* LOOK OUT, NEW YORK--

"--HERE COMES YOUR FRIENDLY METROPOLITAN SPIDER-MAN!"

NOBODY BE A HERO, AWRIGHT?

I GOT WHAT I WANT--

--SO JUST BE COOL AND ENJOY THAT YOU GOT SOMETHIN' INTERESTIN' TA TALK ABOUT OVER--

--DINNER--?

GHAAAH! WHAT THE HELL--?

THWAM!

TAG! YOU'RE IT!

AND, BY "IT," I MEAN "GONNA WAKE UP WEARING AN ORANGE JUMPSUIT!"

SPIDER-MAN!
WOW! IT'S REALLY HIM!
IT AM ME, CITIZENS! SOMEBODY WANNA CALL THE COPS TO PICK UP THAT CROOK? THANKYEW!
TOMMY, CAMERAPHONE!
GOT HIM, MOM!
CHKT!
FREEZE, SPIDER-MAN!
OH, GREAT! MAJOR JONAH'S LI'L ANTI-SPIDER SQUAD!
WHATEVER THAT IS ON YOUR SHOULDER, YOU IDIOT, DON'T POINT IT IN A CROWD!
NO WORRIES.
I'M A CRACK SHOT.
NOBODY GETS HIT BUT YOU.
HHUUUNNGGGHH!

DIZZY? NAUSEOUS? LASER-TARGETED ULTRASONICS, WALL-CRAWLER!
HEY! WHADDAYA THINK YOU'RE DOIN'?
HE WASN'T HURTING ANYBODY! HE GOT OUR STUFF BACK!
...CAN'T... STAND... UP...
BY ORDER OF THE MAYOR'S OFFICE, SPIDER-MAN, YOU ARE UNDER ARR--
FWAP!
LEAVE HIM ALONE!
THIS IS HARASSMENT!
SOMEBODY GET THIS ON VIDEO! I WANNA FILE A CIVIL SUIT!
THIS ISN'T ABOUT YOU, SIR! YOU ARE INTERFERING IN OFFICIAL CITY BUSINESS! STAND DOWN AND LET US DO OUR JOB!
EVERYONE CLEAR THE AREA-- NOW!
WHOA.
STOP RIGHT THERE!
HECK, YOU'RE THE ONE WHO SAID TO CLEAR THE AREA!
I'M JUST FOLLOWING ORDERS!
THANKS FOR THE ASSIST, KIND CITIZENS!
NO PROBLEM, SPIDEY!
YOU'RE OKAY IN OUR BOOK! GO GET 'EM!

SPIDER-FREE NYC!
VOTE JJJ!
TAKE THAT, MAYOR SKINFLINT! YOU DECLARE WAR ON ME, YOU GET WAR!
I HAVEN'T SLEPT IN 96 HOURS, BUT EVERY TIME I SEE YOUR GRINNING MUG ON A BILLBOARD, I FEEL LIKE I COULD RUN A MARATHON--ON TOP OF YOUR BRISTLED HEAD!
EXTRA ADDED BONUS: THIS ODD, ALIEN EMOTION I'M SENSING FROM NEW YORKERS! I'VE NEVER FELT IT BEFORE!
I THINK IT'S WHAT HUMAN BEINGS CALL "LOVE"!
"I CRAVE MORE!"
NAW! NAW! UH-UH? YEAH! WHAT DOES HE MEAN, FOUR-FIFTY? FOR A &%*$# ALTERNATOR? HE'S %$$@* RIPPIN' YOU OFF, MAN!
HANG ON, HANG ON! LISTEN TO ME--!
TCH.
OH, I THINK WE'RE DONE.
THWIPP
=MMMPH!=
IS THAT--?
IT IS!
ETIQUETTE LESSONS ALL PART OF THE TOUR, FOLKS! NO ADDITIONAL CHARGE!
MINIMIZE NOISE POLLUTION! THAT'S MY MOTTO!
THANK YOU, SPIDER-MAN!
DOWNTOWN LOOP TOUR

Chelsea.
9:30 A.M.
LEAVE HOME WITHOUT A *BROLLY?* NO *PROBLEM!* ALLOW ME!
JUST TRY TO MAKE IT TO WORK WITHIN THE HOUR.
AND, REMEMBER, VOTE "*NO JAMESON!*" IN THE NEXT ELECTION!
Fort Greene.
12:31 PM
THIS MESSAGE BROUGHT TO YOU BY *ARACHNIDS AGAINST GRIDLOCK!*
FROM OMAHA, YOU SAY? WELL, *ENJOY YOUR STAY!*
THAT'S A *VERY* NICE CAMERA, BY THE BY!
I--I HATE TO *ASK*, BUT WOULD IT BE ALL RIGHT IF...?
Me and Spidey in the Bronx.
The Bronx.
3:14 P.M.

--AND SPIDER-MAN CONTINUES TO BE EVERYWHERE IN THE CITY, DAY AND NIGHT!

MANY ARE SAYING THEY CAN'T SEEM TO GO TWO BLOCKS WITHOUT CATCHING A GLIMPSE OF NEW YORK'S FAVORITE WEB-SLINGER-- AND REPORTS ARE THAT MAYOR JAMESON IS FUMING!

SO MANY SIGHTINGS-- COULD THERE BE MORE THAN ONE SPIDER-MAN, SOME WONDER?

OH, GOD, PLEASE, NO.

MR. MAYOR, I APPRECIATE THE SPIDER-MAN SITUATION... REALLY, I DO...

...BUT REPORTERS ARE STARTING TO ASK EVEN *MORE* ABOUT THIS NEW *VULTURE* CHARACTER.

THE UNDERWORLD CLAIMS SOME *WINGED FREAK* IS *TERRORIZING* THEM, ATTACKING THE *WOUNDED* AND THE *DYING*.

CLAPTRAP. *DIVERSIONS*. MOBSTERS *ALWAYS* PIN THE BLAME FOR VIOLENCE ON *SOMEONE ELSE*.

CANCEL MY LUNCH WITH THE *SENATOR* AND BRING IN MY *SPIDER-SQUAD* FOR A *STRATEGY SESSION*.

IT'S TIME WE LURED THE SPIDER INTO *MY* WEB!

ALL RIGHT, I ADMIT IT. IT'S STARTING TO CATCH *UP* WITH ME.

I CAN BARELY TELL *UP* FROM *DOWN* RIGHT NOW, AND MY *SPIDER-SENSE* HAS BEEN BUZZING *NONSTOP* FOR AN *HOUR*. I THINK I'M BECOMING A MENACE TO *MYSELF*.

IT'S NOT GONNA *KILL* ME TO HOP BACK HOME AND CATCH A TEN-MINUTE *NAP*...

...WHILE MY SCRATCH-AND-SNIFF *SUIT* SOAKS IN THE *SINK*.

*SPIDER-MAN, HELP!*

OR *NOT*.

AH, WELL. TIME *LATER*. AND WHILE IT *SUCKS* THAT MY ROOMMATE *VIN* WENT TO *JAIL*...

...I HAVE TO *ADMIT* I'M GONNA DIG HAVING THE JOINT ALL TO *MYSELF*.

*SHUNK!*

WITH *WHAT?* WHAT'S THE *PROBLEM?*

HELLLLLLP!

MOVE IN! GO!

THERE YOU ARE! THANK *GOD!*

I'VE BEEN SHOUTING MYSELF *HOARSE* LOOKING FOR YOU ALL *DAY!*

BULLY FOR *YOU! WHAT DO YOU WANT?*

--IT'S *THEM!*

I'M JUST *BAIT! GET HIM,* MEN!

!

OH, IT'S NOT *ME--*

STUPID! STUPID!

A STRAIGHT-UP AMBUSH FROM JONAH'S GOON SQUAD--

HNNNGH!

FIRE!

--AND MY SPIDER-SENSE HAS BEEN TINGLING SO LONG THAT I TOTALLY MISSED IT!

FIRST ORDER OF BUSINESS-- TAKE OUT THE GUY WITH THE SONIC RIFLE!

UNNFFH!

WHAT ARE YOU NIMRODS, ON TRIPLE OVERTIME?

MMPPHHH!

EVERYBODY OUT OF THE *BUS!* WE'RE HAVING A *GROUP MEETING,* YOU *HEAR* ME?

SURROUND HIM! *DELTA* FORMATION! *SCRAMBLE!*

*H* TO THE *N,* STORMTROOPER!

I AM *TOTALLY* OUT OF *PATIENCE* WITH YOU GOOBERS! *¡YO COMPRENDO!* A *LUNATIC* HAS YOU BY THE W-9s! BUT *LAY OFF!*

LOOK, MAN, YOU *CALLED* IT! WE'RE ONLY DOING OUR *JOB!*

BESIDES, *YOU'RE* THE ONE WHO KEEPS POKING THE *BEAR!*

WHY YOU GOTTA GET UNDER JAMESON'S *SKIN* SO BAD? WHY DON'T YOU JUST LET IT *GO?*

*WHY DON'T I--?*

BECAUSE I AM *NO LONGER* IN THE *MOOD,* DO YOU *GET THAT?*

OKAY! OKAY!

THAT MAN'S BEEN A THORN IN MY SIDE FOR *YEARS!* HE SPENDS *ALL HIS ENERGY* TARGETING *ME!* HE THINKS I'M *AFRAID* OF HIM, AND HE *NEVER LETS UP!*

AND NOW THAT HE HAS *POWER*, I'M *FIGHTING BACK!* DO YOU *UNDERSTAND?*

I WILL NOT LET *OSBORN* SQUASH ME *ANYMORE!*

...

OSBORN?

WHO SAID ANYTHING ABOUT *NORMAN OSBORN?*

*EYAAAAAAAAAAAAAH*

I...

...I DIDN'T MEAN...

ENJOY THE *COFFEE BREAK.*

*SOME* OF US HAVE *SERIOUS* WORK TO DO.

I THINK THAT CAME FROM BACK *HERE!*

WHAT'S THAT IN THE...

...SHADOWS...?

UH-OH.

YAAHH!

LET GO!

ON SECOND THOUGHT...

Y'KNOW, I OUGHTA *WARN* YOU--IF YOU'RE ANOTHER CLOWN STEALING THAT OLD BUZZARD *ADRIAN TOOMES'* SHTICK--

--THE RUNNING *COUNT* IS SPIDEY *182*--

--GUYS NAMED *VULTURE, ZERO!*

LET'S GET A CLOSER LOOK AT THAT *OUTFIT* OF YOURS, SHALL WE?

IF YOU GOT IT FROM *TOOMES*, EVEN IN RED, THERE'S GENERALLY A *POWER PACK* SOMEWHERE BETWEEN THE SHOULDER BLADES, AND BELIEVE ME, I *WILL* TEAR IT TO--

--OH, BOY. THIS SUIT ISN'T OFF THE *RACK*, IS IT? ARE THOSE *REAL WINGS?*

*WORK* WITH ME! I CAN'T KEEP UP THIS SPARKLING BANTER ALL BY *MYSELF!*

DOFF THE *SCARF*, BAZOOKA JOE, AND *SAY*--

--SOMETHING.

SSSSSS

AAAAAAAH!

BURNING...!

IT'S ACID! HE SPEWED ACID ALL OVER MY--

IT WON'T WIPE OFF! IT'S EATING RIGHT THROUGH MY MASK! IT'S--

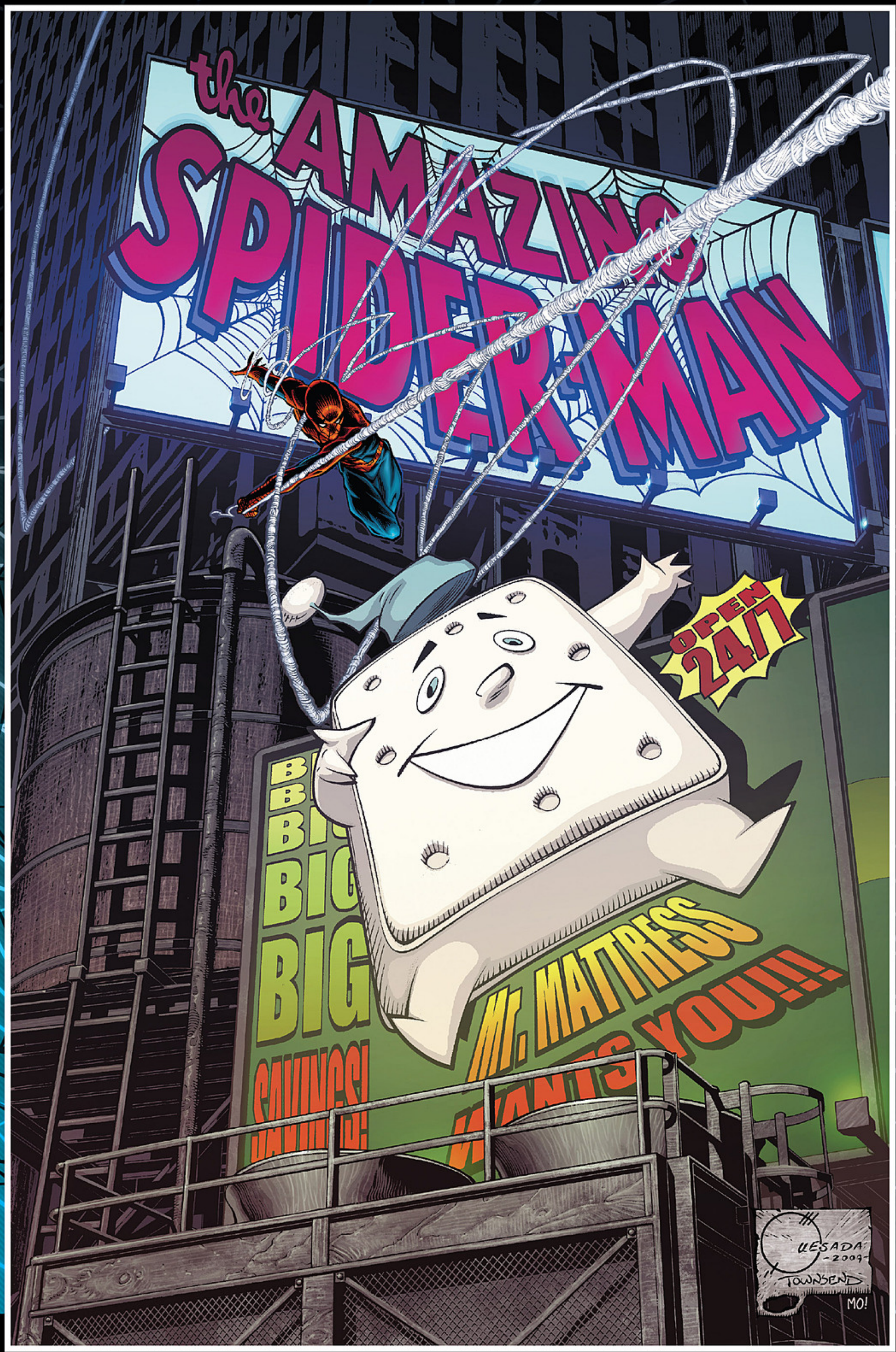
UNNHHH!

--IT'S IN MY EYES!

OH, DEAR GOD--

THWAM!

--I'M BLIND!




# AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #594

# 24/7

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KELLY, GALE, GUGGENHEIM, SLOTT, AND THE INTERNET – ADVICE

ACID BLINDING ME-- SPIDER-SENSE SCREAMING--

--THE VULTURE'S ATTACKING--

--BUT FROM WHICH DIRECTION?

AAAAAGH!

THWAM

STAY CALM, PETE, STAY CALM! HE'S GOT TO BE CLOSE BY--!

THROMP

HNNNGHH!

THAT... HURT...! NO WINGFLAPS...HE'S GLIDING AROUND, CIRCLING FOR THE KILL!

CAN'T RUN-- DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE THE ROOF STOPS! BUT IF I STAY PUT, HE'LL TEAR ME TO SHREDS!

FIGHTING BLIND...WHAT WOULD DAREDEVIL DO? HOW WOULD HE--?

HHHLNNFF!

WHAM

HE'D LET HIS OTHER SENSES *COMPENSATE.*

C'MON, PETE...IT'S YOUR ONLY *HOPE*. STOP FLAILING AROUND, FIGHT THE *PANIC*...

...AND BE A MAN WITHOUT FEAR.

Queens. Forest Park.

...AND FOR THIS BEAUTIFUL WOMAN TO MY RIGHT, AS MANY SCOOPS AS SHE *WANTS*.

DON'T WORRY, MAY. WE'LL WORK IT OFF LATER.

*J. JONAH JAMESON, SENIOR!* YOU *BEHAVE* YOURSELF!

AND SAVE ROOM FOR *LUNCH! BETTY'S* EXPECTING US AROUND *ONE*.

LOVELY GIRL. THERE AREN'T ENOUGH LUNCHES IN THE *WORLD* TO THANK HER FOR INTRODUCING US.

I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE SHE JUST HANDED YOU MY *PHONE NUMBER.* WHY, YOU COULD HAVE BEEN A *HORRIBLE* MAN!

REALLY?

...

NO. ANYONE WHO MEETS YOU CAN TELL FROM YOUR FIRST *SMILE* THAT YOU'RE...

...YOU'RE *WONDERFUL.*

YOUR *NEPHEW* TOOK A BIT OF CONVINCING.

WELL, WE WERE ALL EMBARRASSED. PETER'S A DELICATE BOY. HE'S NOT USED TO SEEING ME IN A...*ROMANTIC SITUATION.*

BUT HE ALWAYS SEES THE BEST IN EVERYONE, JAY. HE LIKES YOU. I KNOW IT.

*TWO ISSUES AGO--STEVE.*

AND I'M PREDISPOSED TOWARDS ANYONE WHO GETS UNDER MY SON'S SKIN AS SKILLFULLY AS *PETER* APPARENTLY DOES.

SEE? WE ALREADY SHARE A HOBBY. ISN'T THAT NICE?

YOU ARE *TOO FUNNY.* I ENJOY YOUR COMPANY *SO MUCH.* I SWEAR, EVERYTHING YOU SAY MAKES ME *LAUGH.*

THEN IS THIS A BAD TIME TO BE *SERIOUS?*

GOODNESS. *HOW* SERIOUS?

NOW THAT'S A SOUND I RECOGNIZE-- SOMEONE STRUGGLING WITH MY WEBBING AND GETTING NOWHERE!

SPIDEY-SENSE STILL BLARING LIKE AN AIRHORN--

NNNHH! NNNHH!

--BUT IT'S DYING DOWN A LITTLE! COULD IT BE--?

YES! I DID IT! I'M OUT OF DANGER--

--WHICH MEANS I CHASED HIM AWAY-- AT LEAST FOR NOW!

BETTER YET, MY VISION'S STARTING TO CLEAR, SO I SHALL CELEBRATE...

...BY COLLAPSING RIGHT HERE ON THE SPOT...!

GOTCHA!

IT WORKED! I "LISTENED" TO MY SPIDER-SENSE WITH EVERY OUNCE OF CONCENTRATION--

--AND SPRANG WHEN IT GOT ITS "LOUDEST"! NOT EXACTLY DD'S RADAR SENSE, BUT--

STRUGGLE ALL YOU LIKE, GRUESOME! YOU'RE NOT GOIN' ANYWHERE!

AT LEAST--

--NOT UNTIL I EVEN THE ODDS!

MMMPHHH--!

FINALLY! YOU SPEAK!

WELL, KINDA.

DEADPOOL, YOU AIN'T.

C'MON, GIVE ME A GOOD "CURSES!" I HAVEN'T HEARD ONE OF THOSE IN FOREVER!

OH!

MAY REILLY PARKER...WILL YOU *MARRY* ME?

I HAVEN'T FELT THIS YOUNG SINCE I CAN *REMEMBER*, AND THAT'S ALL DUE TO *YOU*.

YOU--YOU MAKE ME FEEL LIKE I HAVE MY *WHOLE LIFE* IN *FRONT* OF ME...AND IT'S A LIFE I CAN'T IMAGINE YOU NOT *SHARING*.

AND I REALIZE IT'S *SUDDEN*, BUT DON'T KEEP ME *HANGING*.

REINVIGORATED OR *NOT*, THIS KNEE ISN'T WHAT IT *USED* TO BE!

BUT...BUT WE'VE ONLY KNOWN EACH OTHER A FEW *WEEKS...!*

AND THEY'VE BEEN *TERRIFIC* ONES.

THEY HAVE.

IT *IS* FAST, BUT IT'S *RIGHT*. HOWEVER MANY DAYS I HAVE *AHEAD*, EACH ONE WITH *YOU* IS A *TREASURE*.

BESIDES, IF YOU'RE NOT CAREFUL, IN ANOTHER FIFTY OR SIXTY YEARS YOU *MIGHT* JUST TURN INTO AN *OLD MAID*.

AND THAT WOULD BE POSITIVELY *TRAGIC*.

WHAT DO YOU SAY, TOOTS?

I SAY...

...I SAY *YES!*

*YES!*

I DON'T *DARE* LET A YOUNG THING LIKE *YOU* SLIP AWAY.

MAN, IF I HAVE TO START WEARING *GLASSES* AGAIN...

...WHEW... OKAY, THAT'S DEFINITELY MY BEDROOM.

MY *FACE* PROBABLY STILL LOOKS A MESS, BUT AT LEAST MY *SIGHT'S* CLEARED UP!

NO PERMANENT DAMAGE, thank you, enhanced spider healing, JUST REALLY *PAINFUL* DAMAGE.

BUT *SPEAKING* OF MY HUMBLE MUG...

...THIS TORN MASK ISN'T DOING MY *SECRET IDENTITY* ANY FAVORS!

TIME TO SWAP THIS COSTUME OUT FOR MY ONE MARGINALLY LESS SMELLY *SPARE!*

OW. EYES ARE STILL SENSITIVE, THOUGH. BETWEEN THAT AND THE FACT THAT MY *SPIDER-SENSE* WILL JUST *NOT* STOP *STATICKING*--

--MY HEAD IS *POUNDING!*

I PROBABLY JUST NEED SOME *CHOW!*

FRESH *FRUIT?* REALLY?

THERE HASN'T BEEN *FRESH FRUIT* IN THIS KITCHEN SINCE FRUIT WAS *INVENTED.*

IT'S *GOTTA* BE BETTY WATCHING OUT AFTER MY PLACE WHEN I'M GONE.

SHE'S *ALWAYS* AFTER ME TO EAT BETTER.

I SHOULD CHECK IN WITH HER AND--

*AAAAAAAH!*

WHO-- WHO--

*FREEZE,* WEIRDO, OR I WILL MUAI-THAI YOUR ASS INTO THE *HOSPITAL,* DO YOU *UNDERSTAND* ME?

AND I *WILL DO IT!* I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE OR HOW YOU GOT *IN* HERE, BUT *GET THE HELL OUT!*

I'M *SORRY! I'M SORRY!* I--

HOLD ON! WHO ARE *YOU* AND WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN *MY APARTMENT?*

YOUR APARTMENT? MY BROTHER LIVES HERE, AND HE'S A COP, AND HE WILL ARREST YOUR CHUMP--

WAIT! WAITWAITWAIT! YOUR BROTHER IS VIN?

VIN GONZALES?

DID HE EVER MENTION HIS ROOMMATE, PETER PARKER?

THAT'S YOU? YOU'RE PARKER? HANG ON, WHEN DID YOU COME IN?

I'VE...BEEN HERE!

SINCE WHEN? I GOT VIN'S KEYS SIX WEEKS AGO, AND I'M JUST LAYING EYES ON YOU TODAY! I FIGURED YOU WERE OUT OF TOWN OR DEAD OR SOMETHING!

HOW DID I NOT HEAR YOU COME IN?

I'M... GONNA ANSWER THAT WITH...SOME CLOTHES ON...

SERIOUSLY, PERV! I PUT YOUR MAIL ASIDE AND TOOK, LIKE, A THOUSAND MESSAGES BEFORE IT GOT REALLY TIRESOME!

THANKS FOR THAT! WERE PEOPLE WORRIED MUCH?

DOES IT BOTHER YOU AT ALL THAT THE UNIVERSAL RESPONSE TO "I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM AROUND" WAS, "OH, THAT'S PETER FOR YOU"?

ANYWAY, PERV, HALF YOUR FRIENDS THINK YOU'RE BIGFOOT AND THE OTHER HALF THINKS YOU'RE THE LOCH NESS MONSTER!

OUCH.

VIN *WARNED* ME YOU WERE A FLAKE, BUT HE DIDN'T MENTION YOU WERE A *NUDIST!*

I'M *NOT* A--

*SIGH*

DO YOU HAVE A *NAME?* LIKE, "*RONAN THE ACCUSER*" OR SOMETHING?

*MICHELLE.* MICHELLE GONZALES.

I'M A *LAYWER.* I MOVED HERE FROM *CHICAGO* TO WORK ON *VIN'S CASE.*

*PETE'S ROOMMATE VIN WAS INVOLVED IN A CRIMINAL CONSPIRACY UNCOVERED IN ASM#584-588--SW*

GOTCHA. SO YOU'RE HERE FOR, WHAT, A FEW *DAYS*, OR--?

I AM *HERE* AS LONG AS IT TAKES TO *SETTLE* THINGS! AND SINCE I *CO-SIGNED* THE LEASE *WITH* VIN, BUDDY, AS FAR AS *I'M* CONCERNED, THIS IS *MY* PLACE--

--AND I DO *NOT* HAVE THE PATIENCE TO *BABYSIT* AN IRRESPONSIBLE *EXHIBITIONIST* WHOSE STUFF I WAS ABOUT TO BOX FOR *GOODWILL!*

I'M LATE FOR AN APPOINTMENT WITH THE D.A., BUT WHEN I COME *BACK*, WE'RE GONNA HAVE A DISCUSSION ABOUT *RULES* AROUND HERE!

OH, AND--

--*DON'T EAT MY FOOD!*

*SLAM!*

TERRIFIC. ALL THE POTENTIAL ROOMMATES IN A CITY OF *EIGHT MILLION--*

--AND *MINE* HAS ALL THE CHARM OF A *LEAF-BLOWER.*

ISN'T *THIS* JUST THE BEST DAY EVER?

The Raft. Maximum Security Prison.

LOUSY PRISON LIBRARIAN...

..."HERE, ADRIAN...I SAVED 'BIRDMAN OF ALCATRAZ' FOR YOU!"...

...LAUGH IT UP, YOU PENCIL-NECKED--

?

THWAP

SPOILER!

⇁HNNUFF!↽

I'VE *READ* THAT ONE!

TURNS OUT HE *LIKES* GREEN EGGS AND HAM!

SPIDER-MAN!

VULTURE!

HEY, GUESS WHO RAN INTO *ME* TODAY? A YOUNGER, NASTIER *YOU!*

YOU'VE TAKEN ON PROTEGÉS *BEFORE*, YOU LIVER-SPOTTED *LUNATIC!* WHO'D YOU SELL YOUR FRANCHISE TO *THIS* TIME?

*NO CONNECTION*, WALL-CRAWLER! BUT I'VE *HEARD* OF HIM!

HE GOES AFTER THE WEAK AND *WOUNDED* CRIMINALS, YES? THOSE WHO CAN NO LONGER *DEFEND* THEMSELVES? THERE ARE *STORIES!*

WORD IN *HERE* IS THAT THE *MOB* DID SOMETHING TO HIM TO TURN HIM INTO A *HIDEOUS FREAK--*

--AND THIS IS HIS *REVENGE!*

NORMALLY, I'D BE *ENRAGED* THAT YET ANOTHER *PRETENDER* WAS STEALING MY *NAME--*

--BUT IF *THIS* ONE'S HALF AS DEADLY AS THEY SAY--

--THEN SEEING *YOU* HANGING DEAD FROM HIS BLOODY TALONS WILL MOLLIFY ME *GREATLY!*

GOOD LUCK *CATCHING* HIM!

HELLLLLP!

SOMEBODY-- ANYBODY-- HELP ME! I DIDN'T MEAN NOTHIN'!

GET ME DOWN BEFORE HE FINDS ME!

SAVE ME!

SAVE ME FROM THE VULTURE!

IT WAS JUST A STINKIN' PURSE! I DON'T DESERVE T' DIE!

HELLLLP MEEEE!

ANNNNNNNND SCENE!

FWAM!

ABOUT *TIME* YOU SHOWED! I'VE BEEN BUSTING UP ROBBERIES AND WEBBING UP THUGS ALL OVER *TOWN* ALL *DAY* TRYING TO LURE YOU OUT!

AND I AM *NOT* A PATIENT *FISHERMAN!*

*RAZOR WINGS?* YOU HAVE *RAZOR WINGS,* TOO?

WELL, THAT'S JUST *GREAT!*

OH, *NO* YOU DON'T! YOU'RE NOT GETTING AWAY *THIS* TIME!

WHOA!

GET BACK HERE!

OH, BOY...!

--WELCOME FANS TO LEGENDS DAY AT THE NEW YANKEE STADIUM!

KEE STADIUM

PLEASE GIVE A HAND TO THE GREATS OF BASEBALL--

LET'S GO YANKS!

--AND A SPECIAL NEW YORK HELLO TO MAYOR J. JONAH JAMESON!

PLEASE! NO NEED TO STAND! JAMESON IS A MAN OF THE PEOPLE!

NY

SIR, I'VE PLACED YOUR CUSTOM-EMBROIDERED SEAT CUSHION AND ORDERED YOUR KOBE BEEF HOT DOG WITH BEARNAISE SAUCE. THOUGH THE DOCTOR SAYS YOUR HEART--

2

ENOUGH!

ONE WON'T HURT ME, ANDERSON!

AND WE'RE STILL ON FOR THE PHOTO OP AFTER THE GAME?

YOU ALWAYS LOOK GOOD NEXT TO GEORGE STEINBRENNER, SIR.

EXCELLENT. ADORING CROWDS, SPLENDID WEATHER, A LOVELY BALLPARK... A RECIPE FOR THE PERFECT DAY!

NOTHING CAN RUIN IT!

NOTHING.

OH, NO...

...NO, NO, NO...

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, HERE'S A UNEXPECTED GUEST!

THE ONE... THE ONLY... AMAAAAZING SPIDER-MANNNN!

NOT THE PLAN NOT THE PLAN NOT THE PLANNNNN...!

YAY, SPIDEY!

HOORAY!

HOLD THE PHONE, WHAT'S HE DOING? HE'S HEADED RIGHT FOR THE--

FOLKS, COVER YOUR HEADS!

DON'T LET GO, SPIDEY! DON'T--

AAAUGH.

WHAT THE--?

TAKE COVER!

SORRY!
SORRY!
SORRY!
YOU MANIAC!
MR. OSBORN, ARE YOU HURT?
I'M FINE, MISS-- NO THANKS TO HIM!
THERE'S NOT ROOM IN NEW YORK FOR A SPIDER-MAN OTHER THAN THE ONE I BOUGHT AND PAID FOR! I'M TEMPTED TO CALL HIM IN TO TEACH THIS ONE A LESSON...
OSBORN'S TEAM OF VILLAINS IS CURRENTLY POSING AS THE AVENGERS--BENDIS
...BUT THEN AGAIN...PERHAPS I SHOULD SIMPLY BE PATIENT AND LET HIM DIG HIS OWN GRAVE...!
--TELL YOU THAT MAN'S A MENACE! DID YOU SEE THE WAY HE BASHED THROUGH HERE WITHOUT A THOUGHT TO PUBLIC SAFETY?
LIKE A RED-AND-BLUE WRECKING BALL! ALL THAT FLYING GLASS--!
OKAY, THAT WAS THE FATIGUE TALKING. I SHOULDN'T HAVE LET THAT HAPPEN. AND I LOST THE WEB-LINE!
EVEN AS STICKY AS MY FEET CAN BE, VULTURE'S STILL STRONG ENOUGH TO GRAB ME UP AND GET THE TACTICAL ADVANTAGE--
--UNLESS-- HERE'S A NEW ONE--
GATE
--UNLESS I KEEP THE FIGHT ON MY TURF!

THWAM

IRRESISTIBLE FORCE--

--MEET IMMOVABLE OBJECT!

ANDERSON, GET MY ANTI-SPIDER SQUAD HERE NOW!

THEY'RE TRYING TO CHARGE IN, SIR--

--BUT THEY'RE FIGHTING A TIDE OF SPECTATORS RUNNING OUT!

OH, NO YOU DON'T! I'M ON TO THAT TRICK!

FWASH

WHAT ELSE YOU GOT?

'CAUSE I COULD DANCE THIS DANCE ALL DAY!

I'M NOT KIDDING! SURRENDER!

OR WHAT?

YOU'RE ALL CHATTY WITHOUT A MOUTHFUL OF ACID, HUH?

YOU FOOL.

YOU'LL TIRE OUT LONG BEFORE I DO...AND THEN I'LL FEAST OFF YOUR BONES. YOU DON'T HAVE ME. I HAVE YOU.

THE WAY I SEE IT...YOU'RE HELPLESS.

OSBORN.

I WARNED YOU.

SNAP!

SNAP!

AIEEEEEEE!

MY AAAARMS!

SPIDER-MAN! HANDS BEHIND YOUR HEAD!

AND THERE GOES THE SPIDER-SENSE AGAIN! MUST BE REACTING TO THE STADIUM GUARDS!

KBC

HS

?

KLONK!

OR... BEER...

YOU RUINED LEGENDS DAY, YOU YUTZ!

MY KID WAS GONNA MEET MATTINGLY!

DON'T BLAME ME, PEOPLE! IT'S THE VULTURE'S FAULT! I DIDN'T PICK THE FIGHT! I--

I TOOK OFF WORK FOR THIS!

Booooooo!

I FLEW MY MOM IN FROM IOWA!

I SPENT A FORTUNE ON TICKETS!

YOU MADE MY SON CRY!

YOU SUCK, SPIDER-MAN!

UH-OH. TIME TO EXIT... STAGE LEFT!

DB

NEWSPAPER OF SPIDER-MAN

MAN BITES DOG! • SCANDAL ANOTHER STORY & MORE....

LATE CITY FINAL

50 CENTS

YANKEES GAME CALLED ON ACCOUNT OF BUG!

CITY TO SPIDER-MAN: DROP DEAD!

MAYOR REQUESTS NEW FUNDING TO SUSTAIN "ANTI-SPIDER SQU

AND SO, THE NATURAL ORDER IS *RESTORED.*

*FEH.*

AH, WELL. IT WAS NICE WHILE IT LASTED. AND IT WAS A *BLAST* GETTING UNDER *JJJ'S SKIN.*

BUT SEEING *OSBORN* AT THE *BALLPARK*...I HAVE TO ADMIT, SOMETHING BECAME *CRYSTAL CLEAR.*

I HAVEN'T BEEN *HONEST* WITH MYSELF. THIS SCREWBALL 24/7 CRUSADE... WHY I GOT SO VICIOUS WITH THE VULTURE...WHY I'VE BEEN *PUSHING* MYSELF...

...IT'S NOT *JONAH* GETTING TO ME.

IT'S *OSBORN.*

IT'S *ALWAYS* BEEN OSBORN.

I'VE BEEN PLAYING IT *OFF* THESE LAST FEW WEEKS, AVOIDED *THINKING* ABOUT IT...BUT NORMAN'S FINALLY *WON.*

MY GREATEST *ENEMY* IS NOW THE MOST *POWERFUL MAN* IN *AMERICA*...AND IT'S ALL BECAUSE I COULD NEVER *BEAT* HIM-- NOT *DEFINITIVELY*, NO MATTER *HOW* OFTEN WE FOUGHT.

I COULDN'T *STOP* HIM, AND NOW THE *ULTIMATE EVIL* HAS THE WORLD EATING OUT OF HIS *HAND*...

...AND IT'S MY *FAULT.*

WELL, NO MORE.

YOU'RE GOING *DOWN*, OSBORN. THAT'S A *VOW*.

ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, NO MATTER THAT THE ODDS ARE A MILLION TO ONE *AGAINST* ME...

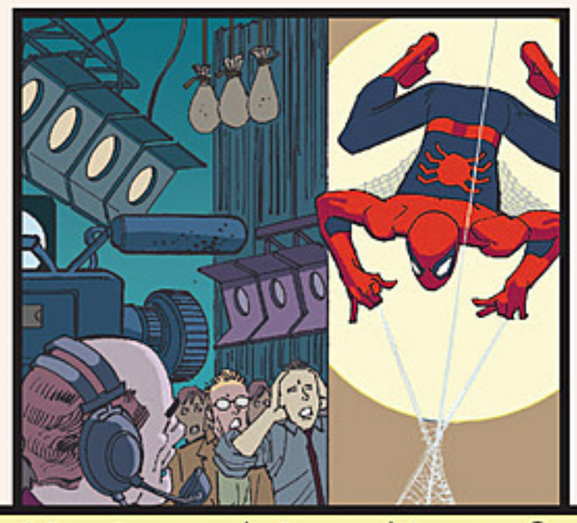
...WIN OR *LOSE*, I'M FINALLY *COMING* FOR YOU...

"...AND I'D LIKE TO SEE *SOMEONE* TRY TO *STOP* ME!"

**SPIDER-MAN: THE SHORT HALLOWEEN**

While attending a demonstration in radiology, high school student Peter Parker was bitten by a spider that had accidentally been exposed to radioactive rays.

Through a miracle of science, Peter soon found that he had gained the spider's powers...and had, in effect, become a human arachnid!



Seeking to cash in on his newfound abilities, Peter became THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN, a TV sensation!

But with that fame came selfish arrogance, putting his own needs above all others, even failing to help a local beat cop bust a small time crook.

When that same crook came back to rob Peter's Aunt May and shoot his Uncle Ben, Peter learned that with great power there must also come great responsibility...and a new hero was born!

In the United States, Halloween is a holiday celebrated on October 31st. It has its roots in the Christian holy day of All Saints as well as the Celtic festival of Samhain. The modern holiday consists of costumes, trick-or-treating, and drunk yuppies who ruin your subway ride home.

THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS A DAY WHEN IT IS EASY TO BE A SUPER HERO.

EVERY MORNING YOU WAKE UP SORE. EVERY NIGHT YOU FALL ASLEEP WHEN YOU HIT THE BED.

BUT ONE DAY IS WORSE THAN ALL THE OTHERS COMBINED. ONE NIGHT OUT OF THE YEAR MY SPIDER-SENSE IS SO OUT OF CONTROL THAT I HATE EVEN LEAVING THE HOUSE.

THAT NIGHT?

OH MY GOD!

HALLOWEEN.

# SPIDER-MAN'

## THE SHORT HALLOWEEN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I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS IS HAPPENING!

MY FIRST HEIST AND I'M GETTING CHASED BY SPIDER-MAN.

IS THIS GOOD OR BAD? PART OF ME IS EXCITED BECAUSE, WELL, HE'S SPIDER-MAN. BUT ON THE OTHER HAND, HE'S *DEFINITELY* GONNA CATCH ME, RIGHT?

BUT IF HE DOESN'T CATCH ME, THEN I KNOW I'M FOR REAL. A REAL, HARD-CORE CRIMIN--

URF!

HEY!

I'M SORRY... SORRY ABOUT THAT.

WATCH WHUR YER GOING...

WHO ARE YOU EVEN SUPPOSED TO BE?

SPILT ON MY OUTFIT...

I'M *FUMES.* ONE OF THE FOUNDING MEMBERS OF THE *FURIOUS FIVE.*

THE GUYS FROM "KUNG FU PANDA"?

*NO!* WE'RE A SUPER-VILLAIN TEAM. A NEW ONE.

...ALTHOUGH WE PROBABLY SHOULD CHANGE THE NAME...

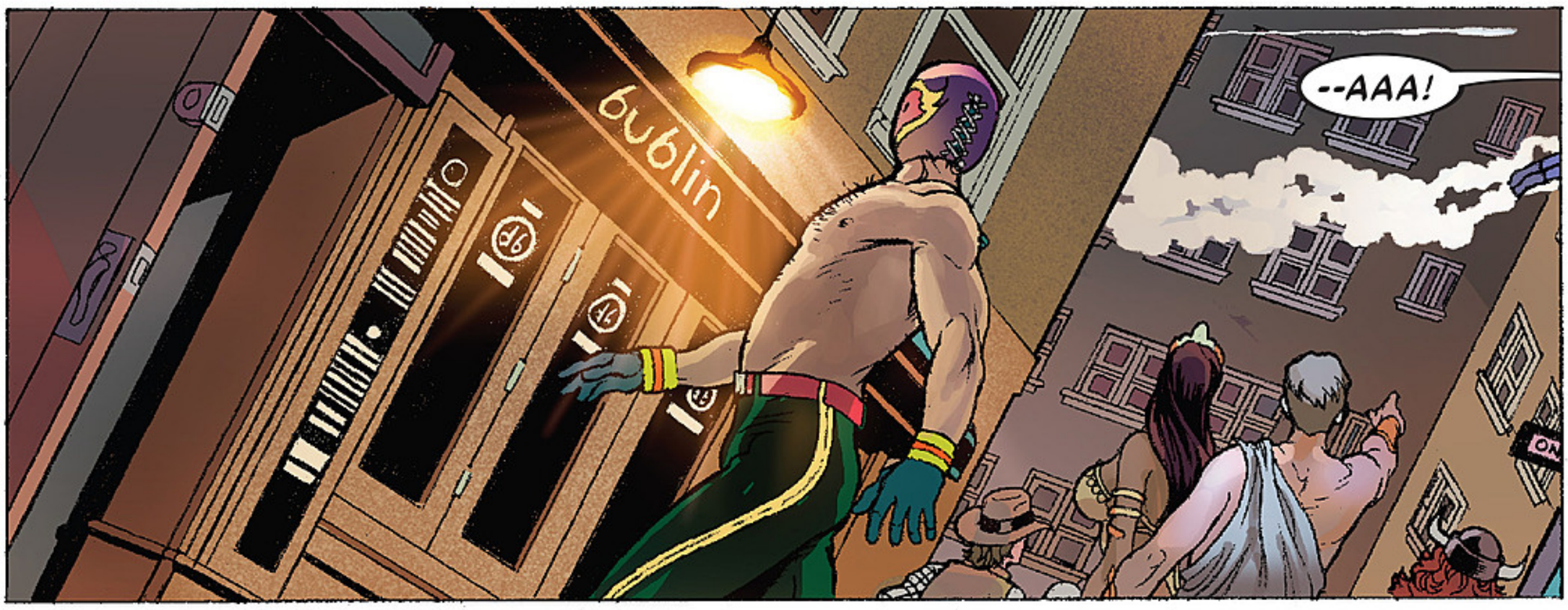
HERE. THIS NECKLACE SHOULD COVER YOUR DRY CLEANING.

IF YOU THINK WE'RE TAKING YOUR CHEAP COSTUME JEWELRY AS PAYMENT FOR RUINING HER OUTFIT...

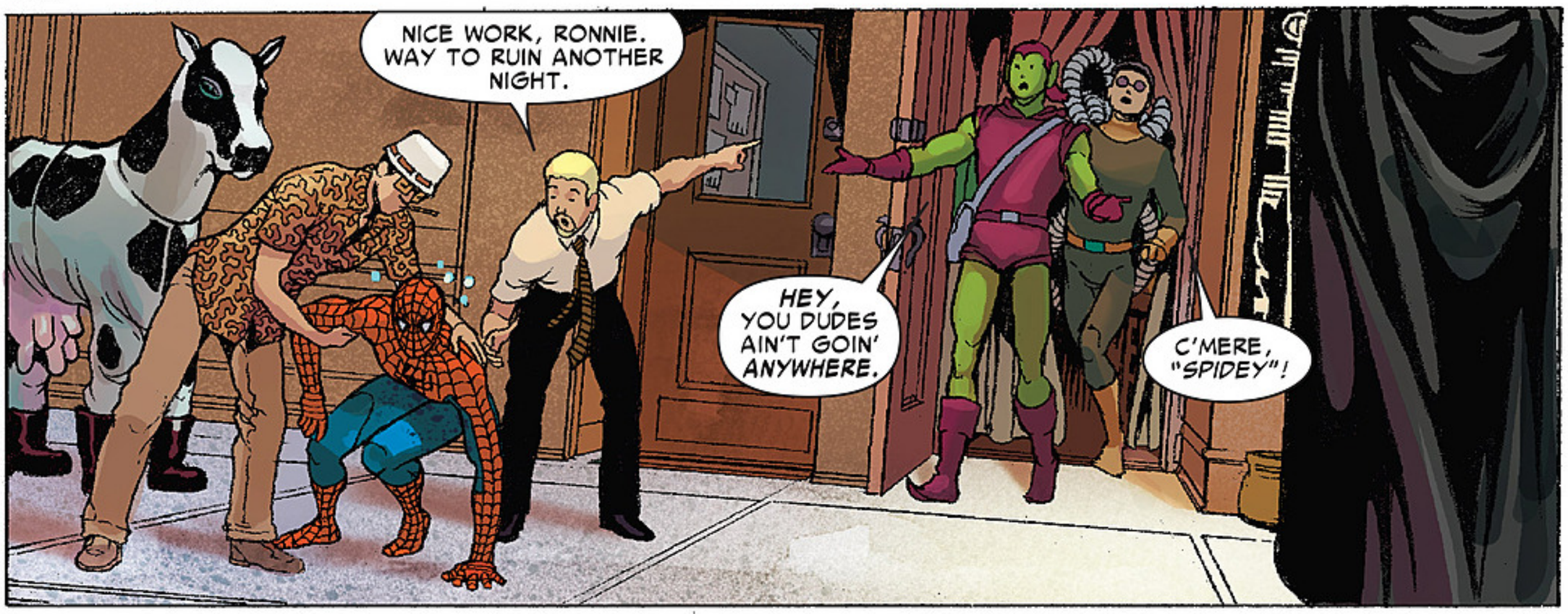
*OOOOOH!* AWESOME SPIDER-MAN COSTUME...

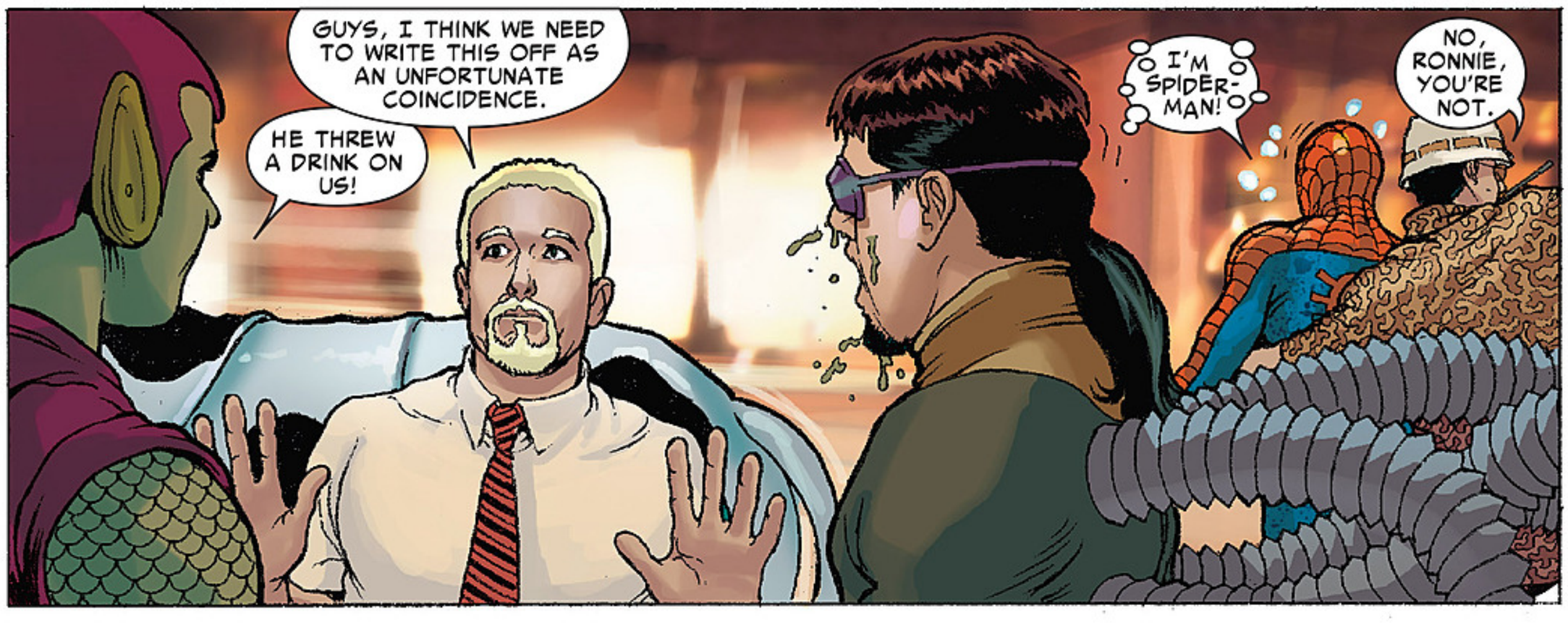
*AAA--!*

*FWOOSH*


--AAA!

GET BACK HERE!
'SHCUZE ME...


NICE WORK, RONNIE. WAY TO RUIN ANOTHER NIGHT.
HEY, YOU DUDES AIN'T GOIN' ANYWHERE.
C'MERE, "SPIDEY"!


GUYS, I THINK WE NEED TO WRITE THIS OFF AS AN UNFORTUNATE COINCIDENCE.
HE THREW A DRINK ON US!
I'M SPIDER-MAN!
NO, RONNIE, YOU'RE NOT.

I MEAN, YOU ARE DRESSED LIKE SPIDER-MAN'S ARCH-NEMESIS SO IT WAS KINDA FUNNY, RIGHT?

IT'S NOT FUNNY AT ALL, MAN!

YOUR BUDDY THREW A DRINK IN MY FACE WHILE I WAS TALKING TO A *LADY!*

A *HOT* LADY.

A HOT LADY! SO PLEASE STEP AWAY WHILE I STOMP YOUR FRIEND'S ASS IN.

MAKE YOU A DEAL, GENTS. LET'S MEET AGAIN HERE NEXT YEAR AND WE'LL WORK IT OUT THEN.

BARROW AND HUDSON! GO, GO, GO!

I'M SPIDER-MAN!

CUT IT OUT!

DID YOU HEAR THAT?

YEAH...

...BARROW AND HUDSON.

I KNEW WE WERE IN TROUBLE WHEN I SAW THERE WAS A DOC OCK AT THE PARTY.

I'M SURPRISED RONNIE EVEN WAITED FIVE MINUTES TO DUMP THE DRINK ON HIM.

I'M SPIDER-MAN.

OF COURSE YOU ARE.

HEY, SPIDER-MAN, YOU DO REALIZE ONE OF THESE DAYS YOUR PALS AREN'T GOING TO BE THERE TO BAIL YOU OUT, DON'T YOU?

I'M... UH...

BECAUSE WE HAVE TO BAIL YOU OUT, LIKE, EIGHTY PERCENT OF THE TIME WE GO OUT WITH YOU.

AND...

...HE'S ASLEEP.

DID YOU SEE THE GIRLS OCTOPUS WAS TALKING TO?

YEAH. THEY WERE HOT.

WHO KNEW A DOC OCK COSTUME WAS SUCH A TURN-ON.

YOU'RE DRESSED AS HUNTER S. THOMPSON. WHO WOULD WANT TO TALK TO YOU?

YEAH AND LADIES LOVE "*SHAUN OF THE DEAD.*"

YOU CAN PULL OVER HERE.

UP AND AT 'EM, LITTLE HERO.

HE'S PROBABLY JUST GOING TO THROW UP IN THE ALLEY.

BETTER OUT HERE THAN IN THE APARTMENT.

I HATE HALLOWEEN.

LET IT OUT, ERIC...WHY DO YOU HATE HALLOWEEN?

IT'S A TERRIBLE NIGHT TO MEET GIRLS.

IT'S A GREAT NIGHT TO MEET GIRLS!

THAT'S WHAT PEOPLE THINK BUT HEAR ME OUT...

GULRRRRKKK!

THERE YOU GO, RONNIE...SO HEAR ME OUT. ON HALLOWEEN YOU MEET SOME GIRL DRESSED AS A NURSE. YOU EXCHANGE NUMBERS, YOU CALL HER, YOU GO OUT NEXT WEEK... YOU'RE ALWAYS DISAPPOINTED.

WHY?

BECAUSE YOU FELL FOR A SLUTTY NURSE AND YOU END UP SITTING ACROSS FROM SOMEONE TOTALLY DIFFERENT.

A REGULAR NURSE?

IF YOU'RE LUCKY. SHE'S PROBABLY NOT A NURSE AT ALL.

IT'S CRIMINAL.

IT'S WHY I HATE HALLOWEEN.

MAKE IT TWELVE.

RONNIE, WHERE YOU GOING, PAL?

GULRRRRKKK!

YOU ALMOST DONE, RONNIE?

DON'T RUSH GREATNESS. I THINK HE'S IN THE HOME STRETCH.

NO. NO, NO, NO.

ZZZZT

OKAY. ENOUGH OF THIS CHASING AND RUNNING. LET'S CALL IT A NIGHT.

FWOOSH!

SO ARE YOU UP FOR DOING THIS THE EASY WAY? I WOULD LOVE IT IF YOU WERE.

WOOSH

I MEAN, SERIOUSLY. YOU'RE... I'M SORRY, I DIDN'T CATCH YOUR NAME.

FOO... FUMES.

YOU'RE FUMES AND I'M SPIDER...

MA... ERF!

KANK

GURK-K

I'M SPIDER-MAN...

OKAY, RONNIE, LET'S GET YOU TO BED.

CAN YOU TECHNICALLY SAY "TO BED" IF HE SLEEPS ON A FUTON?

I WILL NOT SAY "LET'S GET YOU TO FUTON."

RONNIE! YOU DIDN'T GET ANY PUKE ON YOUR SUIT! I AM VERY PROUD OF YOU!

HE'S GROWING UP INTO AN IMPRESSIVE MAN.

I'M SPIDER-MAN...

UH-HUH.

WELL LET'S GET YOU TO BED, SPIDER-MAN.

YOU CAN HAVE SWEET SPIDER-DREAMS.

...HERK...

OKAY...I MAY HAVE JUST KILLED SPIDER-MAN. IS THIS GOOD OR BAD? ON ONE HAND, I WOULD BE THE GUY WHO KILLED SPIDER-MAN...VERY COOL.

ON THE OTHER HAND, THE PUNISHER MIGHT TRACK ME DOWN AND KILL ME...VERY UNCOOL.

÷MURP÷

HE'S ALIVE! I THINK. OR HE'S DYING THIS MINUTE. BUT HE DID LAND IN THE GARBAGE. MAYBE THAT BROKE HIS FALL.

SWEET CHRISTMAS, RONNIE. YOU'RE ONE HEAVY BASTARD.

I WAS JUST THINKING THAT! AND IT'S NOT ALL MUSCLE.

ALTHOUGH HE HAS MORE MUSCLE THAN I THOUGHT...

THIS WHOLE "*POSSIBLY KILLING SPIDER-MAN*" THING REALLY ISN'T YOU, FUMES.

I...CAN'T DO THIS...WHAT FLOOR ARE WE ON?

SECOND. FIVE MORE TO GO.

I HATE YOU, RONNIE. FAT FREAK.

THERE'S NO GLORY IN BEING KILLED BY THE PUNISHER!

SORRY, RONNIE, BUT I DON'T FEEL BAD ABOUT THIS.

NOT AT ALL.

BONK!

BONK!

FINALLY...

THERE YA GO, RONNIE. SEE YOU IN THE MORN--

RONNIE!

WHAT THE...?

OH NO!

WHAT?

IT'S CHERYL.

OH NO!

I KNOW YOU'RE IN THERE, RONNIE!

ERRRR...
GOING TO SET YOU UP... LIKE...THIS... ERRR!
GET YOUR BUTT DOWN HERE!
YOU'RE SOFTER THAN I THOUGHT YOU WOULD BE. AND SWEATIER.
BEEP BEEP
SERIOUSLY, SPIDER-MAN, YOU'VE LET YOURSELF GO.
MURF...
HEY, IT'S ME.
WE GOT A SITUATION.
GOSSIP GIRL!
WELL, THE FURIOUS FIVE HAVE A BIGGER SITUA--
--WHAT?
NO, ACTUALLY I HADN'T SEEN "KUNG FU PANDA."
MR. THINK!
HAYMAKER!
BADGER TEETH!
*ENOUGH!* WHERE'S THE LOOT, FUMES? YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO BE HERE TWO HOURS AGO! I TRIED CALLING YOU BUT IT SAYS YOUR VOICE MAILBOX IS FULL!

I'M SORRY, MR. THINK.

YOU GOTTA TAKE THIS MORE SERIOUSLY, FUMES! NOW WHERE ARE YOU?

WELL, SIR, LISTEN... UM...I CAUGHT SPIDER-MAN.

*SPIDER-MAN!* ARE YOU SURE?

IT'S HIM. I'M SURE.

THIS IS OUR CHANCE...

IF THE BOY HAS INDEED CAPTURED SPIDER-MAN, THEN WE MUST *DESTROY HIM.*

BUT I KINDA LIKE SPIDER-MAN.

YEAH.

TOTALLY.

HE'S SUPER-COOL.

I THINK HE'S LAME.

YOU'RE LAME.

SHUT UP! *NO ONE LIKES SPIDER-MAN!* WHAT KIND OF SUPER-VILLAINS ARE YOU? TRUST ME, IF WE DO THIS, IT'LL MAKE THE FURIOUS FIVE THE MOST INFAMOUS CREW IN THE WORLD. THE HOLY GRAIL HAS FALLEN IN OUR LAP...AND NOW WE HAVE TO *KILL IT!*

SO...ARE YOU GUYS COMING OVER?

I THINK YOU SHOULD MAYBE LET HIM SLEEP IT OFF, CHERYL.

JEAN TOLD ME, "HE'LL GET DRUNK, DRESS UP LIKE SOME FRUITY SUPER HERO, AND DITCH YOU." AND THAT'S **EXACTLY** WHAT HAPPENED.

WELL... NOT IN THAT ORDER.

YOU'RE A DOUCHE, ERIC.

RONNIE... RONNIE. WAKE UP!

THIS STOPPED BEING CUTE TWO YEARS AGO.

DID YOU HEAR WHAT I SAID, RONNIE?

RONNIE!

I'M LEAVING YOU.

RONNIE, I'M SORRY, BUT I'VE HAD ENOUGH. I PROMISED MYSELF THAT IF YOU DID THIS AGAIN I WOULD LEAVE YOU.

I HOPE AT SOME POINT WE CAN STILL BE FRIENDS. THERE WILL ALWAYS BE A PLACE FOR YOU IN MY HEART.

WHAT THE...

AHHH!

THWIP!

...UHHH...

HOLY MOLY...
IT'S HIM.
I KNOW.
TOTALLY.
THIS IS BIG...REALLY BIG...
WHAT SHOULD WE DO?
I THINK IT'S OBVIOUS. WE TAKE A PICTURE, SEND IT IN TO THE DB, AND ASK FOR RANSOM. WE'LL BECOME *NOTORIOUS* AND *RICH!*
STOP THINKING, THINK!
WHO CARES ABOUT MONEY AND FAME WHEN WE HAVE THE GUY WHO'S PUT ALL OF OUR FRIENDS AND MENTORS IN JAIL OR IN THE GROUND? **SPIDER-MAN MUST DIE!**
HOW WILL PEOPLE KNOW THE DEATH OF SPIDER-MAN WAS CAUSED BY THE FURIOUS FIVE? WE'LL GET NO CREDIT, BADGER-TEETH! ANY THUG ON THE STREET COULD'VE DONE IT.
WHAT IF WE PUT IT TO A VOTE?
I THINK THAT'S A GOOD IDEA.
YEAH, LETS VOTE.
I VOTE FOR SPIDER-MAN FOR CUTEST!
I VOTE FOR YOU FOR LAMEST.
I VOTE FOR ME FOR MOST LIKELY TO PUKE!
FINE, WE VOTE. BUT MY VOTE WILL COUNT MORE THAN ALL OF YOURS COMBINED! THAT'S THE WHOLE REASON I STARTED THIS GROUP.
FUMES, GO GET A NEWSPAPER AND TAKE A PICTURE OF ME AND SPIDER-MAN WITH YOUR CAMERA PHONE.
STAY RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE, FUMES.

WHAT IS THIS STUFF?

THAT GUY IN THERE IS *NOT* *RONNIE!*

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

HE JUST SHOT THIS STUFF IN MY FACE. THEN I LOOKED UNDER HIS MASK AND IT'S NOT RONNIE!

WHO IS IT?

SOME... GUY. WHERE'S RONNIE?

DO YOU THINK...

NO. LET'S GO LOOK FOR OURSELVES.

YOU GUYS HAVE REALLY DONE IT THIS TIME. MY BOYFRIEND'S LYING IN A GUTTER SOMEPLACE WHILE YOU IDIOTS GRABBED ANOTHER GUY WEARING A...

CLK

...FRUITY SUPER-HERO COSTUME.

WHERE'S SPIDER-MAN?

IT'S TIMES LIKE THIS-- WHEN IT'S SO CLEAR WHAT I SHOULD DO-- THAT I DON'T DO IT. I PUNK OUT AND GO WITH THE CROWD. I FORGET TO PUT THINGS INTO PERSPECTIVE AND SIMPLY... OBEY.

I MEAN, THIS IS A MAN'S LIFE WE ARE TALKING ABOUT HERE.

I'VE ALWAYS BEEN MORE ATTRACTED TO THE FRINGE TYPES, I KNOW THAT. BUT I'M BEGINNING TO SEE WHY... THOSE PEOPLE ARE ON THE FRINGE. I NEED TO REMEMBER...

...THAT I COME FROM GOOD PLACE. AND THAT IT WOULD BREAK MY DAD'S HEART TO SEE ME IN THIS SITUATION, WITH CHARACTERS LIKE THIS.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, YOU DON'T WANT TO WORK AT THE SHOP?

I WANT TO DO MORE WITH MY LIFE THAN FIX VACUUMS.

OH, SO I'VE WASTED MY LIFE? YOUR GRAMPA WASTED HIS LIFE?

I DIDN'T SAY THAT...IT'S JUST NOT THAT EXCITING.

BUT YOU HAVE A GIFT FOR THIS. YOU DO THINGS WITH VACUUM PARTS I DIDN'T KNOW COULD BE DONE.

POP...

FINE. WELL BEFORE YOU GO, TAKE THIS DOWN TO THE BASEMENT AND PUT THIS BACK ON THE SHELF WITH THE OTHERS AND BRING ME SOME NOZZLES, WILL YA.

SURE, POP.

AND THIS TIME DON'T SMACK YOUR HEAD ON THE WAY DOWN THERE, YA HEAR ME! WATCH YOUR HEAD!

WILL DO, POP.

RRAWR!

HAYMAKER! GOSSIP GIRL! ATTACK HIM! HE'S GONE MAD!

FOOLS! YOU HAVE MADE YOUR CHOICE.

NOW YOU WILL ALL FEEL THE WRATH... OF THE BADGER TEETH!

...OW... WHERE AM I?
GET OUT OF OUR PLACE!
WHERE IS HE?!
RELAX, MAN!
I'M CALLING THE COPS!
JUST GIVE US THE SPIDER-MAN AND WE'LL LEAVE!
WE DON'T KNOW WHERE HE IS!
DON'T LIE TO US!
BARBARELLA
...OH MAN...
WELL, LOOK WHO IT IS.
RED
THINK WE FORGET ABOUT THIS KINDA STUFF, SPIDER-TURD?
I'M SORRY, WHAT?
...OH NO!

HOLY MOLY!

WATCH YOUR FINGERS, HAYMAKER! I MIGHT ACCIDENTALLY BITE THEM OFF.

SPEAK FOR YOURSELF!

RESTRAIN HIM, HAYMAKER! GOSSIP GIRL, CHEW HIS HEAD OFF!

AHHHHHH!

WHAT DO YOU THINK WE'RE DOING?!

SHHH...

I'M GOING TO GET YOU OUTTA HERE...

UHH...

KEEP IT QUIET, SPIDER-MAN.

NOOOO! HE RIPPED THROUGH MY HAY! (LIKE EVERYONE DOES...)

GOSSIP GIRL, YOU MUST DESTROY HIM.

WE COULD USE A LITTLE HELP!

NEED TO WAKE UP. NEED TO CONCENTRATE.

THESE GUYS ARE DEFINITELY NOT DOC AND GREEN GOBLIN. COOL COSTUMES, THOUGH... HOMEMADE...WELL-SEWN...

NEVADA

LAW

UH, GUYS. THAT'S NOT WHO YOU THINK IT IS.

SHUT YOUR MOUTH OR YOU'LL BE *NEXT!*

HEY SPIDER-MAN, READ ANY GOOD BOOKS LATELY?

"READ ANY GOOD BOOKS LATELY"? YOU'RE JOKING.

YOU, SUNNUVA--

BADGER-TEETH, WE'RE A TEAM...

I HAVE A CONFESSION TO MAKE, MR. THINK.

THIS ISN'T MY FIRST SUPERVILLAIN TEAM. I'VE ACTUALLY BEEN ON QUITE A FEW. NONE OF THEM LASTED VERY LONG. MOSTLY BECAUSE I ALWAYS GET SUPERANGRY ABOUT SOMETHING AND KILL EVERYBODY. I'VE BEEN WORKING ON MY *"RAGE ISSUES."* I REALLY HAVE.

AND I THOUGHT THIS TIME WOULD BE DIFFERENT.

BUT IT'S NOT.

HEY!

KID, WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?

ARE YOU TRYING TO *SAVE* SPIDER-MAN?

YOU WANT SPIDER-MAN... YOU GOTTA GO THROUGH *ME.*

DOUG! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

SPIDER-MAN IS KICKING ASS IN OUR APARTMENT, DUDE! IF I DON'T GET A PICTURE OF THIS, NO ONE WILL BELIEVE ME!

GET OUT OF THE WAY, ERIC!

I DON'T WANNA DIE.

ERIC!

DROP THE PHONE AND LET'S GET OUTTA' HERE!

OH MY GOD! IT'S REALLY HIM! IT'S SPIDER-MAN!

DON'T PUSH ME!

NICE!

WHOA!

I HOPE I GOT THAT.

I'M SURE THAT PICTURE'S A KEEPER.

WHY DON'T YOU GUYS GIVE IT A REST AND WE'LL TALK THIS THROUGH. OBVIOUSLY THERE'S BEEN SOME SORT OF MIX-UP.

DOESN'T MATTER ANYMORE, MAN!

NOT THE 58-INCH FLAT SCREEN!

AHHHHHH!

GET OFF OF ME!

WATCH IT!

WHOA!

GREAT. I'M GOING TO DIE.

I COULD BLAME MYSELF. I MEAN, I COULD ALWAYS HAVE BOUGHT ANOTHER FLAT SCREEN. BUT I'M NOT GOING TO.

I BLAME YOU, RONNIE.

THAT WAS CLOSE!

WHAT IN THE WORLD...

KRSH

...IS THAT?

MAYBE IT'S RONNIE!

I'M GOING TO CHECK IT OUT. HEY, BUDDY! LAY OFF DOC OCK!

HE KILLED MY FRIEND!

OOOF!

YOUR FRIEND'S FINE. YOU CAN PICK HIM UP DOWNSTAIRS.

HEY, MAN, I THINK THAT WAS THE REAL SPIDER-MAN...

WELL THEN, KNOW THIS, SPIDER-MAN! WE SHALL HAVE OUR REVENGE. BE IT TODAY OR BE IT TOMORROW...

SORRY.

COOL IT, DUDE.

YOU'RE REGRETTING YOUR BIG RALPH MACCHIO MOMENT RIGHT NOW, AREN'T YOU, FUMES?

LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE REALIZING YOU DON'T HAVE WHAT IT TAKES TO BE A REAL VILLAIN! YOU'VE GOT THE UNFORTUNATE TRAIT...

...OF HAVING A CONSCIENCE.

I WAS LOOKING FORWARD TO BEING SORT OF A MENTOR TO YOU, FUMES.

BUT I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO FIND SOME OTHER LOW-CLASS NOTHING TO FILL THAT SPOT.

YOU CAN ALWAYS KEEP DOING THE RIGHT THING, BUT IT WON'T MATTER. BECAUSE THERE WILL ALWAYS BE SOMEONE LIKE ME TO RUIN YOUR DAY. SOMEONE WHO WILL LEAD THE OTHER EVIL-DOERS IN A MASSIVE STRIKE AGAINST THE GOOD OF THIS CITY.

MARK MY WORDS, FUMES. WE. WILL. WIN--

WOW... THANKS.

NO PROBLEM, BRO.

SOMEONE'S COMING.

HURRY UP, ERIC! SPIDER-MAN IS HEADING INTO THAT CONSTRUCTION SITE.

WILL THIS STUFF RUIN MY COSTUME?

COSTUME? IT'S A SHIRT AND A--

--LOOK!

I DON'T WANT TO DIE! I DON'T WANT TO DIE!

IF ANYTHING'S HAPPENED TO RONNIE, I WILL KILL YOU GUYS!

RONNIE!
SPIDER-MAN!
NO WAY.
I'M SPIDER-MAN?
I HATE HALLOWEEN.
SAME HERE.

OH, BABY! YOU'RE OKAY. I DON'T KNOW WHAT I WOULD'VE DONE IF SOMETHING HAPPENED TO YOU!

HEY, CHERYL. YOU LOOK *HOT*.

AWW, LOOK. THEY'RE BACK TOGETHER...UHH... HOORAY?

GLAD YOU'RE OKAY, MAN.

SORRY WE GRABBED THE WRONG... YOU?

OH, HEY. NO WORRIES, BRO. LET'S GO HOME AND CRACK OPEN SOME CRUNCHY MICROBREWS.

YEAH, ABOUT THAT... OUR PLACE IS KIND OF A MESS.

MORE LIKE TOTALLY DESTROYED.

OH... IS MY ROOM TRASHED?

NOT REALLY.

...SWEET.

HMM.

HE COULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN FAR.

WEEOOOOWEEEOOO!

JEWELS RETURNED. SLATE CLEAN. NO MORE BEING CHASED BY SPIDER-MAN.

Sorry, The ~~Furious~~ Fearsome Five

HEY, MAN. WHAT ARE YOU SUPPOSED TO BE?

I'M A VACUUM REPAIRMAN.

BEST HALLOWEEN EVER.

The End.

AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #595

Central Park, Manhattan.

"DO YOU KNOW WHAT MY FAVORITE TEMPERATURE IS?"

"PEOPLE HAVE A FAVORITE TEMPERATURE?"

I DO. SEVENTY-SIX DEGREES FAHRENHEIT.

THANKS FOR SHARING. I'M SURE YOU HAVE A "WHY" FOR THAT?

OF COURSE. YOU CAN'T PICK A FAVORITE ANYTHING WITHOUT A "WHY." THAT WOULD BE IRRESPONSIBLE.

SEVENTY-SIX DEGREES FAHRENHEIT IS MY FAVORITE TEMPERATURE BECAUSE IT HAS BEEN STATISTICALLY PROVEN AS THE POINT WHERE MOST PEOPLE CONSIDER THEMSELVES "WARM"...

...AND BEGIN REMOVING THEIR CLOTHES.

WOW. I THINK I LIKE SEVENTY-SIX DEGREES FAHRENHEIT. LEAVE IT TO YOU TO MAKE SCIENCE DIRTY.

"DIRTY?" TRY "BEAUTIFUL."

LET'S GO SAY HI.

NO. NO. HARRY?!

EXCUSE ME, LADIES, BUT MY FRIEND HERE, PETER, IS PAINFULLY SHY AROUND WOMEN BECAUSE HE DOESN'T KNOW HOW TO START A CONVERSATION.

I'M SORRY. HE'S LIKE THIS WHEN HIS BLOOD SUGAR GETS TOO HIGH.

THIS IS WHY I HATE HARRY OSBORN. MY "BEST FRIEND."

HATE HIM.

UH-HUH.

SEE, PETE? YOU HAVE FIVE SECONDS OR BAM! NO SALE. YOU HAVE TO HAVE A PICKUP LINE!

EEW. VERY.

"EEW" DOES SAY IT ALL. LET'S--

YOU DISAGREE? SO YOU *WOULD LISTEN* IF MY FRIEND PETE JUST WALKED UP AND SAID...

OH...UM... HI, I'M PETER PARKER...I TAKE PICTURES?

*WAIT!* NO, NOT *THOSE* KIND OF PICTURES! I-- OH, GOD...

PLEASE DON'T CALL THE COPS.

AND LOOK AT THAT. WOW. YOU JUST COST ME A CUP OF COFFEE, LADIES.

IT'S TERRIBLE. BUT SOLELY BASED ON LOOKS, PETE BET THAT YOU WERE *SHALLOW*. I NEVER WOULD HAVE THOUGHT IT...

SHALLOW!?

I'M SO CONFUSED... I NEED AN ADULT.

AS PROVEN BY THE FACTS. THIS SENSITIVE PHOTOGRAPHER OPENS HIS HEART ONLY TO EARN YOUR SCORN...

...BECAUSE YOU COULDN'T LOOK PAST HIS SHABBY, CLUMSY, ALMOST OAFISH EXTERIOR...

I THINK THEY GET THE POINT.

TOO BAD, REALLY, YOU SEEM NICE, NOT TO MENTION GORGEOUS...

BUT I CAN'T TRUST AN *ARTISTE* TO SOMEONE WHOSE HEART IS SO CLOSED.

THERE'S A SPECIAL CIRCLE OF HELL FOR PEOPLE LIKE YOU--

SHUT UP, AND DO *NOT* LOOK BACK UNTIL--

WAIT! WE'RE *NOT* SHALLOW.

CAN WE START OVER?

SON OF A--

Call me!

Belabumbu

LINGERIE & MATE

Rach
Pintern
(212) 555-4578

LOOK UP "UNBELIEVABLE" IN THE DICTIONARY. YOUR FACE. GRINNING.

WHATEVER YOU'RE ON, GET ME TWO OF THEM.

JUST LIFE, PAL. AND YOU ONLY GET ONE.

THAT'S WHAT MAKES IT SO DAMN SWEET.

ARE YOU LEGITIMATELY THIS UP, OR ARE YOU "CRYING ON THE INSIDE" LIKE THE REST OF US?

HEH. I'M NOT GONNA LIE. THERE WAS A TIME I COULDN'T HAVE FELT THIS WAY...ESPECIALLY NOT AFTER THE LAST FEW MONTHS. BUT THAT ISN'T ME ANYMORE.

I JUST LIVE LIFE ON LIFE'S TERMS A DAY AT A TIME AND DO THE BEST I CAN, COME WHAT MAY...

AND THAT IS WHY I LOVE HARRY OSBORN. MY BEST FRIEND.

LOVE HIM.

WHA-- NO! NO NO NO!

HA! EASY COME...

...EASY GO.

THERE'S NO GETTING AWAY FROM HIM, IS THERE?

SCREW IT. LET "DEAR OL' DAD" AND HIS AVENGERS HAVE THE SKY...

MARVEL COMICS PRESENTS

# AMERICAN SON

## PART 1

WE'LL DO JUST FINE DOWN HERE IN THE REAL WORLD.

"I HAVE AN IDEA FOR A STORY...

"ANYTHING THAT DESTROYS NORMAN OSBORN. WHO'S WITH ME?"

JOE KELLY writer  PHIL JIMENEZ penciler
ANDY LANNING inker  CHRIS CHUCKRY colors
VC's JOE CARAMAGNA letters

TOM BRENNAN asst. editor  STEPHEN WACKER editor
TOM BREVOORT executive editor  JOE QUESADA editor in chief
DAN BUCKLEY publisher  ALAN FINE exec. producer

GALE, GUGGENHEIM, KELLY
SLOTT & WAID webheads

Brooklyn.
Offices of Front Line.
HA HA HA
WHY IS THIS FUNNY?
HA HA HA HA
NICE ONE, WOODSTEIN AND BERNWAD.
EASY, NORAH...THEY LAUGHED AT DAVID AND HIS SLINGSHOT, TOO.
WHAT DO YOU HAVE ON *"STORMIN' NORMAN,"* PETE?
UM... *EVERYTHING?* HIS *JAIL TERM* IS COMMUTED UNDER SEALED EXECUTIVE ORDER SO THAT HE CAN RUN THE *THUNDERBOLTS*--
--A PROGRAM STAFFED BY *PSYCHOPATHS* AND CRIMINALS EMPOWERED TO VIOLATE OUR CIVIL RIGHTS WITH IMPUNITY.
AND HE'S SO GOOD AT PLAYING NAZI, IT GETS HIM *"PROMOTED"* TO THE HEAD OF H.A.M.M.E.R. *WITHOUT* ANY OVERSIGHT BY THE SENATE OR CONGRESS.
THEN HE HIJACKS THE *AVENGERS*--THE *AVENGERS*--AND SETS UP SHOP IN *THIS CITY* FOR ALL THE WORLD TO SEE.
AND GEE, WHY WAS HE IN JAIL IN THE FIRST PLACE? JAYWALKING? TAX FRAUD? OH YEAH--
HE COMMITTED COUNTLESS CRIMES AS THE *GREEN FREAKING GOBLIN*... NOT THE LEAST OF WHICH WAS *MURDER.*
RIP
*Righteous hostility is totally hot. Take me out to dinner and let's go punch Nancy Pelosi in the face.*

PETE, I WANT OSBORN TOO, BUT REMEMBER THE GOLDEN RULE... *PROOF* BEFORE *PRINT*.

OSBORN'S RECORDS ARE *SEALED*. THE THUNDERBOLTS ARE PROTECTED UNDER THE PATRIOT AND SUPERHUMAN REGISTRATION ACTS... AND TO PUT IT BLUNTLY...

FOLKS TEND TO FORGIVE LITTLE THINGS LIKE *MURDERING* PEOPLE IN A GREEN AND PURPLE COSTUME WHEN YOU PROMISE TO KEEP *ALIENS* OUT OF THEIR BEDS.

OSBORN'S IN POWER BECAUSE *WE GAVE* HIM THAT POWER. WITHOUT A NEW ANGLE, NEW *PROOF*--

SO IN OTHER WORDS, YOU'RE *SCARED* OF HIM, JUST LIKE EVERYONE ELSE.

NEVER MISTAKE *PROFESSIONALISM* FOR *FEAR*, PETE. WE GO OUT HALF-COCKED, FRONT LINE WILL BE *DEVOURED*.

*YOU* GET SOMETHING *LEGIT*, I'LL PRINT IT WITH MY OWN *BLOOD* IF I HAVE TO. BUT IT'S GOT TO BE *SMART* AND IT'S GOT TO BE DONE *RIGHT*.

GO MAKE NEWS, PEOPLE.

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO FOR AN ENCORE? DIG UP MOTHER THERESA AND CALL HER A *SLUT*?

WHAT'S WITH YOU?

TOO MUCH COFFEE AND NOT ENOUGH JUSTICE, I GUESS.

METHINKS THE PARKER DOTH WHINE TOO MUCH...

KNOCK KNOCK, OZZY.

THAT. WE'RE GOING TO BREAK INTO THAT.

I'M THINKING OCEAN'S ELEVEN--IF ONLY CLOONEY AND PITT HAD POWERS.

YOU'RE CLOONEY, BY THE WAY, ON ACCOUNT OF BEING OLD.

NOW I NEED TO KNOW IF YOU'RE SQUEAMISH, BECAUSE THIS COULD GO ALL RESERVOIR DOGS--

FLK

OOW!

DUDE! DUDE!!!

YOU DO NOT McFLY SOMEONE WHEN YOU HAVE ADAMANTIUM FINGER BONES!

THIS FROM THE MAN ANGLIN' TO BREAK INTO AVENGERS TOWER T'TAKE DOWN THE MOST POWERFUL S.O.B. ON EARTH.

I EVER GET MY HANDS ON THE INFINITY GAUNTLET YOU'RE GONNA GET SUCH A NOOGIE.

KID, I GOT SAND IN MY PANTIES TOO THAT NORMIE'S CALLIN' THE SHOTS...

...BUT WE ALREADY RAN THIS PLAY WITH A LOT MORE MUSCLE. WHY THE SELECTIVE AMNESIA?

I...

BECAUSE IT'S ALL MY FAULT...

ALL THE TIMES I'VE THROWN DOWN WITH NORMAN...IN THE GOBLIN GREENS AND OUT...

HE ALWAYS COMES BACK. ALWAYS TAKES WHAT HE WANTS.

I HAD A CHANCE TO KILL HIM, LOGAN... MORE THAN ONE. IF I HAD--

WEBS... WE HERE 'CAUSE YOU WANT A MAN OUT OF POWER OR DO YOU WANT HIM DEAD?

CAUSE THOSE ARE TWO VERY DIFFERENT CONVERSATIONS.

...

WOULD YOU THINK LESS OF ME IF I HAD TO GET BACK TO YOU ON THAT ONE?

NOPE. I'D THINK YOU'RE HONEST.

LOOK, YOU GOTTA CHANGE THE WAY YOU THINK ABOUT THIS. WHAT WE DO... IT'S A LONG GAME.

SURE, IT COMES T'BULLETS AN' BLADES WHEN SOME PUNK STARTS SOMETHING YOU HAVE TO FINISH ON THE SPOT...

...BUT FOR GUYS LIKE OSBORN... ESTABLISHMENT GUYS...PATIENCE WINS EVERY TIME.

HELL, TOOK *EIGHT YEARS* T'GET THE LAST GUY OUT OF OFFICE...

...AN' HE DIDN'T HAVE HIS OWN SUIT OF ARMOR.

BUMP

IT TERRIFIES ME WHEN THE POSTER BOY FOR MUTANT PMS PREACHES PATIENCE AND MAKES SENSE.

STICK AROUND AS LONG AS I HAVE...YOU'LL SEE EVERYTHING ONCE...

THOUGH I'D HARDLY RECOMMEND IT.

THANKS, LOGAN.

SURE... ONE LAST THING...

TIME COMES AN' HE SLIPS UP... WHICH HE *WILL*...AN' YOU *DO* FIND YOURSELF IN A POSITION T'GIVE NORMIE HIS DUE...

*END IT.*

*PERMANENT.* DIG?

YESSIR.

DIG.

Gracie Mansion.
HOME OF ≠KAFF≠ MAYOR J. JONAH JAMESON...

"CLOSER, GENTLEMEN! PETER, COME ON, DEAR.."

YOU HEARD THE LADY, PARKER!

AFRAID A LITTLE SUCCESS MIGHT RUB OFF ON YOU?

IF BY "SUCCESS" YOU MEAN THE TINIEST SHRED OF YOUR SHRIVELED OLD DNA...YES.

I CAN SEE WHY YOU'D WANT TO PRESERVE THAT FINE JACKET. GOODWILL OR DUMPSTER DIVING?

SATAN'S CLOSET, ACTUALLY. HANGING NEXT TO YOUR SOUL.

BY THE WAY, HITLER WANTS HIS MOUSTACHE BACK.

WHY YOU--

WHOOPSIE! HOLD ON--

WHAT? I--WOMAN, YOU LICKED THOSE FINGERS!

SALIVA IS TEMPORARY, PICTURES ARE FOREVER, LITTLE MR. MAYOR.

"LITTLE?"

CHEEZE!

WOW... THAT'S PERFECT. I THINK I'LL TITLE IT... "BROTHERS."

TECHNICALLY, "COUSINS."

YOU DO AND I'LL SUE, OSBORN!

OH, HUSH! IT'S SWEET, JONAH!

THINK OF IT AS A TRIAL RUN FOR THE WEDDING, JAY. WE WANT LOTS OF PICTURES OF THE BOYS... TOGETHER.

WE ARE BLOWING THAT UP, RIGHT?

IT'S ALREADY ONLINE.

HAVE I THANKED YOU FOR SAVING MY SANITY YET?

ONLY FIFTEEN TIMES. IT'S A FREE DINNER IN GRACIE MANSION AND CHANCE TO SEE YOUR AUNT *HAPPY*. S'ALL GOOD, PAL.

PARKER, I'M CERTAIN I DO ***NOT*** HAVE TO IMPRESS UPON YOU THE SEVERITY OF THIS SITUATION.

WHAT'S UP? SOMEONE STOLE YOUR SPECIAL UNDERNOSE COMB?

THIS *DALLIANCE* HAS GOTTEN OUT OF CONTROL.

AT LEAST YOU DIDN'T WALK IN ON SAID "*DALLIANCE*" IN PROGRESS. *BRRR*...

I'VE TRIED TO DONATE MY EYES TO SCIENCE... *TWICE*.

WE *HAVE* TO STOP THIS WEDDING.

JJ, OUR SEETHING *DISLIKE* FOR ONE ANOTHER ASIDE...

THEY SEEM REALLY, ***REALLY*** HAPPY. MAYBE WE JUST HAVE TO ACCEPT THAT WE'RE GONNA BE--

SAY "*BROTHERS*" AND I ***WILL*** GUT YOU WHERE YOU STAND.

WHO'S BURNING UP THE COVER OF A.A.R.P. MAGAZINE!? *ROWRR!*

OH, HARRY, JUST TAKE THE PICTURE!

DID... DID YOUR DAD JUST GIVE MY AUNT THE TONGUE?

I'M GOING TO BE THE FIRST MAYOR OF NEW YORK TO DIE OF CHRONIC NAUSEA.

SIR?

THE FINAL GUEST HAS ARRIVED.

THANK GOD. EVERYONE, IT'S CHOW TIME!

WE'RE NOT FINISHED, PARKER...

"*FINAL GUEST?*"

A TOAST...

TO FAMILY.

MAY YOUR STORY BE LONG AND WELL TOLD, FULL OF THUNDER, VALOR, AND GRACE.

MAYBE NOT LONG IN *YOUR PARTICULAR* CASE, BUT IT WAS THE BEST I COULD FIND ON SHORT NOTICE.

I'M *SO* SORRY. I DIDN'T KNOW--

THANKS FOR MAKING THE TIME, OSBORN! GLAD TO FINALLY BREAK BREAD WITH YOU! DAD, WHY DON'T YOU SIT NEXT TO NORMAN--

=AHEM= JAY...

ACTUALLY, SON...SORRY TO DO THIS. WE'RE GOING TO TAKE A PASS ON DINNER.

MY GIRL IS FEELING A LITTLE UNDER THE WEATHER.

OH, COME ON...WHAT GOOD IS IT TO HAVE A MAYOR AS YOUR SON IF YOU CAN'T *HOBNOB* WITH THE UPPER CRUST OF NEW YORK CITY ONCE IN A WHILE?

I THINK NOT, *SON.*

THINK SO, FATHER.

HE'S THE MOST POWERFUL MAN IN THE COUNTRY, FOR GOD'S SAKE. BUTTER A ROLL AND SIT DOWN.

IT'S ALL RIGHT, JAMESON. MRS. PARKER AND I HAVE SOME HISTORY TOGETHER, AND MY BEING HERE MAY MAKE HER UNCOMFORTABLE.

NOT EVERYONE IS AS FORGIVING AS YOU ARE.

WELL, YES, THERE'S THAT...

...AND YOU'RE A PROFESSIONAL THUG WHO HIDES HIS LUST FOR POWER AND CONTEMPT FOR COMMON PEOPLE BEHIND THE AMERICAN FLAG.

SORRY, NOT MY CUP OF TEA.

OKAY, HE CAN MARRY MY AUNT.

HELL, HE CAN MARRY ME.

TO BE EXPECTED...MY P.R. PEOPLE TELL ME I DON'T TEST WELL WITH SENIORS.

ESPECIALLY THOSE WHO WERE DISHONORABLY DISCHARGED.

HOW DARE--?

OKAY, DAD. YOU HAVE THE ACCESS TO MILITARY RECORDS AND YOU'RE NOT AFRAID TO USE THEM. WE GET IT.

WHY ARE YOU HERE?

BECAUSE JAMESON TOLD ME *PARKER* WAS BRINGING YOU.

BECAUSE YOU REFUSE MY CALLS.

BECAUSE YOU RETURN MY MAIL UNOPENED.

BECAUSE YOU ARE MY *SON*, AND I *NEED YOU.*

AND THAT'S WHAT THERAPY'S FOR. SO WHY DON'T YOU GOOSESTEP DOWN TO YOUR H.M.O. AND HIRE A GOOD SHRINK?

*PARKER*... CHARMING AS EVER.

HARRY, I WANT YOU TO COME *HOME.*

I WANT YOU TO COME WORK FOR ME, WITH THE *AVENGERS.*

THE WORLD HAS CHANGED...*I'VE* CHANGED.

BOTH FOR THE BETTER, I MIGHT ADD.

CAN YOU BLAME ME FOR WANTING TO SHARE THIS SUCCESS WITH MY SON?

*PLEASE*... GIVE ME A CHANCE TO PROVE TO YOU IT'S A *NEW DAY.*

HA! HA HA HA!

I'M SORRY! I-- HAA HAA!

AHHHHHHHH. WOW.

THANKS FOR THE GREAT EVENING, MR. JAMESON. SORRY FOR THE THEATRICS.

HARRY, I'M SPEAKING TO YOU.

OH, I HEARD YOUR MAGNANIMOUS *OFFER*, AND I'D TELL YOU WHAT TO DO WITH IT...

...BUT THERE'S A YOUNG LADY PRESENT, AND I'D HATE TO MAKE HER BLUSH.

GOOD FOR YOU, HARRY.

LIFE ON LIFE'S TERMS, BRO.

SEE YOU LATER.

MAYBE IN YOUR WORLD...

BUT NOT HIS.

NO MATTER HOW MANY TIMES YOU TELL HIM, HE ***ALWAYS*** COMES BACK...***UNTIL*** HE GETS WHAT HE WANTS.

Harry's Apartment.

LATER THAT NIGHT.

HELL OF A DINNER PARTY... HEH.

BUT HE DIDN'T GET TO YOU.

HE DIDN'T GET YOU.

I FORGOT HOW...*NICE* YOU CAN SOUND WHEN YOU'RE HAPPY...

HOW 'BOUT A *KISS?*

LILY..? WH-WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
CAN'T AN EX JUST STOP BY?
DID MY FATHER SEND YOU?
HEH...
MAYBE I'M HERE TO KILL YOU...
MAYBE...NO... HARRY...?
I'M SORRY... SOMETIMES... IT'S HARD TO THINK.
THAT'S THE SERUM. THE GOBLIN SERUM--
I KNOW IT'S THE DAMN SERUM, HARRY!
KSSSH
IT'S IN ME! I FEEL IT ALL THE TIME!
NO...I...
I DON'T WANT TO FIGHT. I DON'T.
I HAVE TO SHOW YOU SOMETHING, HARRY.
TA DA.

Sixth Avenue.

SLEEPY'S

...PUBLIC OPINION CONTINUES TO SLIP AFTER HAWKEYE'S... ANNOUNCEMENT, SIR.

PLEASE. THIS WILL BE FORGOTTEN THE NEXT TIME SOME STARLET PUTS HERSELF INTO REHAB...

ACTUALLY, HAND, DO WE HAVE ANY STARLETS ON PAYROLL--?

NO. WE NEED TO DISCUSS MY SON--

DIRECTOR OSBORN, THIS IS SERIOUS--

TEP

HAND, DID YOU HEAR--?

SIR?

WHOOSH

HRRK

AVENGERS! CODE RED! FULL SCRAMBLE--!

WOW. IT FINALLY HAPPENED...

...YOU WENT INSANE AND I MISSED IT.

NOT TALKING NOW, NORMIE. TALKING DOESN'T *WORK* WITH YOU.

I'VE *TRIED.*

*ARRRGH!!*

WELL THEN... YOU HAVE MY ATTENTION...

FOR THE THIRTY SECONDS BEFORE THE AVENGERS SHOW UP AND--

IT'LL BE ENOUGH IF YOU STOP *INTERRUPTING.*

MY SPIES ON JAMESON'S STAFF CAUGHT YOUR LITTLE SPIEL TONIGHT AT GRACIE MANSION...

...WE'RE NOT PLAYING BY THE OLD RULES, NORMAN.

*THE FAMILY BUSINESS IS CLOSED.*

THERE AREN'T GOING TO BE ANY MORE LI'L GOBLINS RUNNING AROUND.

HARRY OSBORN IS NO LONGER YOUR SON.

YOU DO NOT *TALK* TO HIM. YOU DO NOT *LOOK* AT HIM.

KRNCHH!

AS FAR AS YOU ARE CONCERNED, HE DOESN'T *EXIST*.

YOU'VE TAKEN SO MUCH FROM ME, NORMAN...

...FROM *EVERYONE*.

KSHHH

YOU DON'T GET HARRY.

NOT THIS TIME. NEVER AGAIN.

AM I CLEAR?

hr...hr... hr...

WHATEVER... I MAY HAVE DONE IN THE PAST, SPIDER-MAN...

...IS *NOTHING* TO THE *HELL* YOU'VE BOUGHT FOR YOURSELF TONIGHT. AS REGARDS MY *SON*...

I *MADE* HARRY...

AND I CAN DO *ANY DAMN THING* TO HIM I WANT.

"TIME COMES AN' OSBORN SLIPS UP...AND YOU *DO* FIND YOURSELF IN A POSITION T'GIVE NORMIE HIS DUE...

"...END IT."

?

PERMANEN--

BDEEET BDEEEET

EXCUSE ME.

Y-YOU'RE ANSWERING YOUR PHONE...?

DO YOU MIND?

OSBORN.

YES.

I'M GLAD TO HEAR IT. HOLD ON, PLEASE?

IT'S HARRY...

...HE JUST CALLED TO ACCEPT MY OFFER...

I'LL SEE YOU BRIGHT AND EARLY, THEN, HARRY. YOU KNOW THE ADDRESS.

HARRY--

THAT'S MY BOY.

HEH... HA...

HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!

I'LL SEE HIM FIRST THING IN THE MORNING.

I'LL BE IN THE BUILDING... BUILD HIS TRUST...

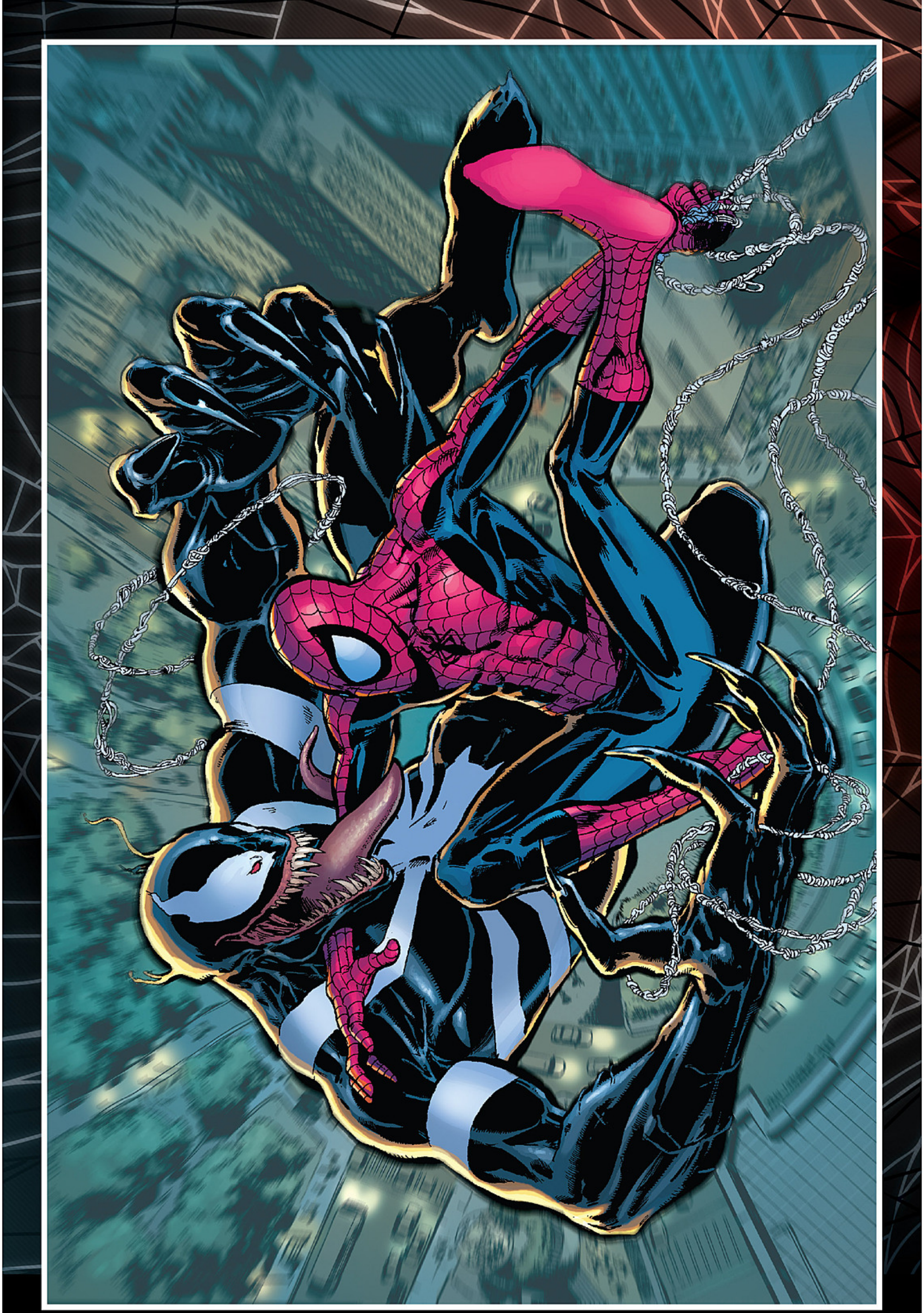
HARRY...

*SHH.* LILY, WHAT'S DONE IS DONE. YOU CAME TO ME, THAT'S WHAT MATTERS...AND I'M GOING TO PROTECT YOU...

...AND OUR ***SON.***

WHATEVER IT TAKES.

**AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #595 VARIANT**
BY **ADI GRANOV**



AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #596

MARVEL COMICS PRESENTS

# AMERICAN SON

## PART 2

IT IS WITH GREAT PRIDE THAT I ANNOUNCE THE INDUCTION OF MY SON INTO OUR ESTEEMED ORGANIZATION.

HARRY OSBORN, WELCOME TO THE AVENGERS!

ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR BRILLO-HEADED MIND?!

JOE KELLY WRITER
PAULO SIQUEIRA PENCILER
AMILTON SANTOS INKER
JEROMY COX COLORS
VC's CHRIS ELIOPOULOS LETTERS

TOM BRENNAN ASST. EDITOR
STEPHEN WACKER EDITOR
TOM BREVOORT EXECUTIVE EDITOR
JOE QUESADA EDITOR IN CHIEF
DAN BUCKLEY PUBLISHER
ALAN FINE EXEC. PRODUCER

GALE, GUGGENHEIM, KELLY, SLOTT & WAID WEB-HEADS

YOU'RE RIGHT. I SHOULDN'T HAVE WORN PINSTRIPES ON TV.

IF I'M GOING TO BE IN P.R. I SHOULD KNOW BETTER.

DON'T, HARRY! THIS ISN'T FUNNY!

TWO DAYS AGO YOU WERE LAUGHING IN NORMAN'S *FACE* FOR EVEN TRYING TO MAKE CONTACT--

--TODAY IT'S "BRING YOUR SON TO THE FASCIST STRONGHOLD" DAY?!

NEXT TIME I'LL BE SURE TO ASK YOUR PERMISSION, PETE.

WHAT HAS HE GOT ON YOU, HARRY?

TWO HUNDRED K A YEAR AND A *HELL* OF A RESUME BUILDER?

*HARRY!*

LOOK, PETE, YOU KNOW HOW I FEEL ABOUT NORMAN. NONE OF THAT'S CHANGED...

BUT MY SITUATION...

I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO, HARRY...

*SHHH...* I'M GOING TO PROTECT YOU... AND OUR *SON.*

WHATEVER IT TAKES.

IT IS WHAT IT IS, PETE.

I GOT IT COVERED.

... GONNA SAY THAT WHEN YOU START *USING* AGAIN TOO?

HOW DARE YOU..?

LOOK ME IN THE EYE AND TELL ME THAT YOUR SOBRIETY CAN WITHSTAND ANY REAL AMOUNT OF TIME WITH *HIM*.

YOUR *FATHER* DESTROYS EVERYTHING HE TOUCHES.

EVERYONE.

I CAN'T WATCH THAT HAPPEN TO YOU AGAIN, HARRY. I CAN'T.

YOU...

YOU'RE A GOOD FRIEND, PETE...

...BUT FRANKLY, *MY FAMILY* IS NONE OF YOUR DAMN BUSINESS.

HARRY..?

IF YOU REALLY ARE MY FRIEND, *TRUST ME*, AND STAY OUT OF MY WAY.

TRUST ME... TO SAVE US ALL.

LET IT GO.

DON'T LET GO!!

HE SAID HE CAN HANDLE IT. HE'S A BIG BOY. IT'S *HIS* FATHER. BLOOD IS THICKER THAN WEBBING.

IT'S HIS LIFE TO THROW AWAY.

WHO CARES THAT NORMAN DARED TO TROT OUT SPIDER-*NOT* AT HIS LITTLE *"I'M-GOING-TO-SUCK-THE-LIFE-OUT-OF-YOUR-BEST-FRIEND"* ANNOUNCEMENT. HE'S JUST TRYING TO *BAIT* YOU...

SO *WHAT* THAT HARRY PUT ON THE GOBLIN GREENS AGAIN A FEW MONTHS AGO? IT WAS A ONE-SHOT DEAL...

SO *WHAT* THAT YOUR EVERY INSTINCT IS SCREAMING THAT YOU SHOULD WALK INTO THE LOBBY OF AVENGERS TOWER SAM JACKSON STYLE AND CALL OUT THE SLIMY S.O.B. FOR MANO A MANO BARE KNUCKLE FIST-TO-FACE RECONSTRUCTIVE--

!?!

OH, POOP.

THAT BUILDING IS ON FIRE.

HOLD ON!

"THE DOSSIER INCLUDES LAYOUTS OF ALL THE OPERATIONAL LEVELS FROM THE THIRD SUBBASEMENT TO FLOOR FIFTEEN."

Avengers Tower.

STUDY THEM. THEY'RE YOUR PLAYGROUND.

DO I HAVE ACCESS TO THE *RESTRICTED* FLOORS?

WALK BEFORE RUN, HARRY...

THERE WILL BE ASPECTS OF THE AVENGERS AND H.A.M.M.E.R. THAT YOU ARE NOT PRIVY TO, YET.

BUT THAT DAY WILL COME, I KNOW IT.

TODAY, MEET YOUR STAFF, SHAKE SOME HANDS AND MARK YOUR TERRITORY...THEN GET STARTED ON YOUR *APARTMENT*.

I'M NOT MOVING IN HERE.

ALL *ESSENTIAL PERSONNEL* LIVE IN THE TOWER, HARRY.

IS LILY "ESSENTIAL PERSONNEL"?

IF YOU ACCEPTED MY OFFER JUST TO CATCH A GLIMPSE OF YOUR EX, YOU'RE GOING TO BE SORELY DISAPPOINTED.

SHE ISN'T HERE, AND SHE ISN'T INTERESTED.

I'D USE HER *EXACT* WORDS, BUT I WANT YOUR FIRST DAY TO BE A POSITIVE ONE.

THERE THEY GO...KING OF THE CASTLE AND HIS PRINCE...

MAYBE YOU'LL GET TO MEET HIM WHEN YOU START GIVING TOURS.

I JUST HOPE MY *UNIFORM* LOOKS THIS HOT ON ME...SILK?

YEAH, I'M SURE MR. OSBORN MAKES TIME TO CHAT WITH THE NEW PAGE GIRL WHEN HE'S NOT SAVING THE WORLD.

YEAH, DOGGY... YOU'D BE SURPRISED ABOUT OSBORN. HE SAYS HI TO ME EVERY DAY ON *THIRTY--*

YOU'RE ALLOWED ON A *SECURE* FLOOR? THAT'S *SO COOL.*

HEH, YEAH... IT'S PRETTY *BOSS.*

I'M NORAH. I THINK WE'RE GONNA BE *SPECIAL FRIENDS.*

SO WHAT DO YOU THINK? REALLY?

HONESTLY? I'M TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHEN WE PUT A GAY SCARECROW IN THE WEDDING PARTY.

ZING.

Forest Hills, Queens.....

AND HERE I THOUGHT TALKING TO YOU TWO WAS GOING TO MAKE ME FEEL BETTER--

I'M SORRY, PETER, BUT WHAT CAN I SAY?

I LOVE HARRY TO DEATH, AND I DESPISE NORMAN TWICE AS MUCH...BUT WHAT'S BETWEEN THEM IS BETWEEN THEM.

AND WE'RE GOING WITH BASIC BLACK. EVERYTHING ELSE CLASHES WITH YOUR NATURAL STATE OF *"WORRYWART."*

HALLELUJAH.

BUT WHAT IF HARRY'S MAKING A HUGE MISTAKE?

IT'S ***HIS*** MISTAKE TO MAKE. AS HIS ***FRIEND***, YOU HAVE TO TRUST HE'LL ASK FOR HELP IF HE ***NEEDS*** IT...

JUST NOT ON THE DAY OF YOUR FITTING.

SHE'S ON THE ONE TRACK MIND TO WEDDINGSVILLE, ISN'T SHE?

WITH THE OCCASIONAL STOP AT COLD FEET FALLS AND CRAZYTOWN, YES.

PETER...THERE'S SOMETHING I'VE WANTED TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT...

WHAT THAT OSBORN SAID... ABOUT MY BEING A *"DESERTER."*

JAY, THAT MAN CAN'T EXHALE WITHOUT IT BEING A LIE--

IT'S TRUE.

I RAN AWAY FROM THE ARMY. AWOL. DISHONORABLE DISCHARGE.

LOOK, YOU DON'T HAVE TO--

I *DO*. MAY IS ONE OF THE PEOPLE YOU LOVE MOST IN THE WORLD, PETER...

...I SURE AS HELL DON'T WANT YOU TO THINK THAT SHE'S MARRYING A *COWARD*.

I WAS TWENTY AND IN THE ARMY. I KNEW KOREA WAS NEXT FOR ME.

MY GIRL BACK HOME WAS PREGNANT WITH YOUR FRIEND JONAH...BUT THERE WERE COMPLICATIONS.

EVEN IN THE WOMB, MAKING PEOPLE MISERABLE...

SHE DIED. JUST AFTER HE WAS BORN.

OF COURSE SHE DID. I'M SORRY.

KEEP TALKING... I'M JUST GOING TO GO STICK MY HEAD IN THE OVEN.

UNCLE SAM DIDN'T MUCH CARE ABOUT MY PROBLEMS WHEN I ASKED TO GO HOME TO HER. SO I DID WHAT I HAD TO DO.

NOT EVEN THE U.S. ARMY WAS GOING TO KEEP ME FROM MY WIFE WHEN SHE NEEDED ME.

'COURSE, I WASN'T ANY BETTER AS A FATHER THAN I WAS A SOLDIER AND JONAH WOUND UP WITH MY BROTHER...

BUT I FIGURE I SHOULD STICK TO ONE CONFESSION AT A TIME.

DID YOU REGRET LEAVING?

I SAW MY SON BORN. I HELD MY WIFE'S HAND AND STROKED HER HAIR AS SHE DIED.

WOULDN'T HAVE HAD IT ANY OTHER WAY.

THANK YOU, JAY. YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO...BUT THANKS.

AND AT THE RISK OF STICKING MY NOSE WHERE IT DOESN'T BELONG...YOUR FRIEND, HARRY?

ALWAYS DO WHAT YOUR GUT TELLS YOU IS RIGHT.

FOREVER IS A *HELL* OF A LONG TIME TO LIVE WITH A MISTAKE.

Avengers Tower.

WHAT'S THIS?

SINCE YOU'LL BE WORKING CLOSELY WITH THE TEAM, THERE IS A RISK OF CONTRACTING CERTAIN... *PATHOGENS.*

ANYONE WITH CLEARANCE THREE AND ABOVE NEEDS TO BE INOCULATED.

"PATHOGENS."

TRUST ME, YOU DON'T WANT TO WAKE UP ONE DAY WITH A CASE OF THE "SKRULL FLU."

I ALSO DON'T WANT ANYTHING PUT IN MY *BODY* THAT DOESN'T BELONG THERE.

I *SWEAR* TO YOU, HARRY, THERE IS NOTHING IN THIS THAT WILL HARM YOU, OR THREATEN YOUR SOBRIETY.

I WANT YOU AT YOUR BEST, AND THAT MEANS NO CHEMICAL ENHANCEMENTS OF ANY SORT.

YOU'LL FORGIVE ME IF I'M A BIT SKEPTICAL.

HARRY... I "*FORGIVE*" *YOU* FOR EVERYTHING.

AND I HOPE ONE DAY, YOU'LL FORGIVE ME TOO.

THAT'S MY BOY.

OH, HARRY...

YOU REALLY CAME.

THANK GOD.

JUST TELL ME IT ISN'T *EGO.*

'CAUSE I'M WELL AWARE THAT IT ISN'T THE *INTROVERT* WHO STRAPS ON TIGHTS AND KICKS BAD GUYS IN THE FACE.

BUT, ASIDE FROM MJ, *YOU* KNOW BETTER THAN ANYONE WHAT NORMAN IS CAPABLE OF.

AND YOU KNOW *HARRY.*

AM I DOING THE RIGHT THING? DOES HARRY *NEED* ME?

...

YOU NEVER WERE THE KIND TO GIVE ME THE EASY OUT.

BE THAT WAY. I'LL LET YOU KNOW HOW IT GOES.

MISS YOU.

LOVE YOU.

GWEN STACY

REST IN PEACE

Later.
MIDTOWN MANHATTAN.
HEY, STALKER...STALK MUCH?
YOU WAITING TO THROW THOSE IN STORMIN' NORMAN'S FACE?
I WISH. IT'S FOR HIS SON.
WOW, YOU'RE GONNA CONFRONT LI'L OZZY IN FRONT OF DADDY'S BUILDING WITH A CUP OF COFFEE?
VERY "INTERVENTION" OF YOU.
SHUT UP, NORAH. NOT IN THE MOOD--
WOULD HEARING HOW I'M UNDERCOVER AS PART OF OSBORN'S OPERATION PUT YOU IN "THE MOOD"?
AVENGERS
WHAT?
BLACK COFFEE
NERDCAST
YOU SOLD ME THE OTHER DAY AT FRONT LINE WITH YOUR "I'M NOT GONNA TAKE IT ANYMORE" ROUTINE--
BACK ROOM POWER BROKERS, SHADOW GOVERNMENTS, ALL THE TIN-FOIL HAT STUFF THAT'S REALLY GOING ON IN HOUSES WHITE AND BLACK ALIKE...
OSBORN *IS* THE STORY. THERE ARE NO OTHER STORIES.
A JOB IN AVENGERS TOWER--THAT'S GENIUS.
MAMA DRANK BOONE'S WINE WHILE I WAS IN THE WOMB. I BLAME MY QUICK-WITTEDNESS ON THE BOOZE.
I'M SERIOUSLY ALL JACK RYAN UP IN THIS *BEE-YOTCH.* ALREADY MADE NICE WITH THE SECURITY STAFF AND JANITORIAL...
NO. NORAH, THIS...IS *DANGEROUS.*
OH, COME ON! IF THIS IS SOME "*TESTOSTERONE V. ESTROGEN*" NONSENSE, I GET THAT FROM *RANDY*--
***NORMAN OSBORN*** IS ***VERY*** DANGEROUS, AND EVEN IF YOU ***COULD*** GET CLOSE TO HIM, WHAT WOULD YOU DO?
***BUST HIS BUTT WIDE OPEN!*** LOOK FOR DOUBLE DEALINGS...
WHY ARE YOU TRYING TO HARSH MY JOURNALISTIC HIGH, PETE? YOU THINK I CAN'T PULL IT OFF?
NORAH, THIS ISN'T ABOUT--

IT'S FINE FOR YOU TO GO ALL CRUSADER, BUT I'M SUPPOSED TO STICK TO COVERING FLEA MARKETS AND FREAKING MUSEUM OPENINGS?

NORAH--

I THOUGHT YOU'D BE INTO THIS. NO BIG.

MORE ROOM ON THE BYLINE FOR ME.

NORAH--!

LOOK! THERE THEY ARE!

NO PARKING ANY TIME

THE *REAL* SPIDER-MAN! YEAH, BOY!

CAN'T LET IT GO.

Kings Point, Bronx.
WAAAAY AFTER DARK.
Benganza's
Hotel
XXX
YOU GOT DRUGS?
YOU SMELL PRETTY.
TAKE THAT AS A "NO." CASH?
NOW WE'RE TALKING. YOU NEED ME TO GO DOWN THE WHOLE MENU, SUGAR?
NO, WE WANT IT ALL.
FRIENDS ARE TRIPLE.
YOU SMELL SO PRETTY...
HELL OF A CONVERSATIONALIST...
SMELL LIKE...
HANDS WHERE I CAN SEE THEM TILL WE'RE DONE NEGOTIATING...
SO PRETTY... LIKE...
WHAT THE HELL--? WHAT'S TOUCHING ME?
...LIKE BONE MARROW.
Wine More Day

IT IS SO GOOD TO *STRETCH*. THEY KEEP US IN SUCH A SMALL PACKAGE... SO PRIM AND PROPER...

THE PACKAGE CANNOT CONTAIN US. OUR *NEEDS*.

BE PROUD...

...YOU'RE *HELPING* US.

WHY AM I ALWAYS STUCK BABYSITTING THE DAMN MANIAC..?"

FLTTT

HOPE YOU REMEMBER T'WIPE THE BLOOD OFF THIS TIME.

C'MERE, MOUSY.

OHHHH...IF ONLY YOU COULD SMELL WHAT WE DO...

CORTISOL... ADRENALINE...

THE PERFUME OF DISTRESS. THANK YOU. THANK YOU FOR HELPING US.

TSK TSK, NUMBSKULL!

GLCHH

AAAAAARGH!

NO BRAIN-SUCKING ON THE FIRST DATE.

WHAT DID YOU DO TO US? WE HURT! WE--WE FEEL--

HAWKEYE!!!

GOTTA GET A RAISE FOR THIS NONSENSE.

FLIT

SKWEET!

÷SIGH÷

BULLSEYE.

HEH.

FLIT

SKWEET!

THEY CALL IT A *BROWN NOISE GENERATOR. SUB-HARMONICS.*

MILITARY HAS BEEN USING IT FOR YEARS TO MAKE ENEMY TROOPS TOO PUKEY TO PUT UP A FIGHT.

TO ALIEN LIFE-FORMS WHO ARE SENSITIVE TO SOUND, IT'S PROBABLY A LOT LIKE HAVING DIARRHEA PUMPING THROUGH YOUR VEINS.

YOU CAN'T DO THIS! WE ARE PROTECTED BY THE GOVERNMENT NOW! WE ARE OSBORN'S *CHOSEN--*

EXACTLY.

I'M COUNTING ON IT.

OKAY. HE'S IN.

TELL ME THAT WORKED.

CLK

DEPENDS ON HOW FAST YOU CAN GET UNDRESSED.

NO. SHE'S A JUNKIE AND A STREETWALKER...BUT SHE'LL LIVE, AND I'LL GET HER TO A PROGRAM.

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH HIM?

ME? NADA... BUT MAYBE A FANTASTIC FRIEND COULD ARRANGE SOMETHING? THIS IS NEW YORK... PEOPLE FALL THROUGH MYSTERIOUS RIPS IN SPACE ALL THE TIME, DON'T THEY?

ONE WAY TICKET TO THE MOLE MAN'S BACKYARD? SHOULD TAKE AT LEAST A WEEK FOR HIM TO GET BACK.

BINGO.

SPIDEY... YOU ASKED FOR HELP AND I'M HAPPY TO GIVE IT...BUT IT'S OBVIOUS YOU DIDN'T ASK ANYONE ELSE FOR A REASON.

IN ANY OTHER SITUATION, I TOTALLY WOULD HAVE BEEN TURNED ON BY YOU SAYING THAT.

BULLSEYE DIDN'T HEAR A THING. THREE FEET OF INVISIBLE FORCE FIELD IS ENOUGH TO BLOCK OUT SOUND.

SEE? SCIENCE IS FUN.

IS THAT WOMAN OKAY?

THEY'D TRY TO TALK ME OUT OF IT.

OUT OF *WHAT?* WHAT DO YOU THINK THIS IS GOING TO ACCOMPLISH?

...

MISTAKES ARE TEMPORARY, REGRET IS FOREVER.

OKAY, DON'T LOOK.

PLEASE. YOU FORGET WHO I'M MARRIED TO.

SPEAKING OF... REED SENDS HIS REGARDS. HE HAD FUN WHIPPING THIS UP.

AS LONG AS IT WORKS...

SWEETIE, WE'RE TALKING ABOUT *REED.*

IT *ALWAYS* WORKS.

Avengers Tower.
HARRY OSBORN'S ROOM.
ZZZT
ZZZT
BLT
KRRZAAT
I'M COMING, LILY.
JUST HOLD ON.

BULLSEYE. VENOM.

YOU'RE LATE. WHAT A SHOCK.

DON'T LOOK AT ME. GARGAN SAYS HOOKERS ARE LIKE POTATO CHIPS.

YOU CAN'T EAT JUST ONE.

DIEBULLSEYEDIEBULLSEYE DIEBULLSEYEDIEBULLSEYE...

HEH... SALTY.

ONE DAY YOU'LL OUTLIVE YOUR USEFULNESS, AND I'LL BE FIRST IN LINE, GARGAN...

KARLA, CAN WE SKIP THE FOREPLAY, PLEASE?

OSBORN'S ABOUT TO BURST AN ARTERY.

÷SNFF÷

...

WHAT?

YOU HAVE BLOOD ON YOU.

OH, YEAH.

OOPS.

SLRRPT

IF YOU'RE QUITE FINISHED CARRYING ON LIKE A PACK OF RETARDED CHILDREN...THE TIME HAS COME TO DISCUSS MY *SON*...

AND HIS FUTURE IN OUR ORGANIZATION.

THAT'S IT. BOSS'S KID... SOMEONE'S GETTING CANNED--

WILL YOU *SHUT UP?*

NO DOUBT YOU UNDERESTIMATE HARRY.

UNDERSTANDABLE, AS HE'S GIVEN LITTLE CAUSE TO BELIEVE HE'S MORE THAN HIGH-CLASS TABLOID TRASH...

BUT I CAN ASSURE YOU THAT THERE IS MORE TO MY SON THAN MEETS THE EYE, AND HIS PRESENCE HERE AVAILS A *UNIQUE* OPPORTUNITY.

NOT JUST FOR ME AS A *FATHER*...BUT FOR THE ENTIRE TEAM.

I'VE BEEN WORKING ON A PROJECT...SOMETHING SPECIAL...AND HARRY IS THE *KEY.*

TONIGHT, I'M PREPARED TO SHARE WITH YOU MY VISION OF THE FUTURE...

...I CALL IT *AMERICAN SON.*

OH BOY.

AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #597

Avengers Tower

BASTION OF JUSTICE...SORT OF.

THIS COUNTRY...IS *SCARRED*. AND THOUGH THE WOUNDS MAY BE CLOSED, THEY STILL *STING*.

THANKS TO ABUSES BOTH FROM WITHOUT AND WITHIN, WE ARE UNSURE WHERE TO PUT OUR LONG-NEGLECTED *FAITH*.

WE DON'T KNOW WHO TO CALL FRIEND OR FOE... AND BY "*WE*" I MEAN THE *SHEEP*, OF COURSE.

I KNOW *EXACTLY* WHERE MY ENEMIES ARE AT ALL TIMES.

THE AVENGERS ARE NOT IMMUNE TO THIS NATION'S MALAISE. MY FAULT ENTIRELY.

YES, THE SHEEP WANTED HEROES, AND I *PROVIDED*, GOOD SHEPHERD THAT I AM...

BUT I DIDN'T GIVE THEM THE RIGHT HERO...YET.

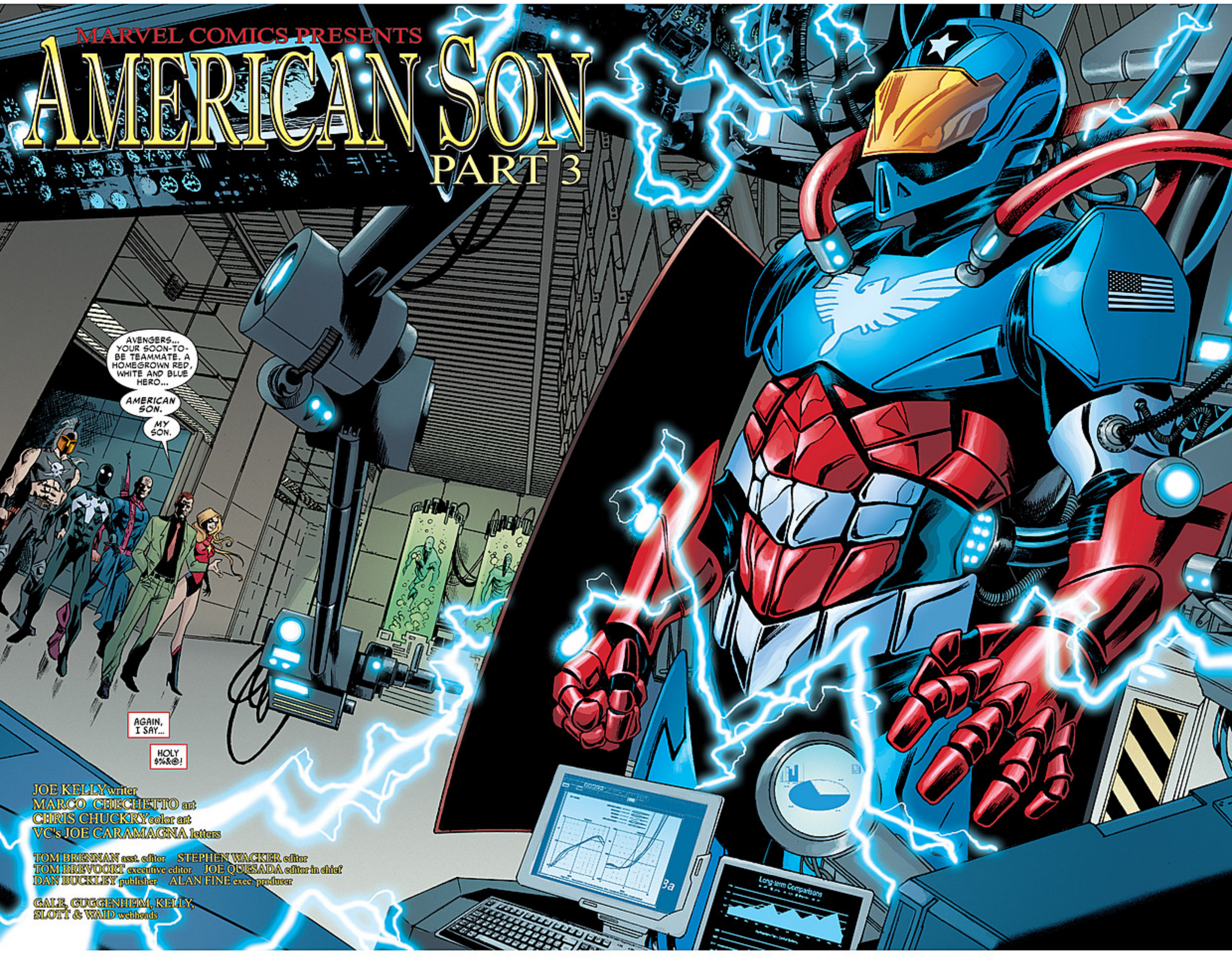
HOLY @$#%%

THUS, NORMAN OSBORN SHOWS ME THE ONLY REAL ADVANTAGE OF POSING AS VENOM...

I CAN SWEAR IN PUBLIC WITHOUT IT WINDING UP ON YOUTUBE.

MARVEL COMICS PRESENTS

# AMERICAN SON
## PART 3

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THE IRON PATRIOT UNDOUBTEDLY REPRESENTS AMERICA'S STRENGTH...

...BUT RESEARCH SHOWS US TIME AND AGAIN THAT THE SHEEP ALSO NEED TO SEE AMERICA'S *HEART*.

CAPTAIN AMERICA *WAS* THAT HEART... IF NOT ALSO THE HEART OF THE AVENGERS--

GARGAN. KEEP UP.

--UNFORTUNATELY, THE CAP RUNNING AROUND THESE DAYS ISN'T MUCH OF A *TEAM PLAYER.*

SO SCREW HIM. WE'RE MAKING OUR OWN.

THE SUIT WILL HANDLE DEFENSIVE AND COMMUNICATIONS ABILITIES, BUT LIKE THE LAST "SUPER-SOLDIER," OUR AMERICAN SON WILL BE...AN *ENHANCED* HUMAN.

SSSSSS

OSSSBORRRRRRN

OSBORN, MOVE!

AS YOU CAN SEE, IT'S BEEN A NIGHTMARE OF TRIAL AND ERROR.

THE "SUPER-SOLDIER SERUM" DOESN'T PLAY *NICELY* WITH "GOBLIN JUICE."

HOW EASY WOULD IT BE? HOW EASY TO MOVE A MICRO-SECOND SLOWER..?

TO WATCH THAT GRIN GET RIPPED OFF BY HIS OWN LITTLE SCIENCE FAIR PROJECT?

I HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE FAST...I'M STARTING TO THINK LIKE ONE OF THEM.

WHY GARGAN, I DIDN'T KNOW YOU CARED--

YOU'RE GOING TO DO THIS TO YOUR OWN SON...?

DON'T BE AN *IDIOT.*

MONSTERS BREED *MIRACLES.* WE HAVE STABILIZED THE FORMULA. FINALLY.

ALL THAT REMAINS ARE A FEW PRACTICAL TESTS AND THEN WE'LL BE READY.

NO OFFENSE, BUT ENHANCEMENTS OR NOT, I DON'T THINK THIS IS EXACTLY HIS...SPEED.

ISN'T THAT ADORABLE. YOU'RE TRYING "THINKING."

HARRY IS *MORE* THAN CAPABLE OF RISING TO THE CHALLENGE...

ONCE HE'S PROPERLY *MOTIVATED.*

Elsewhere in the tower...

CUTE IN THAT *SMART-BUT-NOT-TOO-SMART* SORT OF WAY.

I'M TELLIN' YA, WASHINGTON, SHE WAS ALL OVER IT.

*MM-HMM.*

YEAH, YOU CAN GO *MM-HMM* YOURSELF AFTER OUR DATE TOMORROW.

I GET LITTLE MISS NORAH UP TO A BROOM CLOSET ON A ***SECURE*** FLOOR, GONNA SWEEP HER RIGHT OUTTA THAT PAGE UNIFORM.

*MM-HMM.*

TEN MINUTES ALREADY... *DAMN.*

STAY FOCUSED. DON'T PANIC. ANYONE'S IN YOUR WAY, IT'S NIGHTY-NIGHT...

ANYTHING TO GET INTO NORMAN'S OFFICE AND FIND A CURE FOR--

*--HMP--*

YOU'LL SEE, WASHINGTON... SHE'S GONNA BE EATING OUTTA MY HAND...

*MM-HMM.*

Forest Hills, Queens...

A LITTLE LATE FOR WORK, ISN'T IT, MAY?

THIS WEDDING ISN'T GOING TO PLAN ITSELF, JAY.

TRUE, BUT IT CAN WAIT UNTIL DAYLIGHT.

OR YOU COULD HELP...

OR I COULD HELP YOU **RELAX** SO YOU ACTUALLY ENJOY THIS EVENT INSTEAD OF FRETTING OVER IT FOR THE NEXT FEW WEEKS.

HEAVEN'S SAKE, JAY, YOU'RE WORSE THAN A TEENAGER...

CLK

OF COURSE...IF THERE'S A POWER OUTAGE, WHAT CHOICE DOES A GIRL HAVE?

EXACTLY... THE GODS HAVE SPOKEN.

I ALWAYS KNEW THERE WAS SOMEONE WATCHING OVER ME.

WHAT SHALL IT BE..?

SOMETHING TERRIBLE?

SOMETHING GREAT?

Diet

SAMSUNG

MCKLAIN

SOMETHING TERRIBLE?

THE D&B

SOMETHING GREAT...?

GRAND ST

SOMETHING TERRIBLE...?

NO.

MOST DEFINITELY... SOMETHING GREAT.

I SAW YOU ON THE MONITOR AND I HAD TO TOUCH YOU. SEE THAT YOU WERE *REAL*. HOW--?

GADGETS FROM THE OLD DAYS. TECH-SCRAMBLING STUFF, WEAPONS...

I WAS GONNA PUT THEM ON EBAY IF THINGS EVER GOT TIGHT... WHO KNEW?

HARRY, I'M SO SCARED... GOD, IF NORMAN--

I WILL DEAL WITH "IF NORMAN."

DON'T THINK ABOUT IT, LILY.

IT'S *ALL* I THINK ABOUT, HARRY.

WHAT HE'LL DO TO US IF HE FINDS OUT...WHAT HE'LL DO TO THE BABY--

STOP.

JUST... BREATHE.

I HAVE IT FIGURED OUT. IT'S SIMPLE, REALLY. THERE'S ONLY ONE REASON WHY MY FATHER WANTS YOU...*MENACE.*

NO MENACE, NO NORMAN.

OH GOD, HARRY...CAN YOU--CAN YOU DO THAT?

CAN YOU CURE ME?

"DAD" AND I *BOTH* CHEATED DEATH BECAUSE OF THE *GOBLIN SERUM* IN OUR BLOOD. IF I KNOW HIM AT ALL, HE'S FOUND A WAY TO MAKE SURE IT DOESN'T HAPPEN AGAIN...

...BECAUSE THERE'S NO WAY HE WOULD LET YOU RUN AROUND AS MENACE WITHOUT A WAY TO NEUTRALIZE THE SERUM...JUST IN CASE.

I CURE YOU, *KILL* MENACE... NORMAN HAS NO REASON TO KEEP YOU AROUND.

THEN THE *THREE* OF US WILL DISAPPEAR.

YOU MAKE IT SOUND SO EASY...BUT YOU MAY NOT *WANT* ME BACK.

MY BODY'S... CHANGING.

THEN I'LL WORK *FASTER.*

I'M NOT GOING TO LET YOU DOWN, LILY. I SWEAR IT. I'LL CURE YOU OR *DIE TRYING.*

TAKE THIS. IT WILL GET YOU INTO THE RESTRICTED LEVELS WITHOUT NOTIFYING THE SECURITY LOGS...

AND NORMAN'S OFFICE ISN'T SECURE. HE LETS TOO MANY PEOPLE IN.

WHATEVER YOU'RE LOOKING FOR, CHECK THE PRIVATE LEVELS. NUMBER TWENTY-FIVE IS A GOOD PLACE TO START.

AND PLEASE, HURRY... 'CAUSE WHATEVER'S HAPPENING TO ME... MUST BE HAPPENING TO OUR--

DON'T SAY IT, LILY. PLEASE.

JUST DON'T.

Elsewhere...

I ESTIMATE THAT YOU'LL BE WELCOMING HARRY TO THE TEAM IN A FEW DAYS. TRAINING WILL BEGIN IMMEDIATELY AFTER.

I EXPECT PROFESSIONALISM FROM ALL OF YOU, EVEN *YOU*, HAWKEYE.

AIN'T GONNA BE ME TINKLES ON THE BOSS'S SON. TRUST ME.

GARGAN, YOU'RE FIRST SHIFT ON MONITOR DUTY TONIGHT. I WANT TO TEST THE NEW FACILITY ON TWENTY-FIVE

CAN I ALSO BE FIRST SHIFT ON MS. MARVEL DUTY? WE'LL TEST HER OUT ON WHATEVER FLOOR YOU WANT...OR DESK...OR--

WHEN I REMOVE YOUR HEAD AND IMPLANT IT IN YOUR INTESTINES, THIS IS "WHY."

WHAT A TEASE.

ANNNND...THE OSCAR FOR "BEST PORTRAYAL OF A PSYCHOPATHIC MULTI-PERSONA IN A SYMBIOTIC RELATIONSHIP" GOES TO...

21

22

23

24

25

SPIDER-MAN! WOW. I JUST WANT TO THANK THE ACADEMY. I WAS SO SURE THIS WAS GOING TO JULIA ROBERTS...

POOP.

"SO...HARRY! SORRY WE HAD THAT BLOWUP ABOUT HOW YOU'RE IN CONTROL OF YOUR LIFE AND ALL...

"BY THE WAY, YOUR CRACKED-OUT MANIAC OF A DAD WANTS TO 'ROID YOU UP AND THROW YOU IN ARMOR SO YOU CAN BE THE POSTER CHILD FOR THE EVIL AVENGERS."

AND WE DON'T EVEN DARE ASK THE REAL QUESTION..."WHAT AM I GONNA DO IF HARRY **WANTS** THE JOB?"

PING

DAMN IT, HARRY. WHY DIDN'T YOU LISTEN TO ME?

SINCE I'M CLEARLY SUCH A SUPER-GENIUS.

I BLINK AND THERE HE IS.

THERE'S NO SOUND. NO WARNING. NO NOTHING.

SPIDER-SENSE IS THE ONLY THING THAT KEEPS MY HEAD ATTACHED TO MY NECK.

"MONITOR DUTY," YOU TOOL.

CUTE COSTUME...

...BUT YOU FORGOT TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THE *SMELL*.

YOU'RE TOO *CLEAN* FOR GARGAN.

GUESS JULIA GETS THAT OSCAR AFTER ALL.

FIGURES. SHE *ALWAYS* WINS.

WHAT A *RELIEF.*

I THOUGHT I WAS ACTUALLY GOING TO HAVE TO EAT SOME BRAINS TO KEEP UP THE RUSE...

...AND BRAINS GIVE ME GAS.

??

DANG, HE'S AS FAST AS HIS DAD.

WHERE'S THE REST OF THE GESTAPO? OUT FOR A ROUND OF PUPPY STRANGLING BEFORE BED?

JUST ME.

I BRING IN A SPY, I GET THE PRAISE.

*YEARRGH!*

Y'KNOW. OFFICE POLITICS.

I HAVE TO ASK, THOUGH...HOW STUPID ARE YOU?

FROM THE SOUND THE BONES IN MY HAND JUST MADE... PRETTY DURN STUPID.

MISSED! WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME..?

KLANG!

THWIP

COMING HERE *ALONE*? KNOWING *WHO WE ARE* AND WHAT WE CAN *DO TO* YOU...?

LIKE DISTORT YOUR DEPTH PERCEPTION AND VISUAL ACUITY, FOR EXAMPLE.

PHEROMONES.

I HATE PHEROMONES.

NNNGH

ZZZAKT

HE ALSO SAID TO TELL YOU THE MOHAWK IS *COOL*-- FOR 1982.

AND THIS IS FROM A GUY WITH *MUTTON-CHOPS*...

...AND IMMUTABLE *HELMET HEAD.*

KRNCHHH

ZAKKKKKT

SO WHEN THE KING OF THE FOLICALLY CHALLENGED SPEAKS... YOU SHOULD PUT DOWN THE GEL AND *LISTEN!*

SERVED.

S'WHAT YOU GET FOR SPRAYIN' PHEREMONES ALL OVER...WANNABE WOLVIE--

BEHIND--

SOMEONE BEHIND ME!

WHO'S THERE--?

SPIDER-MAN?

HARRY...

NO--I--YEAH. NOT YOUR DAD'S SPIDER-MAN. THE *REAL*... FRIENDLY NEGHBORHOOD ME...

UNLESS YOU'RE DAKEN, THEN NOT SO FRIENDLY.

SORRY FOR THE RAMBLING. I LOST SOME BLOOD--

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING HERE?

PLANNING TO STASH THIS JERKWAD SOMEWHERE WHILE I LOOK FOR YOU.

YOU HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE *NOW*.

DUDE, CALM DOWN.

THERE'S STUFF HAPPENING YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT STORMIN' NORMAN AND WHAT HE'S GOT PLANNED FOR YOU...

EVERYWHERE. HE'S EVERYWHERE AND NOWHERE AND WHY CAN'T I TAG THIS SLIMY WOLVERINE WANNABE--?

YOU SHOULD STOP NOW

I WANT TO MAKE SURE

THERE'S ENOUGH OF YOU

FOR OSBORN TO

=HENK=

PLAY WITH.

AND THERE'S A RIB.

PHEROMONES MESSING WITH MY FEELINGS, PERCEPTIONS...

THINK!

MAYBE I CAN STEAL A PAGE FROM MY FIGHT WITH THAT NEW VULTURE LAST WEEK. TAKE AWAY THE PERCEPTION...

...LEAVE IT ALL TO SPECTACULAR SPIDER-SENSES...

...AND PRAY HE DOESN'T DECIDE TO MIX THINGS UP AND USE A *GUN*.

BTW, I SPOKE TO YOUR DAD THE OTHER DAY...

...HE WANTED ME TO REMIND YOU NOT TO PICK YOUR NOSE WITH YOUR CLAWS OUT. HE WORRIES SO.

BUT DON'T WORRY, BUD... I GOT YOUR BACK--

YOU?!

WHAT GIVES YOU THE RIGHT TO KEEP MESSING UP MY LIFE?!

EXCUSE ME--?

YOU'RE GOING TO *RUIN* EVERYTHING! WHY CAN'T YOU JUST LEAVE ME ALONE!?

WELL...THIS SHOULD BE GOOD.

WHICH OF YOU BOYS WOULD CARE TO EXPLAIN WHY MY SON IS SKULKING AROUND A *SECURE FLOOR*...

...OR WHY THERE'S AN UNCONSCIOUS AVENGER *BLEEDING* ON MY $8,000 PER-SQUARE-FOOT FLOOR?

WE FOUND A TRAITOR! AS WE WERE ABOUT TO RETIRE, MY OTHER SENSED MOVEMENT IN THE DUCTS...

DAKEN WAS AFTER YOUR SON. PULLED HIM FROM HIS BED--!

HARRY... IS THIS TRUE?

HOW STUPID ARE YOU?

SECOND TIME SOMEONE'S ASKED TONIGHT...

...AND I'M STARTING TO THINK "REAL STUPID" IS THE ANSWER.

HARRY... WHATEVER HE'S SELLING... DON'T BUY--

I TOLD YOU BEFORE... WHEN YOU *DARED* TO PUT YOUR HANDS ON ME...

KRAK

HARRY'S *MINE*.

SO WHAT NOW?

PLEASE TELL ME WE'RE NOT GONNA JUST TIE HIM UP SO HE CAN ESCAPE.

NO, I HAD SOMETHING DIFFERENT IN MIND...

NO. HE'S LYING.
HARRY!
THAT ISN'T YOUR SPIDER-MAN...
HARRY...
IT'S HIM.
THANK YOU, HARRY...
TWANG
...FOR JUSTIFYING MY CONFIDENCE IN YOU.
YAAARGH!
OF COURSE... I KNEW WHO HE WAS FROM THE SECOND HE ENTERED MY BUILDING.

SOMETHING *VERY* DIFFERENT.

BLAMM!

AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #598

Avengers Tower.

"HE'S LYING...

"THAT ISN'T YOUR SPIDER-MAN..."

HARRY?

BLAM

NO DOUBT YOUR *ARMY* OF THERAPISTS HAS AGREED I DIDN'T SAY IT ENOUGH WHEN YOU WERE YOUNG, SO TAKE THIS ONE TO HEART...

I'M PROUD OF YOU, HARRY.

I KNEW YOU WEREN'T FOND OF THE *INSECT*, BUT I WOULDN'T HAVE THOUGHT YOU HAD IT IN YOU TO SIGN HIS *DEATH WARRANT*.

HOWEVER...THAT LEADS US DIRECTLY TO THE ELEPHANT IN THE ROOM.

WHY WERE YOU WANDERING AROUND SECURE FLOORS OF THIS BUILDING?

ARMED WITH *MY* PROTOTYPES... IN *SPIDER-MAN'S* COMPANY.

...

I WAS LOOKING FOR LILY.

BECAUSE I THINK YOU LIED ABOUT HER BEING IN THE TOWER.

THE GOBLIN GLOVE...WAS FOR ANYONE WHO GOT IN MY WAY...

AND FOR *HER*...IF...IF SHE WASN'T LILY ANYMORE.

HMM...TURN MY BACK FOR A FEW YEARS AND YOUNG OSBORN GROWS A PAIR.

YOU REALLY *HAVE* CHANGED, HAVEN'T YOU, SON?

SNIF

SINCE WE'RE HAVING A *"MOMENT..."*

IT HAS CERTAINLY OCCURRED TO YOU THAT I DIDN'T GO THROUGH THE TROUBLE OF TAKING YOU ON JUST TO BE OUR *"PRESS SECRETARY."*

I WAS GOING TO WAIT FOR THIS, BUT YOUR PERFORMANCE WITH THE *INFILTRATOR* CONVINCED ME.

WHAT IS IT?

MY VISION FOR YOU...FOR *US*, HARRY. *AMERICAN SON.*

IF WE CAN PUT BEHIND US...WHAT'S BEHIND US...

...WE CAN BUILD SOMETHING GREAT TOGETHER.

BUT--?

JUST...READ. ABSORB. THINK. YOU HAVE CLEARANCE TO INSPECT THE OPERATION.

WHILE YOU DO...I'LL MAKE ARRANGEMENTS... FOR YOU TO SEE LILY.

THANK YOU...

NORMAN..?

IS HE...?

IS HE GOING TO LIVE?

NO...

MARVEL COMICS PRESENTS

# AMERICAN SON

## PART 4

"...NOT AFTER WHAT I'M GOING TO PUT HIM THROUGH."

NORMALLY, I'D HAVE SOMETHING FUNNY TO SAY RIGHT ABOUT NOW...

...BUT I'M SCREAMING TOO LOUD TO HEAR MYSELF THINK.

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ENOUGH.

SURE? WE GOT OTHER TOYS, BUT I GOTTA TELL YOU, I THINK IT'S A LOST CAUSE. LAZERS, ACID, SONICS...

...BALLISTIC TRAUMA, OBVIOUSLY. IT'S GONNA TAKE A WHILE TO GET THROUGH THIS MASK.

YES IT WILL, YOU PSYCHOPATH...BECAUSE I AM A MAN WITH *FRIENDS...*

*...FANTASTIC FRIENDS.*

YOU'VE HEARD OF "SMART CLOTH"? THIS IS *GENIUS* CLOTH. THE FIBERS ARE MADE OF *UNSTABLE MOLECULES*, WHICH WILL DEFAULT BETWEEN A NORMAL MASK AND VENOM'S JAW AT YOUR COMMAND--

*OH, NO!*

ALICE COOPER IS LOCKED BACKSTAGE WITH GONZO AND HIS CAROLING CLUCKERS! *WHERE'S KERMIT?*

WE ATE HIS BRAINS. WOKKA WOKKA!

YOU'RE REALLY NOT WELL AT ALL. YOU KNOW THAT?

THAT'S WHAT THE VOICES IN MY HEAD SAY.

SERIOUSLY, SUE. THANKS FOR EVERYTHING.

IT'S THE LEAST WE COULD DO AFTER TAKING YOU OUT OF YOUR LIFE FOR TWO MONTHS.

BY THE WAY, THE MASK HAS ONE MORE MODE. REED WANTED TO THROW IN A LITTLE *"INSURANCE."*

*THE FF TOOK SPIDEY TO THE MACROVERSE FOR WHAT HE THOUGHT WAS A QUICK ADVENTURE BACK IN ASM # 590 AND 591. -STEVE*

"HE CALLS IT 'PARKER-PROOFING.'"

INSTANTANEOUS RECONFIGURATION OF THE MOLECULAR STRUCTURE UPON IMPACT. UNSTABLE MOLECULES.

RICHARDS, PROBABLY. STARK ON A GOOD DAY... INCONVENIENCE ASIDE, YOU HAVE TO ADMIRE THE CRAFTSMANSHIP.

WITH ALL DUE RESPECT, I'D JUST CHOP HIS DAMN HEAD OFF AND SORT OUT THE MASK LATER.

BULLSEYE, YOU MAY HAVE NOTICED I SHOT HIM IN THE FACE. I'M HARDLY INTERESTED IN HAVING HIM SURVIVE THIS...

...BUT GIVEN A SECOND TO THINK IT OVER, THERE ARE THINGS I NEED TO KNOW.

PRIMARILY, WHY HE HAS TAKEN SUCH AN INTEREST IN MY SON.

I'M FREELANCING AS A TALENT SCOUT, AND WE THINK HARRY WOULD MAKE A GREAT POSTER CHILD FOR OUR NEW HAIR PRODUCTS...

HRRRK

I'LL PAY YOU A TEN MILLION DOLLAR BONUS IF YOU GET HIM TO TALK OR DESTROY THAT MASK BEFORE DINNER.

ANYTHING GOES.

I LOVE WORKING FOR THE U.S. OF A.

...AND Y'KNOW, THEN IT WAS *BYE-BYE* WISCONSIN AND *HELLO* BIG APPLE WITH BROADWAY STARS IN MY EYES...

...SO OF COURSE A WEEK LATER I'M ON MONSTER LOOKING FOR A *REAL* JOB.

I'M JUST A BIG, FAT MOVIE-OF-THE-WEEK STEREOTYPE, REALLY.

MOVIE I'D SEE...

TELL ME, NORAH, HOW IS IT THAT A CUTE LITTLE *BUNNY* LIKE YOU DOESN'T HAVE A BOYFRIEND?

WELL, I GUESS THIS "*BUNNY*" JUST HASN'T FOUND THE RIGHT *CARROT*--

*OHMYGOD!* THAT WAS DIRTY! I'M SORRY!

HA! TRUST ME, I'VE HEARD WORSE--

*NO!* TOTALLY BLUSHING! I BLUSH INTO *BLOTCHES.* BATHROOM...OH GOD...

TAKE YOUR TIME, LITTLE BUNNY! I'LL KEEP YOUR SEAT WARM!

YOU DO THAT...

WANT TO KNOW WHY I DON'T HAVE A BOYFRIEND...?

BECAUSE MOST MEN ARE TOO *STUPID* TO HANG WITH THE NOR'EASTER.

HERE I COME, NORMIE.

DIGI-KEY

...H-HARRY...

SWEET DREAMS, SUNSHINE?

FIGURED YOU'D NEED A LITTLE BREAK.

GAVE ME A CHANCE TO SLIP INTO SOMETHING MORE COMFORTABLE.

GOTTA HAVE THE RIGHT CLOTHES FOR THE RIGHT JOB.

P-PLEASE... I CAN'T...I CAN'T...*TAKE ANY MORE...* IT'S VOICE-ACTIVATED...

YEAH? SO WHAT'S THE MAGIC WORD?

BOWL...

BOWL.

*PSI*-ISAD...

PSI-ISAD.

*OOSH.* YOU SAY IT ALL TOGETHER.

BOWL PSI-ISAD OOSH.

"BULLSEYE IS A..."

THAT'S FUNNY.

ALL THE BLOOD TO MY HEAD HELPS WITH THE COMEDY.

THAT'S GREAT...WELL, I'M GONNA START PEELING BITS OF YOU OFF WITH POINTY THINGS NOW. 'KAY?

American Son Test Facility.

WOW.

YOU'D NEED TO TRAIN, OBVIOUSLY. THE REGIMEN WILL BE CONSIDERABLE. BUT YOU COULD GO ON *RIDE-ALONGS* ALMOST IMMEDIATELY.

THE UNIFORM CONTAINS MICRO-SERVERS THAT ENHANCE--

WHEN WERE YOU GOING TO TELL ME ABOUT THE DRUGS?

SHIFT YOUR THINKING, HARRY. "DRUG" IS OBVIOUSLY A TRIGGER WORD FOR YOU.

THE "COMPOUND" YOU READ ABOUT IS AN ENRICHMENT OF THE SUPER-SOLDIER SERUM THAT GAVE CAPTAIN AMERICA HIS STRENGTH.

SUFFICE IT TO SAY, YOU'LL GAIN A CONSIDERABLE ADVANTAGE.

AND YES, WE HAVE THE "BEFORE" PICTURE.

YOU WANT TO MAKE ME INTO...

...SOMETHING YOU CAN LOVE.

WHAT?

A SUPER HERO. YOU WANT TO TURN ME INTO A SUPER HERO.

NO...HARRY...I WANT TO SHARE MY LIFE WITH YOU. THE FRUITS OF MY LABOR... SO THAT WE CAN ENJOY IT TOGETHER.

YOU JUST HAVE TO BELIEVE YOU DESERVE IT, AS I DO.

YOU SHOULD FRESHEN UP. TWO HOURS AND LILY WILL BE HERE TO RECEIVE YOU.

I'LL SPEAK WITH YOU AGAIN, AFTER.

RIGHT...

G STACY

WITH A QUICK STOP TO YOUR PRIVATE LAB FIRST.

I'M COMING, LILY...JUST HOLD ON.

THE ONLY TIME I CAN MEASURE ARE THE FEW PRECIOUS SECONDS BETWEEN BULLSEYE'S *"EXPERIMENTS"*--WHEN HE TRADES ONE TORTURE TOOL FOR THE NEXT.

WHEN MY THROAT FILLS UP WITH BLOOD AND I CAN'T SCREAM ANYMORE, HIS GIGGLING AND HEAVY BREATHING FILLS THE SILENCE.

I THINK I MADE A MISTAKE COMING HERE.

NO. HARRY NEEDS ME. HE'S ***ALONE***--

NO. HE ***BETRAYED*** ME. PULLED IN AGAIN--

NO, HE BETRAYED ***SPIDER-MAN***. WHO HE ***HATES***. NOT ***ME***. NOT HIS ***FRIEND***.

BUT...I ***AM*** SPIDER-MAN...

I ***PROTECT*** MY FRIENDS. I HAVE TO ***PROTECT*** HARRY.

BETRAY

PROTECT

ALONE

I'M SO THIRSTY. WHY DOES THIS WATER TASTE LIKE BLOOD?

FIVE MORE MINUTES, YOU WOULDA BEEN OUT TEN MIL.

NO CLUE HOW LONG I'VE BEEN OUT...BUT I'M STILL SMART ENOUGH TO WAKE UP WHEN I SMELL BURNING.

WELCOME BACK. THAT *AROMA* YOU'RE NO DOUBT TRYING TO PROCESS IS THE SMELL OF UNSTABLE MOLECULES... *STABILIZING.* STARK HAD IT IN HIS NOTES.

SET TO A CERTAIN FREQUENCY, THE *REPULSOR* TECHNOLOGY *SYNCHS* THE ATOMS IN RICHARDS' CLOTH, UPON WHICH THEY BREAK DOWN.

I THINK HE WAS TRYING TO GET THE *INVISIBLE WOMAN* NAKED.

N-NO...

IT'S *DONE*, SPIDER-MAN. THE MASK HAS TEN MINUTES, GIVE OR TAKE, AND WE BOTH KNOW WHAT HAPPENS THEN.

JUST ACCEPT IT AND COME *CLEAN*...

SKZZZAT

...ABOUT *HARRY* AND YOUR *OBSESSION* WITH HIM.

UP YOURS, NORMAN...

WOULD IT LOOSEN YOUR TONGUE TO KNOW THAT HARRY SOLD YOU OUT FOR A *WOMAN?*

"LILY..?"

"I PREFER 'MENACE,' BUT YES. AND WHO CAN BLAME HIM?

"SHE IS QUITE THE CATCH. BEAUTIFUL... STRONG...

"DID I MENTION BEAUTIFUL?

"HONESTLY, I THINK SHE'S TOO GOOD FOR HIM...BUT IF IT KEEPS HIM CLOSE, I'LL DO WHAT I CAN TO HELP THE TWO LOVEBIRDS BUILD THEIR NEST."

HE TOOK YOUR OFFER... BECAUSE OF LILY? WHY?

BECAUSE I SENT HER, OF COURSE.

LOVE. I'VE NEVER HAD MUCH CARE FOR IT MYSELF, BUT FOR HARRY, IT'S QUITE THE MOTIVATOR.

"IT'S MY HOPE THAT THE TWO OF THEM WILL SETTLE IN TO THE FAMILY BUSINESS WITH ME.

"BUT THE QUESTION IS, WHY DID YOU TRY TO STOP HIM?

"WAS IT THE SAME REASON?"

I READ HIS FILES. USED YOUR *KEYCARD* TO ENTER HIS PRIVATE *LAB*... AND FOUND *THIS.*

DON'T BE AFRAID. IT WON'T HURT YOU, I CHECKED HIS NOTES--

I DIDN'T THINK...YOU'D ACTUALLY--

WHAT IF IT'S A *TRAP?* HE LEFT IT--

TRUST ME. I'D NEVER HURT YOU OR OUR SON. I PROMISE. WHEN THE POWERS ARE GONE, BOTH OF YOU WILL BE--

GET THAT @*#&$ AWAY FROM ME!

NOTHING GARNERS SUPPORT LIKE *PERSONAL TRAGEDY* IN THE MIDST OF *NATIONAL DISASTER*...

A CELL OF *"SKRULL TERRORISTS"* TAKING OUT THE CAPITOL BUILDING, MAYBE. FLORIDA FALLS INTO THE OCEAN, I HAVEN'T WORKED OUT THE DETAILS. REGARDLESS...

THE *AMERICAN SON* WILL FALL, AND I, CLAD IN RIGHTEOUS FURY, WILL BE ABLE TO DO ANYTHING I WANT TO ANYONE I PLEASE.

HOW...HOW COULD YOU DO THAT...? HE'S YOUR SON.

YOUR *ONLY* SON.

IS HE?

DO YOU LOVE MY SON?
HEH.
I JUST... WHY CAN'T YOU LET HIM LIVE HIS OWN LIFE?
BECAUSE LEFT TO HIS OWN DEVICES, MY SON IS A *SCREW-UP.* ALWAYS *WILL* BE.
BUT UNDER *MY* GUIDANCE, HE'LL BECOME A *NATIONAL HERO* FIGHTING ALONGSIDE THE AVENGERS. NO...
"...A *NATIONAL TREASURE. THAT'S* WORTHY OF *MY HEIR...*"
DID YOU BRING THE *GLIDER?*
HARRY..? WHAT ARE YOU--
DID YOU BRING THE *GLIDER?!*
NO.
OKAY, THEN WE HAVE TO DO THIS *NOW.*
WHAT IS THAT--?
*THE CURE.* ANTI-GOBLIN SERUM FOR YOU...AND OUR SON.
"HE'LL DO IT ALL FOR HIS *BELOVED,* OF COURSE. HE'LL WORK WITH ME HOPING THAT *SOME* DAY HE'LL BE ABLE TO FREE LILY FROM MY *'CLUTCHES.'"*
BUT I CAN STRING THAT OUT FOREVER. CERTAINLY LONG ENOUGH FOR HIM TO *"FAKE IT 'TIL HE MAKES IT."*
UNLESS, OF COURSE, ALL OF THIS *"SOBRIETY"* HAS GONE TO HIS HEAD...IN WHICH CASE, THERE'S PLAN B.
HARRY OSBORN BECOMES A *MARTYR.*
WHAT?
SKZZT

THIS WAS SUPPOSED TO BE *EASY*, SWEETHEART!

I *PLAY* THE *WOUNDED PUPPY* AND YOU'RE THE *LOVESICK BOYFRIEND--! BUT YOU COULDN'T EVEN DO THAT RIGHT!*

IS IT ANY *WONDER* WHY I CHOSE *HIM OVER YOU?!* YOU MAKE ME *SICK!!*

GOD, LILY...THE BABY--?

SNUG AS A BUG. HE'S *STRONG* LIKE HIS DADDY; *CHANGES* WITH ME...WANNA FEEL HIM *KICK* YOUR TEETH IN?

LILY, THIS ISN'T YOU TALKING.

PLEASE, LET ME HELP YOU...AND OUR BABY--

FOR GOD'S SAKE, HARRY, HAVEN'T YOU FIGURED IT OUT YET?

*I DON'T LOVE YOU. I DON'T WANT YOU, AND HE'S NOT YOUR BABY...*

...HE'S YOUR *BABY BROTHER.*

YOU SICK SON OF A...

AND THAT'S THE END OF OUR LITTLE CHAT. JUST WANTED YOU TO KNOW HOW *FRUITLESS* YOUR LIFE HAS BEEN. NOW...

...GIVE US A *SMILE.*

OKAY. *SMILE.*

*GLFF*

*RIPP*

*YEAAAGH!*

THANK YOU, NORMAN, FOR GIVING ME *HATE* WHEN I NEEDED IT MOST.

CRAFTY SON OF A--

IT WON'T LAST... HATE IS A FUEL THAT BURNS HOT AND *FAST...*

...BUT IT'LL DO IN A PINCH.

KKHH

BUT I'M ALREADY FADING...

THINKING OF *HARRY*... POOR HARRY.

GOD...LET ME JUST GET TO HARRY AND TELL HIM THE *TRUTH*.

AND PLEASE LET HIM LISTEN.

HE'S GOING TO BE SO *MAD* AT ME! WHY DID YOU HAVE TO SHOW SOME SPINE *NOW*?!

HE'S GOING TO *PUNISH* ME... SO I'M GOING TO PUNISH *YOU*.

THE BABY.

NOT MINE...

NORMAN... HE...

NOT MINE.

OHCRAPOHCRAPOHCRAP

HIS. THE BABY IS...

WHAT HAVE I DONE...? SPIDER-MAN.

IT...IT WASN'T SUPPOSED TO BE FOR NOTHING.

YOU WANTED ME SO BAD, HARRY! COME ON!

GIVE MAMA A KISS!

ALL FOR NOTHING. WHAT HAVE I--

CHOOM

AAAAAARRRGH!

I'M TOAST.

I'M GLAD YOU PUT UP A FIGHT THERE, AT THE END...IT MAKES IT ALL *SWEETER.*

BUT I WANT TO MAKE SURE YOU'RE *LISTENING--*

AND THAT'S IT.

NOT ENOUGH BLOOD. NOT ENOUGH STRENGTH...

*ARE YOU LISTENING?!*

KRNCHHH!

THIS IS ALL BECAUSE OF ME...

BECAUSE YOU *TOUCHED ME.* BECAUSE YOU *MEDDLED WITH MY SON--*

BECAUSE YOU DIDN'T KNOW YOUR PLACE...

YOU WILL NOT *DIE ALONE.*

BECAUSE OF ME...

I WILL FIND YOUR *FAMILY* AND THEY WILL JOIN YOU...

*...AFTER* I HAVE DONE THINGS TO THEM NOT HEARD OF SINCE THE SPANISH INQUISITION.

BECAUSE OF US.

AND AS THEY SCREAM AND BLEED AND DANCE FOR ME, I WILL WHISPER...

...ALL OF YOUR SUFFERING IS BECAUSE OF *HIM*...BECAUSE OF--

NNNGH

WHAM

KTHOKK

YOU!

NNGG... WHO..?

NO...

TEK

HEY, NORMAN...

...YOU GOT YOUR SUPER HERO.

AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #599

PASSED OUT...

STILL CRAWLING. BARELY. BLOOD--?

KTANG-!!

WHAT'S THAT *NOISE?*

H-HARRY...

SNIF-

SNIF-

SO...

...HOW'D YOU LIKE YOUR FIRST FRAT PARTY?

KRASHHHHHH

STAY AWAKE. PLEASE, GOD.

HARRY...THAT ARMOR. WHAT HAPPENED TO...?

LET ME GUESS..."BETTER THAN CATS. BETTER THAN E.T. I WANT TO SEE IT AGAIN AND AGAIN."

WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT IN THERE?

YOU'RE THE SCIENCE WHIZ. KEG STANDS PLUS CRO-MAGNON MAN EQUALS FIST-FIGHTS....

YOU FORGOT TO DIVIDE BY "BELLIGERENT OSBORN."

YEAH, WELL...

DAD CAME FOR A VISIT TODAY.

OH.

HARRY..?

COME ON, BABY, OPEN THE DOOR...LET'S TALK ABOUT IT.

I'LL BE *NICE.*

GUESS WHAT WE TALKED ABOUT? "HOW'S PARKER GETTING ON WITH THE GIRLS? DID YOU READ PARKER'S PAPER IN THE SCIENCE JOURNAL?"

THANK GOD OUR 45 MINUTES WERE UP BEFORE HE ASKED HOW MANY TIMES YOU WENT TO THE *BATHROOM--*

AND THAT'S WHY YOU WENT UP TO *MOOSE STEGNER* AND ACCUSED HIM OF "ILLICIT ACTS" WITH THE KAPPA PHI MASCOT?

NO...I DID IT BECAUSE I WANTED TO *PUNCH* SOMEONE...

...AND I DIDN'T WANT IT TO BE *YOU.*

KTANGG!!

HE NEEDS ME... CAN'T LEAVE...

YOU'RE THE *SON* HE WISHES HE HAD. AND I *HATE* YOU FOR IT, SOMETIMES.

BUT I CAN'T EVEN BLAME HIM, REALLY...

'CAUSE I LIE AWAKE AT NIGHT *WISHING* I HAD A BROTHER LIKE YOU...

...SO I WON'T BE ALONE.

OKAY, THEN...

OKAY WHAT?

WE'RE *BROTHERS.*

"YOU'LL *NEVER* BE ALONE. I PROMISE."

HARRY?

HARRY... REALLY.

THE GROWN-UPS ARE TALKING.

MARVEL COMICS PRESENTS

# AMERICAN SON

## CONCLUSION

GO TO YOUR ROOM SO I CAN FINISH MURDERING SPIDER-MAN, OR I'M GOING TO BREAK YOUR DAMN NECK.

IT'S GLORIOUS. IT'S TERRIFYING. GOOD LORD, HARRY...

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?


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WHAT HAVE I DONE?

I CAN BARELY MOVE. REED'S MASK IS FINALLY GONE...IF NORMAN SEES ME NOW...

***EVERYONE*** I KNOW IS IN DANGER... ALL BECAUSE...

E-EVERYTHING YOU DID--TO GET ME HERE--IT WAS JUST BAIT FOR HIM.

TO ***KILL HIM***--

EVERYTHING I DID?

I OFFERED YOU A CHANCE AT A **REMARKABLE** LIFE. A GREATER **PURPOSE.**

THAT'S WHAT A FATHER **SHOULD** DO FOR HIS SON.

I WON'T DENY THAT I SAW AN OPPORTUNITY TO **ELIMINATE** THE INSECT IN THE PROCESS...

KSSSSSH

...BUT I'D ASSUMED, **CORRECTLY** AS I RECALL, THAT YOU'D WANT HIM **DEAD** AS MUCH AS I **DO.**

HE'S TAKEN SO MUCH FROM US, HARRY. DRIVEN SUCH A WEDGE BETWEEN US...

HE DESERVES EVERYTHING I AM GOING TO DO TO HIM...AND MORE.

YOU HANDED HIM TO ME ON A SILVER PLATTER...YOU WANT THIS.

I DID...

...BUT THAT WAS BEFORE I KNEW YOU'D GOTTEN MY LILY PREGNANT...

...AND HAD HER PRETEND IT WAS MINE.

WHAT?

HMM...WELL, SON... NOW THAT YOU'VE GONE AND SAID IT OUT LOUD...

YOU HAVE TO ADMIT, IT IS FUNNY AS HELL.

BOOM

FREAKING HILARIOUS... DAD.

SMASH!

DAMN.

BABY?

I HEAR YOUR BREATHING...

I'M SORRY, HARRY...SO SORRY.

OSBORN'S JUST DANGEROUS. AND YOU... WITH YOUR HISTORY...

I DIDN'T WANT YOU TO BE *ALONE*...

...IN HERE... AGAINST HIM.

THE HELMET'S SENSORS COVER FIVE LIGHT SPECTRUMS... I SHUT THEM OFF.

I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE, AND I DON'T CARE. I *HATE* YOU... BUT THIS IS BETWEEN NORMAN AND I.

HARRY--

THIS MAKES US EVEN. GO HOME, SPIDER-MAN AND STAY OUT OF MY LIFE.

THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO TO CHANGE THE OUTCOME OF THIS.

**Downstairs...**

--UNDER ATTACK!

OH, GOD!

OKAY, PEOPLE! JUST LIKE IN THE DRILL!

EVERYONE KNOWS WHAT TO DO--

NORAH!

*MWA*

KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK, KILLER.

BUNNY? WHAT'RE YOU--?

JUST SAYIN' THANKS...

...'CAUSE THIS IS THE LAST TIME YOU'LL WATCH MY FINE BEHIND SWING FOR THE BACK FENCE.

I GOTTA GO WRITE THE *HELL* OUT OF A STORY ABOUT YOUR BOSS MAN AND HIS "*AMERICAN SON.*"

EXIT

...REPEAT, THIS IS A TRAINING EXERCISE. NYPD IS ADVISED TO CORDON OFF THE AREA FOR HALF A MILE. I'VE ALREADY ACTIVATED DIGITAL BLACKOUT--

AVENGERS ON CROWD CONTROL ONLY.

NORMAN!

YOU'RE-- SMILING?

I DIDN'T THINK THE SHIELD'S INERTIAL HAMMER WOULD BE SO EFFECTIVE.

BUT WHAT ABOUT HARRY--? AREN'T YOU ANGRY?

YOU MERELY SPED UP THE TIMETABLE. IF I'M EVER UPSET, YOU'LL KNOW IT.

NNGH--

HOW COULD YOU?!

HOW COULD I NOT?!

I SPENT DECADES TRYING TO FORGE YOU INTO THE SON I DESERVE...

...ONLY BECAUSE I COULDN'T CONCEIVE A VIABLE CHILD! AND BELIEVE ME, I TRIED. VIGOROUSLY.

THEN CAME LILY...BLOOD COURSING WITH MY SERUM AND SO BEAUTIFUL. I WAS STRUCK WITH AN INSPIRATION.

PERHAPS...MATING MIGHT ONLY BE POSSIBLE WITH A FEMALE WHO HAD A "BITE OF THE SAME APPLE" SO TO SPEAK.

LILY OBLIGED THE EXPERIMENT... VIGOROUSLY.

PTOOM

PTOOM

PTOOM

THE CHILD IS STRONG. THE CHILD WILL BE MY HEIR. THE CHILD WILL MAKE ME PROUD.

AND THEREFORE, FINALLY, YOU ARE REDUNDANT.

KAROOM

A DISAPPOINTING CHAPTER IN MY LIFE THAT CAN BE DEFINITIVELY CLOSED.

DON'T FEEL BAD, HARRY. IT COULDN'T HAVE ENDED ANY OTHER WAY...

WKASH

I'M NORMAN OSBORN.

AND YOU'RE NO LONGER MY SON.

MY *STUPID* SENSE IS TINGLING.

SHPLUT

BUT I CAN'T HELP MYSELF... I CAN'T.

HOW'S ABOUT WE ALL TAKE OFF OUR ARMOR AND SING THE "TIME OUT" SONG...

SORRY, HARRY. HATE SPIDER-MAN OR NOT...

...YOU'RE *STUCK* WITH HIM.

FAMILY ONLY!

HURKKT

GOOD GIRL, *MENACE!*

IT'S ABOUT WHEN I FEEL MY RIBS PLAY TWISTER WITH MY APPENDIX THAT I OFFICIALLY GIVE UP.

AT LEAST I WAS ABLE TO FIND MY *WEB-SHOOTERS* IN OSBORN'S LAB. SO WHEN THEY BURY MY STUPID BUTT, IT'LL BE A COMPLETE SET.

AAAARGH!

CHOP

"NO LONGER YOUR SON?!"

NORMAN?

NNNGH!

I'M DONE.

DEAD.

I WAS NEVER YOUR SON!

THWIP

EMPTY.

NEVER!

BUT I'LL BE *DAMNED* IF *THIS WITCH* IS GOING TO BE THE ONE TO FINISH ME OFF.

NEVER AGAIN!

NAPPY TIME.

NEVER!

FINITO.

THUD

BAADOOOM!

AGAIN!

BUT I HAVE TO KNOW...I HAVE TO SEE...

HARRY...

TIME COMES AN' HE SLIPS UP, WHICH HE *WILL*...

AN' YOU *DO* FIND YOURSELF IN A POSITION T'GIVE NORMIE HIS DUE...

*END* IT.

*PERMANENT.*

...

YOU CAN'T STOP ME.

NO, DUDE, I CAN'T...I CAN'T EVEN TAKE MY HAND OFF YOUR SHOULDER OR I'LL FALL ON MY FACE. BUT...

DON'T AIM FOR THE *HEAD.*

IT HAS TO BE THE *NECK.* POP THAT BAD BOY CLEAN OFF--

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

I'M JUST SAYING...I THINK HE CAN SURVIVE ACUTE HEAD TRAUMA. GOBLIN JUICE.

I DON'T KNOW...HAVEN'T YOU THOUGHT THIS THROUGH?

SHUT UP.

HE WOULD HAVE. I'LL BET YOU HE KNOWS *FIVE* WAYS TO KILL YOU, EVEN IN THAT SUIT. *FIFTEEN* WAYS TO DO ME...

DETAILED PLANS... PROBABLY LITTLE DRAWINGS TOO... WITH X'S INSTEAD OF EYES--

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?!

POINTING OUT THAT A MAN LIKE *NORMAN OSBORN* KNOWS EXACTLY HOW TO GET WHAT HE WANTS THROUGH *MURDER, TORTURE,* SHEER FORCE OF HIS DEMENTED WILL.

AND IF YOU KILL HIM... YOU'LL FINALLY BECOME THE SON HE HE'S ALWAYS WANTED.

YOU'VE WORKED SO *HARD*, HARRY, TO DO THE RIGHT THING IN YOUR LIFE...

YOU RISKED... *EVERYTHING*...TO SAVE ME...A MAN YOU *HATE*...

KILL HIM, AND EVERYTHING YOU'VE BUILT IN YOUR LIFE GOES AWAY. I PROMISE YOU.

*HA!*

EVERYTHING HE'S "*BUILT*"? A FAILING COFFEE SHOP AND A FEW MONTHS OF HALF-ASSED "SOBREITY?"

YOU HAVE LOW STANDARDS...

YOU'RE *NOT* YOUR *FATHER*, HARRY.

YOU NEVER HAVE TO LIVE LIFE ON HIS TERMS EVER AGAIN.

IT'S YOUR CHOICE.

I'VE SEEN *GODS BLINK* AND SHATTER PLANETS. I'VE SEEN MEN *COME BACK FROM THE DEAD* BY SHEER FORCE OF WILL. I'VE SEEN WHAT HAPPENS TO CIVILIZATION WHEN THE HULK HAS A REALLY *REALLY* BAD DAY...

GOODBYE, NORMAN.

ENJOY YOUR NEW FAMILY.

*NONE OF IT* COMPARES TO THIS...THE MOMENT WHEN HARRY OSBORN *LET GO*, AND FINALLY WALKED OUT FROM BENEATH HIS FATHER'S SHADOW

BY HIS OWN *CHOICE*. ON HIS OWN *TERMS*. AS A *MAN*.

HARRY OSBORN.

MY *BEST FRIEND*.

Columbia University Medical Center.

LUCKILY, I HAD JUST ENOUGH JUICE LEFT TO SLITHER AWAY, SCARE UP SOME CLOTHES AND CHECK MYSELF INTO CHEZ MERCY...

...WHERE THEY HAD A SUITE WAITING WITH MY NAME ON IT, DARN THAT NEW YORK TRAFFIC. JUST ANOTHER HIT AND RUN IN THE BIG CITY WHO GOT LUCKY--

IF YOU DIDN'T WANT US GOING TO BOSTON, YOU COULD HAVE JUST SAID SO, PETE.

TWITTERING WOULD HAVE BEEN LESS PAINFUL.

NO MORE INTERNET CLASSES FOR YOU, AUNT MAY. IT SCARES ME WHEN YOU SAY THINGS LIKE "*TWITTERING.*"

THEN I WON'T TELL YOU ABOUT ***FACEBOOK.*** YOU MIGHT FALL OUT OF BED...

LUCKY--AND HE KNOWS IT, BECAUSE HE'S GOT FAMILY WHO LOVES HIM FOR WHO HE IS...

EXCUSE ME...

DON'T WORRY. IT'S JUST ANTI-BIOTICS--

NO, HOW MUCH DOES THAT COST? YOU ALREADY GAVE ME A PAINKILLER AND ABOUT TEN YARDS OF BANDAGES. STUFF ISN'T FREE.

NO STRINGS ATTACHED.

I'VE GOT IT COVERED, PETE. WHATEVER IT TAKES TO GET YOU WELL AND TO THE WEDDING. PREFERABLY ON TIME.

I HAVE TO HAVE SOMEONE WATCHING THE DOOR TO MAKE SURE JAY DOESN'T MAKE A BREAK FOR IT.

COME ON! YOU'RE GONNA SMEAR MY BRUISES!

HAVE I TOLD YOU LATELY HOW AWESOME YOU BOTH ARE?

HEY, SINCE YOU'RE PAYING, HOW ABOUT AN EXTRA PILLOW..?

Best, Harry.

BUT WHAT ABOUT HARRY...? WHO DO YOU TURN TO WHEN YOU DON'T ***HAVE*** A FAMILY ANYMORE...?

...AND YOU WON'T TALK TO YOUR **BEST** FRIEND...

WHAT DRUGS ARE YOU ON, MISTER OSBORN?

HEH.

DID I SAY SOMETHING FUNNY?

"DRUG" IS A TRIGGER WORD FOR ME...

...MY BODY IS REJECTING A COMPOUND. SOMETHING I RECEIVED IN...MEDICAL TRIALS.

AND WHAT EXACTLY WOULD HELP YOUR BODY DEAL WITH THIS "COMPOUND?"

...

HOW DOES EIGHTY MILLIGRAMS OF OXYCONTIN TWICE A DAY SOUND?

"SOUND'S GREAT, BEN...I CAN HAVE IT FINISHED TONIGHT."

BATHROOM THINGS

NO PEEKING YET, CHIEF! BUT I PROMISE THIS STORY WILL GIVE YOU A PULITZER IN THE PANTS--

PING!

AND THERE ARE THE FILES I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR... I'VE GOT THIS FWB WHO'S A RAGING TECHNO NERD. HE HOOKED ME UP WITH A GHOST I.P. ADDRESS--

IT MEANS "FRIEND WITH BENEFITS." IN THIS CASE, THE BENEFITS ARE--

--AN UNTRACEABLE... E-MAIL...

S-SWEAR... SOMEONE S-STOLE THE KEYCARD... PLEASE... STOP...

GOD, PLEASE...

I NEVER FORGET THE PEOPLE WHO MESS IN MY AFFAIRS.

NEVER.

YES, SORRY, I'M HERE MR. URICH...

Y'KNOW, MAYBE THE STORY ISN'T READY YET. I...

I'LL GET BACK TO YOU.

"HUSH LITTLE BABY, DON'T SAY A WORD... MAMA'S GONNA BUY YOU A MOCKINGBIRD..."

AND IF THAT MOCKINGBIRD DON'T SING...

PLEASE BE QUIET. I'M LISTENING FOR A HEARTBEAT.

THEY CAN HEAR FROM IN THERE. IT'S IMPORTANT TO TALK TO HIM.

YOU THINK..?

HELLO, LITTLE EMPEROR. THIS IS YOUR FATHER...

HE'S MOVING!

WE'RE GOING TO DO SUCH GREAT WORK TOGETHER... MY *ONLY* SON.

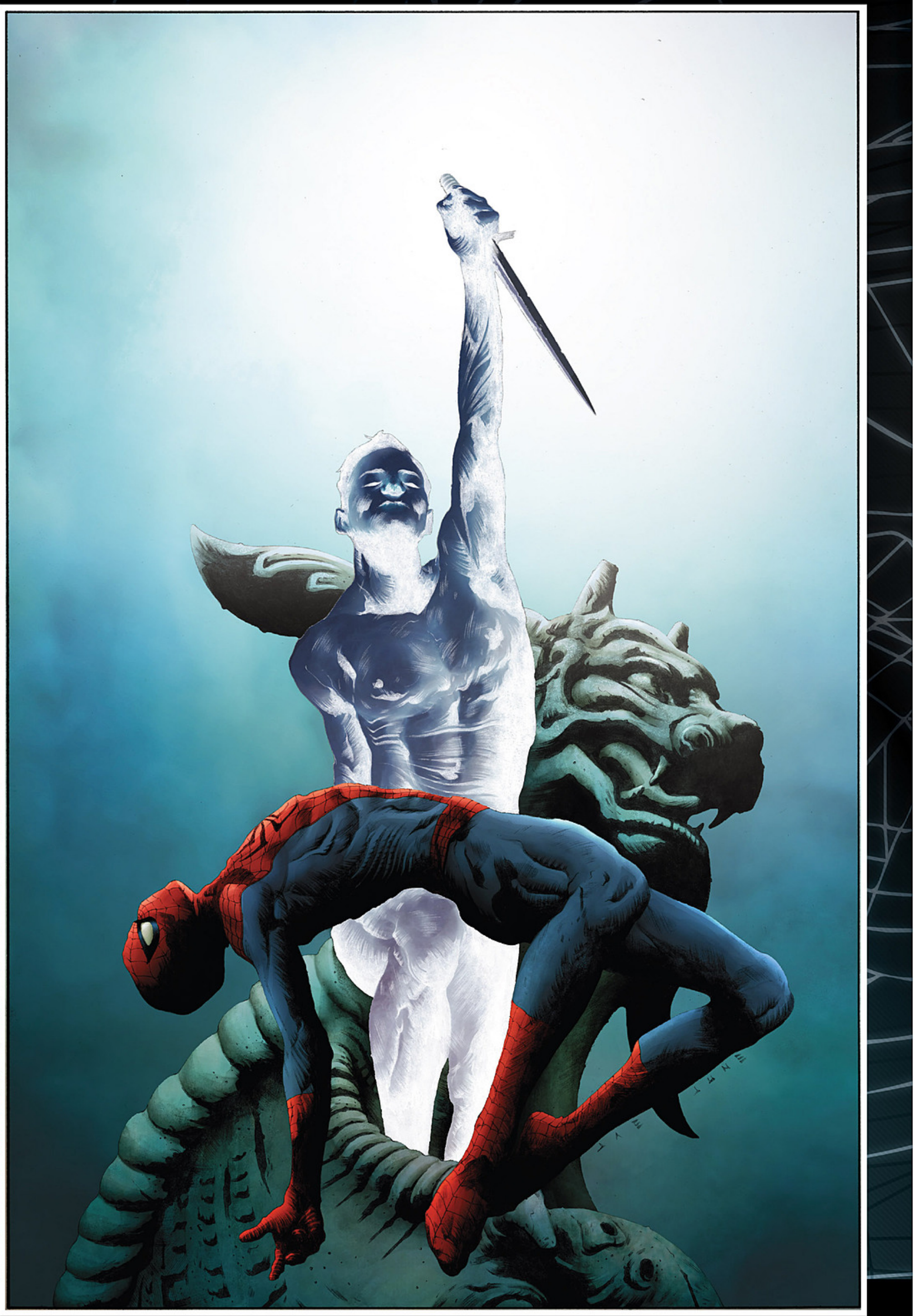
YOU *USED* TO HAVE A BROTHER, BUT HE'S DEAD TO US NOW...

...KILLED BY A *SPIDER*. BUT YOU WON'T BE AFRAID OF *SPIDERS*...YOU WON'T BE AFRAID OF *ANYTHING*. TOGETHER, WE'LL KILL *IT* ONCE AND FOR ALL...MY *GOBLIN PRINCE*.

HE *KICKED*. HE CAN HEAR ME.

GOOD BOY.

The End.



**DARK REIGN: MISTER NEGATIVE #1 —**
**“THE LAST STAND OF MISTER NEGATIVE”**

What is a good man?
A teacher of a bad man.
What is a bad man?
A good man's charge.

Know the white,
but keep the black!
~Tao Te Ching (6th Cen. B.C.)

CHINATOWN, N.Y.C.

"ZHU-ZHA."

"PIGLET."

YOU KNOW THIS TERM, FROM HONG KONG?

I CAN'T SAY THAT I DO.

REALLY, MISTER NEGATIVE? BUT THEY SAY YOU HAIL FROM *FUJIAN* PROVINCE...

THEY SPEAK THE TRUTH.

HUH. THAT *IS* CURIOUS, THEN...

...FOR "ZHU-ZHA" IS WHAT ***MY*** ANCESTORS IN ***GUANGDONG*** PROVINCE WOULD HAVE CALLED THE FILTHY FUZHOUNESE PEASANTS THAT WERE ***YOUR*** ANCESTORS...

...WHEN WE SOLD THEM INTO ***SLAVERY***, HERE IN AMERICA, OR JAPAN, OR THE CARIBBEAN--ANYWHERE THEY NEEDED ***FREE LABOR.***

ISN'T HISTORY A ***FASCINATING*** SUBJECT?

HMM.
YET I HEAR *YOU* ARE THE ONE WITH A NEW *MASTER*, WHITE DRAGON. A *LAO FAN*.
IT'S THE *LAO FAN'S COUNTRY*, ISN'T IT?
I WAS TOLD IT IS *ANYONE'S* COUNTRY AS LONG AS HE WORKS *HARD* ENOUGH TO *MAKE* IT SO--
*LAO FAN = "OLD BARBARIAN," A.K.A. WHITEY –Wacker, A.K.A. Whitey*
HA HA HA HA HA
OH... OH. THANK YOU, PIGLET. THANK YOU.
I'VE NOT LAUGHED LIKE THAT IN *SOME TIME.*
THE *LAO FAN* CALLED *THE HOOD* IS *YOUR* MASTER TOO.
HE IS A *BUSY MAN* AND HAS NOT GOTTEN AROUND TO *REMINDING* YOU OF THIS FACT UNTIL TONIGHT.
THE HOOD CONTROLS ALL THE SO-CALLED *"SUPER VILLAIN"* ACTION IN THE FIVE BOROUGHS.
DO YOU UNDERSTAND ME, PIGLET?
*ALL* OF THE ACTION.
NOT HERE. NOT CHINATOWN.
YES. HERE. CHINATOWN TOO.
THE *"TRAVEL AGENCIES"* THAT ARE YOUR FRONTS FOR THE *SNAKEHEAD* HUMAN SMUGGLING TRADE?
THESE ARE NOW THE HOOD'S.
THE--*AHEM*-- *"MASSAGE PARLORS"*?
THESE, TOO, ARE THE HOOD'S.
THAT ILLEGAL *CASINO* HIDDEN IN THE WHOLESALE MALL BENEATH THE MANHATTAN BRIDGE?
LIKE EVERYTHING ELSE YOU HAVE OWNED, OR WILL EVER OWN...
...*THIS* IS ALSO THE *HOOD'S.*

YOUR *TAX* FOR OPERATING WITHIN THE LIMITS OF NEW YORK CITY WILL BE *SIXTY-FIVE PERCENT* OF YOUR GROSS WEEKLY EARNINGS.

BUT *OF COURSE.* DIDN'T YOU HEAR ME?

WE CANTONESE *KNOW* HOW TO HANDLE YOU FUJIAN *PIGLETS.*

ALL RIGHT.

AND LET ME GUESS.

YOU AND YOUR *DRAGON LORDS* WILL SUPERVISE MY OPERATIONS FOR THE HOOD.

...

ALL RIGHT, THEN.

YOU SOUND SURPRISED.

I *AM*... A LITTLE.

I KNOW HOW *HARD* YOU WORKED FOR THIS TERRITORY.

I KNEW MANY OF THE MEN YOU *KILLED* TO GET IT.

*MY* MEN. IN *SUNSET PARK,* FOR INSTANCE.

THAT WAS A LONG TIME AGO.

AS YOU KNOW, I SEEK THE UTTER DESTRUCTION OF THE *MAGGIA* CRIME FAMILY.

AN *ALLIANCE* WITH YOUR *LAO FAN* COULD PROVE MOST USEFUL IN THIS REGARD--

NO "ALLIANCE."

*SUBSERVIENCE.*

OF COURSE, AS YOU SAY. ALL THAT'S REALLY LEFT TO DO, I THINK...

...IS *SHAKE* ON IT.

WHAT--

WHAT'RE YOU--?

THE HOOD'S HIDEOUT, HELL'S KITCHEN. FORTY-FIVE MINUTES LATER.

MR. NEGATIVE WAS NEVER BORN, SO HE IS EVER LIVING!

BRAAATHOOOM

IF YOU LAO FAN COME TO CHINATOWN, MR. NEGATIVE WILL CHOKE THE STREETS WITH YOUR DEAD!

FWOOOSH

YYAAAHH!

FFSSSSS

GGGGK

ALL TONGS STAND UNITED BEHIND MR. NEGATIVE!

SQUREEEE

SKRAK

HE STAYS BEHIND, THUS HE IS AHEAD!

HE IS ATTACHED TO NOTHING, THUS HE IS ONE WITH ALL--

BAM BAM
BAM BAM
BAM BAM

WHAT...

...THE HELL...

...WAS THAT?

WHITE DRAGON... WE SENT HIM TO NEGOTIATE TERMS OF CHINATOWN'S SURRENDER.

MISTER NEGATIVE...MUST HAVE CORRUPTED HIM SOMEHOW, HOOD...

SO. NEGATIVE WANTS TO PLAY HARDBALL, HUH?

FINE WITH ME. BAD FOR HIM.

I'M FROM BROOKLYN.

BROOKLYN INVENTED HARDBALL.

So...here is what we **know.**

Years ago, the cargo steamer *Golden Mountain,* out of Mombassa, approached Rockaway Beach, Queens, in a summer squall.

Her captain desperately tried to raise his contacts in the city on shortwave radio.

Small fishing boats were supposed to rendezvous with *Golden Mountain* in international waters and retrieve her cargo:

About 200 Chinese illegals from Fujian Province, each of whom had spent $30,000 and 112 grim days at sea to reach America.

But the captain received no response from the shore.

The "snakehead," or human smuggler, in charge of *Golden Mountain* feared discovery if they lingered in these waters too long.

He **"persuaded"** the captain to steer close enough to shore so the illegals could jump in and swim for it.

The captain inched toward the beach as carefully as he could...

...until not even the barrel of a gun could make him hazard the shallow waters any further.

So the snakehead himself took the helm...

...and promptly ran aground on a sandbar 300 yards from the local Coast Guard station.

The crew panicked and fled in the only lifeboat.

Eventually, the illegals came out to see what was going on.

And there...they **saw** it.

Little more than twinkling lights through the driving rain. A ghost city.

New York. The West. **Freedom.**

They had lived on handfuls of rice and water for the better part of three months.

The snakeheads had repeatedly taunted and beaten them that whole time.

All suffered from a variety of skin and urinary tract infections due to dehydration.

And, worst of all...

...four of their number had died of pneumonia during the voyage and the corpses had remained with them in their shipping container quarters for the rest of the voyage.

If they waited for rescue by the Coast Guard, they would be deported right back to the place they had risked everything to escape from.

And there was their destination, **there it was,** after so long, and after so many trials and injustices, hovering before their very eyes.

So they decided they had no other choice...

...than to make the final leg of their arduous journey on their **own.**

Night and rain reduced visibility to less than nothing.

There was a strong undertow off the point.

Many, exhausted and disoriented, accidentally swam out to **sea.**

The good people of Rockaway awoke the following morning to find that the tide had brought them unwanted gifts.

All of the 212 would-be immigrants huddled in *Golden Mountain's* shipping containers had drowned.

All, save **one.**

A man named **Martin Li.**

Now, we **know** this story **only** because Martin Li **himself** told it during his acceptance speech for the **Presidential Medal of Freedom.**

Li transformed the Chinatown garment shop he slaved in after his harrowing passage into a financial **empire.**

Nothing like generous donations to both political parties to garner amnesty for one's **"illegal"** status.

I don't mean to sound **too** cynical. Li **also** became a philanthropist beyond compare.

He founded the **F**ood, **E**mergency **A**id, **S**helter and **T**raining Project, one of the most visible and beloved charities in the city.

F.E.A.S.T. FOOD. EMERGENCY AID. SHELTER PROJECT

Unfortunately for Li, my boss, *D.B.* publisher **Dexter Bennett,** isn't too fond of anybody more popular than himself.

Of course, that means he's not too fond of 98% of the world's population, but you didn't hear that from me.

THE DB PATRIOT SEX WHO IS OZZIE'S SECRET

My name is **Betty Brant.**

I'm a **reporter.**

Or, at least, I'm an ex-secretary, an ex-wife... an ex-**lot** of things, **trying** to be a reporter.

So I wasn't exactly **thrilled** when Dexter ordered me to dig up whatever **mud** I could on Li, the **stickier** the better.

Then I made a deep background trip to **Fujian Province.**

BZZZZZZT

MRS. LI?

YES...?

If Martin Li is the world's saintliest humanitarian billionaire...

...why does he make his **wife** live in a fourth-floor walk-up on **East Broadway?**

IT'S ABOUT MARTIN, MA'AM.

YOUR HUSBAND.

**Now,** I've got a pretty straightforward question.

P3M79

MAY? IT'S MARTIN. HOW ARE YOU?

OH, MARTIN! HELLO! I'M FINE...

...JUST STARTING SUPPER FOR JAY AND MY NEPHEW *PETER* TONIGHT...

SSSPPP

HMMM, NEEDS MORE CREAMED CORN...

THIS WILL ONLY TAKE A MINUTE. YOU KNOW WE'RE OPENING A F.E.A.S.T. CENTER IN JACKSON HEIGHTS NEXT MONTH?

I WAS HOPING AS MY VOLUNTEER COORDINATOR YOU COULD RECOMMEND A NAME OR THREE THAT'D BE READY TO STEP UP AND *LEAD* THE FOLKS OVER THERE?

MY WORD, MARTIN! DO YOU EVER *STOP* WORKING?

HA, HA! WHAT IS THE OLD CLICHÉ, MAY...

"...NO *REST* FOR THE *WICKED*"?

STICK CLOSE TO ME, *SPOT*...

...LIGHT-*MASTER* WILL SHOW YOU HOW IT'S DONE.

THE ANSWER TOLD ME HE HEARD HOOD SAY I WAS AMONG HIS *TOP TWENTY* GUYS.

TOP *THIRTY*, AT LEAST...

HELLO? ANYONE HOME?

GIVE IT A REST WITH THE *LIP*, WILL YOU, SPOT?

I CAN BARELY HEAR MYSELF THINK.

HOLD UP! THAT'S ENOUGH! STREET'S CLOSED!

WHAT? BUT THAT *LIMO* JUST GOT IN--

SKREEEEEECH

WHAT DID I *JUST* TELL YOU, CITIZEN? *STEP OUT OF THE CAR!*

EAST BROADWAY'S *CLOSED* 'TIL FURTHER NOTICE BY ORDER OF *H.A.M.M.E.R.!*

MOVE IT! MOVE IT! LOCK IT *DOWN*, PEOPLE! *NOBODY* GETS IN OR OUT!

THAT'S OUR CUE. GOD ONLY KNOWS WHAT *CONNEX* THE HOOD HAS TO BRIBE *H.A.M.M.E.R.*

FREE PIECE OF *ADVICE*, SPOT?

NEVER GET ON HIS *BAD SIDE.*

CHINATOWN, MEET THE STONE AGE.

STONE AGE...

"...MEET CHINATOWN."

KRZZZ

WHA...?

MAY, I HAVE TO GO.

SOMETHING...

SOMETHING VERY *BAD* IS HAPPENING TO MY NEIGHBORHOOD.

BWA-KOOM

MARTIN, WHAT DO YOU MEAN? WHAT'S THE--

KKKRRSSSSSSHHHH

*MARTIN!!*

tik-tik-tik-tik-KLIK

IT'S TIME.

IT'S TIME!

WHEN LOGIC AND PROPORTIOONNNN HAVE FALLEEEEEEEN SLOPPY DEAD

AND THE WHITE KNIGHT IS TALKING BACKWARDS AND THE RED QUEEN'S "OFF WITH HER HEAD!"

WHITE RABBIT

REEEEEEMEMBER WHAT THE DORMOUSE SAID:

KA-CHIK

FEEEEEEED YOUR HEAD!

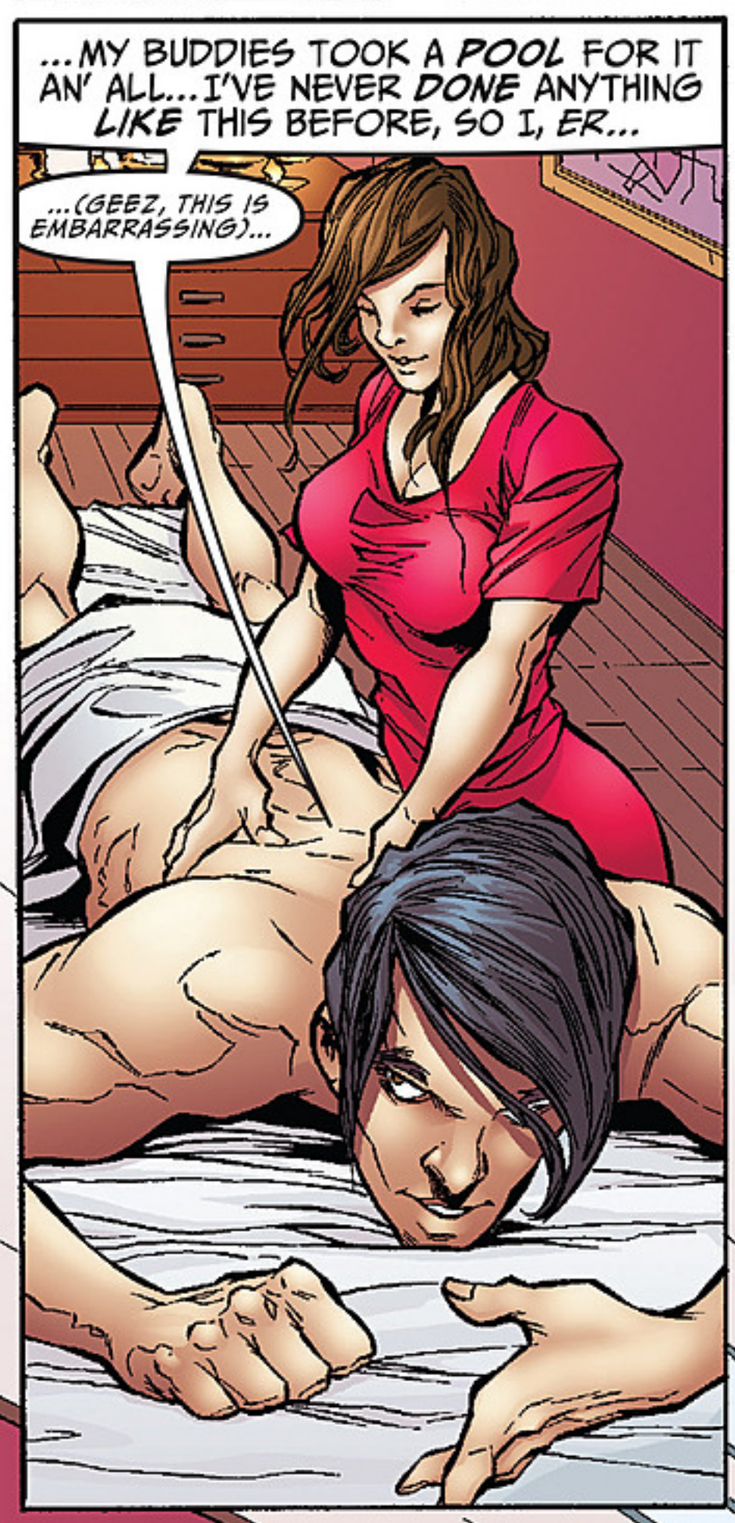
BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA

WE'RE UNDER ATTACK!

CALL THE BOSS!

FEEEEEEED YOUR HEAD!

SO... HEH ... THIS'S A BACHELOR PARTY KIND OF THING, Y'KNOW...


...MY BUDDIES TOOK A POOL FOR IT AN' ALL... I'VE NEVER DONE ANYTHING LIKE THIS BEFORE, SO I, ER...
...(GEEZ, THIS IS EMBARRASSING)...

LOOK, WHAT I'M TRYING TO SAY IS, I DON'T REALLY KNOW HOW TO ASK FOR A, UH...
HKK
..."HAPPY END--"

WHOA!
THAT FEELS... WOW... I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING DOWN THERE...
...BUT FOR GOD'S SAKE DON'T EVER STOP...

GGGKKKKK!!
THE SQUID

THERE IS NO MORE MISTER NEGATIVE.

DO YOU UNDERSTAND ME?

NOW THERE IS THE HOOD.

NOW THERE IS ONLY THE HOOD.

SCORCHER

ALPHABET CITY.

PETER PARKER'S APARTMENT.

REALLY, AUNT MAY?

I WAS REALLY LOOKING FORWARD TO CHICKEN & DUMPLINGS NIGHT...

NO, IT'S JUST TOO **DANGEROUS** FOR YOU TO GO OUT TONIGHT, PETER! I WOULD WORRY MYSELF **SICK!**

AND YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO MR. LI?

NO, HIS CELL PHONE WENT DEAD--AND HIS HOME PHONE JUST GIVES ME A BUSY SIGNAL!

THE ***NEWS*** MAKES IT SOUND LIKE SOMETHING ***INSANE*** IS HAPPENING IN CHINATOWN!

KLIK

I'D GIVE **ANYTHING** TO KNOW HE WAS ALL RIGHT!

I DON'T EVEN WANT TO **THINK** ABOUT WHAT WOULD HAPPEN TO THIS CITY IF IT LOST ALL HIS GOOD WORKS...

H.A.M.M.E.R. HAS **CORDONED OFF** CHINATOWN FOR A LONG-OVERDUE **SIMULATION** OF A MAJOR **TERRORIST INCIDENT** TO TEST OUR **FIRST RESPONDER PROTOCOLS.**

MARGARET PETERSON

ALL **LOUD NOISES** AND **EYEWITNESS REPORTS** EMANATING FROM THE AREA SHOULD BE IGNORED BY THE GENERAL PUBLIC.

WE'VE MADE ON-THE-GROUND FACTORS AS **REALISTIC** AS POSSIBLE TO GIVE OUR PERSONNEL THE **MOST** EFFECTIVE TRAINING...

"TRAINING EXERCISE." RIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIGHT.

***THIS JUST IN*** FROM THE H.A.M.M.E.R. PUBLIC RELATIONS DEPARTMENT:

"WE HAVE ***ALWAYS*** BEEN AT WAR WITH ***EURASIA!***"

BUT MARTIN LI IS RICHER THAN ***MIDAS.*** HE'S GOT TO HAVE AN ***ARMY*** OF BODY-GUARDS PROTECTING HIM.

HE DOESN'T NEED ANY ***ADDITIONAL*** HELP.

NOPE. NOT GONNA GET INVOLVED.

NOT MY PROBLEM.

SIGH.

NICE

LIFE

CHINATOWN.
MR. NEGATIVE'S HEADQUARTERS.

SKREEEEEEECH

BOSS! YOU'RE HOME!

THE SITUATION IS THIS--

THEY HAVE THE SNAKEHEAD AGENCIES, THE MASSAGE PARLORS, THE GAMBLING DENS-- *EVERYTHING!*

IT'S A COMPLETE *WIPEOUT.* WE GOTTA--

DO NOT CONCERN YOURSELF WITH ANYTHING OTHER THAN THE *PRESENT MOMENT,* HAMMERHEAD.

I WAS *FOREWARNED* OF AN ATTACK, AND HAVE DEVELOPED A *CONTINGENCY PLAN* AGAINST IT.

FIRST I NEED TO RETRIEVE THE NECESSARY *MATERIAL.*

YOU MUST *HOLD THE LINE* UNTIL I RETURN. CAN YOU DO THAT?

I WILL BE HAMMER *AND* ANVIL.

THEY WILL *BREAK* AGAINST ME.

FEAR NOT, MY MOST LOYAL ONES.

WE WERE NEVER BORN.

SSWWSSHH

SO WE CAN NEVER DIE.

YOU HEARD OUR MASTER.

*INNER DEMONS!*

*THE ENEMY IS UPON US!*

IF THEY WANT TO TAKE THIS HOUSE--

--MAKE SURE THEY PAY FOR IT!

RRRAAAAAHHH!!!

CHINATOWN.

MARTIN LI'S TOWNHOUSE.

TALK ABOUT YOUR MAN OF THE *PEOPLE,* LISTING YOUR MANSION IN THE *WHITE PAGES...*

IS THAT *LI?* IT'S HIS *SILHOUETTE...*

BUT MY *SPIDER-SENSE* IS GOING *NUTSO!*

*DUH,* OF COURSE IT IS--AN ARMY OF SUPER-KOOKS IS LEVELING CHINATOWN, FROM THE LOOKS OF IT!

BUT FIRST I'LL MAKE SURE AUNT MAY'S IDOL IS SAFE, *THEN* I'LL DEAL WITH *THAT* LITTLE PROBLEM...

MISTER LI?

DON'T BE FRIGHTENED. I'M HERE TO TAKE YOU TO SAFETY--

*YAAAHH!*

ALL RIGHT, SPIDER-MAN.

I WON'T BE FRIGHTENED.

THIS IS RIDICULOUS, ANSWER!!

THEY JUST KEEP *COMING*, NO MATTER HOW MANY HOLES WE BLAST IN THEM--THEY'VE GOT A *HEALING FACTOR* OR SOMETHING!

*WAIT*, LIGHTMASTER-- WAIT!

*I HAVE THE ANSWER!*

*SPOT!* USE YOUR 'PORT-HOLES-- ON *ALL* OF THEM!

A HEALING FACTOR WON'T DO THEM MUCH *GOOD*--

"--IN *STATEN ISLAND!*"

*HAMMERHEAD!* YOU STAND *ALONE!*

GIVE UP NEGATIVE--OR FALL *WITH* HIM!

MR. NEGATIVE WAS NEVER BORN, SO HE IS EVER LIVING!

HE IS ATTACHED TO NOTHING, THUS ONE WITH ALL!

NOW THAT YOU LAO FAN HAVE COME TO CHINATOWN--

--I WILL CHOKE THE STREETS WITH YOUR DEAD!!

DARK REIGN: MISTER NEGATIVE #2 —
"BATTLE FOR CHINATOWN"

MR. NEGATIVE'S HEADQUARTERS.

CHINATOWN.

MY NAME IS PETER PARKER.

DEATH TO THE LAO FAN HOOD!

LONG LIVE MISTER NEGATIVE!

WHEN I WAS SIX, MY REAL PARENTS *ABANDONED* ME BY *DYING*.

THEY SENT ME TO LIVE WITH MY FATHER'S SIMPERING *BROTHER* AND HIS OLD MAID *WIFE*.

*RUSH* HIM! WE GOT 8-TO-1 ODDS!

*WRONG*, SPEED FREAK.

SPEED *DEMON!*

KRAAAK

YOU GOT *EIGHT BRAIN CELLS* BETWEEN THE *LOT* OF YOU. WAY *I* SEE IT...

KRRUNNCH

SQUIRRRRRRT

BOTH HAD *SLUNK* THROUGH THEIR LIVES LIKE *COWARDS*, AND THEY TRIED TO FORCE *ME* TO DO THE SAME.

...I GOT YOU STOOGES *OUTNUMBERED*.

SQQQQUUEEE

NO! NOT AT THIS SPEE--

KRAASH

*BURGLAR* BLEW UNCLE BEN AWAY--WHILE HE WAS *BEGGING FOR HIS LIFE*, NO DOUBT.

BUT THAT'S NOT REALLY THE *POINT*, IS IT?

*C'MERE*, SCORCHER-- GONNA MAKE YOU *USEFUL* FOR ONCE IN YOUR LIFE.

THE *POINT* IS BEN WAS *MY* UNCLE.

FWOOOOOOOSH

BUWHOOM

HAHAHAHAHA!!!

YEAH! YEAH!

BURN, BABY, BURN!

HE WAS *MINE*.

KRAKK

AND *CRIME* TOOK HIM *FROM* ME WITHOUT ASKING MY *PERMISSION* FIRST.

SO NOW CRIME'S GONNA *PAY*.

YOU'RE *ALL* GONNA PAY!!

WAKK

UM... HAS IT OCCURRED TO ANYONE...

...THIS ISN'T *ACTUALLY* SPIDER-MAN?

WHO *CARES* WHO HE IS? HE'S BETWEEN *US* AND *NEGATIVE!*

WHATEVER HE CAN DO TO US IS *NOTHING* COMPARED TO WHAT *THE HOOD* WILL DO IF WE *FAIL* HIM!

THWAAP

WANNA BET?

G G

UH-OH! WITH *THE ANSWER* DOWN, YOU GUYS JUST LOST FIVE OF YOUR EIGHT BRAIN CELLS!

FEEL FREE TO START PLEADING FOR *MERCY* AT ANY MOMENT!

NOT THAT IT'LL DO YOU ANY *GOOD.*

THWIP

*STAY BACK!* OR I'LL--

WHAT?

*DIE?*

BUWHOOM

*AAAAHH!*

SORRY, WHITE RABBIT.

YOU WERE GONNA DO THAT *ANYWAY.*

ENOUGH.

I'M GONNA BLAST YOU WITH ENOUGH *RADIATION* TO GIVE A LEAD PIPE *STOMACH CANCER.*

AAHHH... USING A *STREET-LIGHT* TO TAKE OUT *LIGHTMASTER.*

"IT'S LIKE RAIN ON YOUR WEDDING DAY!"

QUAMMO

WHEEEEEEEEEEEEEZE!

WAIT--*WAIT!*

*I HAVE THE ANSWER!*

OH, SHUT UP.

KRAM

ELSEWHERE IN THE COMPOUND.

HAMMERHEAD.

YOU HAVE TURNED THE *SPIDER* TO OUR SIDE.

YOU NEVER FAIL TO AMAZE ME, MISTER NEGATIVE.

BUT NOT EVEN *HE* WILL BE ABLE TO KEEP THIS HORDE AT BAY FOREVER.

WE DO NOT *NEED* FOREVER.

TAKE THIS CYLINDER TO *THIS* ADDRESS--AND GIVE IT TO *THIS* MAN.

...

YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS.

DEADLY.

OUR *ENEMIES* ARE AT THE GATE AND THE *INNER DEMONS* HAVE BEEN TELEPORTED AWAY BY THE SPOT. IF I LEAVE YOU, YOU WILL BE *WITHOUT* PROTECTION--

YOU *MUST*. IT IS OUR *ONLY HOPE*.

THEN I WILL NOT *FAIL* YOU.

WHAMM

ALLEN STREET.
BETWEEN HESTER AND CANAL.
SIR-- LOOK!
FREEZE! H.A.M.M.E.R. AGENTS! STOP OR WE'LL--
THAT!
JUST LET 'IM HAVE IT!
BRAKATA BRAKATA BRAKATA
CRASHH

LIKE A *WAR ZONE* OUTSIDE, MISS BRANT!

I *KNOW* FROM WAR ZONES.

MY HUSBAND *COVERED* ENOUGH OF THEM.

CRASHH

WE SHOULD GET OFF THE UPPER FLOORS-- QUICKLY.

THERE A *BASEMENT* HERE, OR...?

THIS WAY.

My name is Betty Brant.

I'm trying to be a **reporter.**

I am **trying** to understand why **Martin Li** lets his wife, Yana, live in a Chinatown dump when he owns **four homes** on **three continents.**

And, as **always,** just as I was **getting** somewhere...

...the **craziness** started.

**Before,** that'd be my cue to curl up in a fetal position and wait for some guy in a **mask** to save me--or **gut** me.

But instead, I feel--balanced. Like a tightrope walker. Graceful.

**Powerful.**

YOUR *HUSBAND* KNOW YOU RUN AROUND ASKING *STRANGERS* PERSONAL QUESTIONS?

MY HUSBAND...

...MY HUSBAND IS *DEAD.*

IN THE LANDMARK *SPIDER-MAN VS. WOLVERINE #1 (1986)*--Ich bin ein Wacker

WOULD *YOU* LIKE TO TELL ME ABOUT *YOUR* HUSBAND NOW?

Ooh, playing the widow's guilt card.

You are a **bad, bad** Betty.

MARTIN OWN ZIPPER FACTORY, BACK IN FUZHOU--FUZHOU CITY.

BUT...THERE WAS NOT ENOUGH MONEY TO ***BRIBE*** COMMUNIST PARTY OFFICIALS. NO ACCESS TO ***OVERSEAS*** MARKETS.

YOU HAVE TO UNDERSTAND-- AVERAGE WAGES IN FUJIAN FORTY DOLLARS A ***MONTH.***

OUR NEIGHBORS WITH FAMILY IN U.S. LIVE LIKE ***KINGS***-- MONEY, PLASMA T.V.'S.

FINALLY, WE HAD ***ENOUGH.*** ONE OF US HAD TO GO OVER.

I SCORE WELL AT MATH, SO I COME TO EMPIRE STATE UNIVERSITY ON A STUDENT VISA.

I STAY AFTER IT RAN OUT. BECAME BOOKKEEPER.

BUT...

I AM SORRY. I ***HATE*** IT HERE. I HATE THE NOISE AND THE FOOD AND ALL THE FOREIGNERS.

I ***HATE*** HOW *LAO FAN* TREAT CHINESE.

I TELL MARTIN, DON'T COME OVER. NOT ***WORTH*** IT.

I BE BACK HOME SOON.

HE...

HE THINKS THAT MEAN I TAKE ***LOVER*** HERE.

"SO MARTIN PAY SNAKEHEADS--HUMAN SMUGGLERS--TO BRING HIM ILLEGALLY.

"BUS TO BURMA BORDER.

"HORSE THROUGH THAILAND JUNGLE.

"SNAKEHEADS TELL HIM HE TAKE PLANE FROM BANGKOK TO J.F.K.

"BUT THEY *LIE*.

"FERRY TO KENYA, THEN STUFFED IN *CONTAINER* ON A SHIP. *GOLDEN MOUNTAIN*."

MRS. LI--
I'VE JUST *COME* FROM FUZHOU CITY. I SPOKE TO YOUR OLD NEIGHBORS--THAT'S HOW I WAS ABLE TO FIND YOU.

THAT SNAKEHEAD GANG, THE ONE WHO BROUGHT MARTIN OVER ... THE ONE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE *GOLDEN MOUNTAIN* TRAGEDY?

EVERY SINGLE MEMBER...

"...IS *DEAD.*

"CHINESE AND U.S. AUTHORITIES BOTH BELIEVE THE ENTIRE SNAKEHEAD CONDUIT FROM FUJIAN PROVINCE TO NEW YORK CITY HAS BEEN TAKEN OVER...

"...BY THE AMERICAN GANGSTER KNOWN AS *MISTER NEGATIVE.*"

WHAT'S THE CONNECTION BETWEEN *MARTIN LI* AND CHINATOWN'S BIGGEST *CRIMELORD?*

PLEASE BE *TRUTHFUL* WITH ME. I PROMISE TO KEEP YOU ANONYMOUS.

THE PUBLIC HAS A RIGHT TO *KNOW* IF--

DON'T--

FWOOOF!

SKRCH
SKRCH
SKRCH

YANA!

I can't let her stop me. Not when I'm so **close.** I can't let **anything** stop me. Not even--

KLONG!!

A washer and/or dryer.

OW.

OW.

OW.

THUD THUD THUD THUD

MRS. LI!

WAIT!

UNITED NATIONS PLAZA.

DIRECTOR OSBORN! ANGLE SLIGHTLY THIS WAY, PLEASE!

U.N.I.C.E.F. IS *DELIGHTED* TO WELCOME OUR SPOKESPERSON FOR THE *GLOBAL LITERACY INITIATIVE*... THE IRON PATRIOT *HIMSELF*...

...H.A.M.M.E.R. DIRECTOR *NORMAN OSBORN!*

"THE *BLACK* BEAR'S NAME WAS *TEDDY-B* / THE B FOR BLACK OR *BROWN*, YOU SEE,

"OR BRIGHT OR *BOLD* OR BRAVE OR *BOSS* / HE WAS *ALWAYS* KIND AND *SELDOM* CROSS!"

I *HAFTA GO POTTY!*

DISRUPT THIS *CAREFULLY STAGED MEDIA EVENT* AND MY PEOPLE BREAK YOUR PARENTS' *KNEECAPS.*

YOU'RE NOT LIKE TEDDY-B AT *ALL!*

YOU HAVE SIXTY SECONDS. *RUN!*

SKAAASH

WHAT THE HELL!

MY *APOLOGIES*, GENTLEMEN...

...BUT MY EMPLOYER *INSISTS* I DELIVER THIS MESSAGE TO DIRECTOR OSBORN IN *PERSON.*

PAK

BANG

NORMAN. *BEEN* AWHILE.

MOVING *UP* IN THE WORLD, I SEE.

YOU *KNOW* THIS FREAK, DIRECTOR?!

ONLY FROM HIS *MUG SHOT.*

NO NEED FOR *PANIC,* PEOPLE!

I SUMMONED MY *ARMOR* AS SOON AS HE SHOWED HIS UGLY FACE.

I REFUSE TO MAKE FURTHER *MOCKERY* OF THE UNITED NATIONS' PRINCIPLES OF *NON-VIOLENCE* BY ENGAGING THIS LAWLESS *THUG* ON HIS *OWN TERMS* ON THESE *HALLOWED GROUNDS!*

SO IF YOU'LL PARDON ME...

*...WE'RE TAKING THIS OUTSIDE!*

FWOOSH

HEARD SOME SHORTSIGHTED MISCREANT OUTFITTED YOU WITH A NEW EXOSKELETON.

DROPPING YOU FROM THIS HEIGHT WOULD BE A PRETTY GOOD TEST OF IT, DON'T YOU THINK, HAMMERHEAD?

HAH! YOU'VE POUNDED IN ONE TOO MANY NAILS WITH YOUR FOREHEAD!

I WORK FOR MISTER NEGATIVE NOW, OSBORN. HE SAVED ME. HE SHOWED ME THE TRUE PATH.

MADE YOU DRINK THE KOOL-AID, MORE LIKE IT.

HIS MESSAGE TO YOU IS SIMPLE.

TELL THE HOOD TO CALL OFF HIS ATTACK ON CHINATOWN.

REMOVE THE H.A.M.M.E.R. CORDON AROUND THE NEIGHBORHOOD.

YOUR BOSS RIPPED OFF A PRICELESS OSCORP SHIPMENT JUST A FEW WEEKS AGO!

I WOULDN'T PEE ON HIM IF HE WAS ON FIRE!

IN ASM EXTRA #2, OF COURSE-- Wackerpedia

BESIDES, WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I HAVE ANY INFLUENCE OVER THE HOOD--

NORMAN. WORD OF ADVICE.

THE INNOCENT ACT?

IT'S NOT YOU.

MISTER NEGATIVE KNOWS WHAT HE KNOWS.

AND YOU WILL HELP HIM...

"...BECAUSE HE *HAS* SOMETHING *YOU WANT.*"

BLEEP

WHRRRRRRRRR

KLIKK

ALL RIGHT!

WHO'S NEXT?!

HELP ME! PLEASE!

YANA LI? MARTIN'S WIFE?

I DON'T KNOW HER! SHE JUST START ASKING QUESTIONS!

I DON'T TELL HER! SHE DON'T KNOW A THING!

WHAT IS SHE DOING HERE? WHY WOULD SHE BREAK OUR ARRANGEMENT--

AH. OF COURSE. THE DB REPORTER.

BRANT.

I IGNORED HER ASKING ALL THOSE QUESTIONS ABOUT **MARTIN LI** AT THE F.E.A.S.T. CENTER DURING THE **ANTI-VENOM INCIDENT** BECAUSE IT NEVER **AMOUNTED** TO ANYTHING.

BUT NOW... SHE IS **PERILOUSLY** CLOSE TO THE **FULL TRUTH**. SHE COULD RUIN EVERYTHING.

A.K.A.
ASM #568-573
--Steve Wacker

SPIDER-MAN! MEET MISS BETTY BRANT.

SURE. I KNOW BETTY.

S-SPIDER...

KILL HER FOR ME.

PLEASE.

BETTY. SHE WAS MY *FIRST LOVE*, WHEN I FIRST STARTED SLAVING FOR THE *BUGLE* IN HIGH SCHOOL.

NO. COME ON. YOU... *WOULDN'T...*

BUT SHE CHOSE PRETTY-BOY *NED LEEDS* OVER ME.

*BIG MISTAKE.*

TOO BAD YOUR HUBBY *NED* ISN'T AROUND TO *WATCH* THIS, SWEET THING.

'CAUSE THEN I COULD SMOKE HIM *NEXT.*

NO!

*THE STRONGER THE "LIGHT" IN A PERSON'S SOUL, I HAVE FOUND...*

*...THE "DARKER" THEY **BECOME** WHEN CORRUPTED BY MY **NEGATIVE** TOUCH.*

*HOWEVER POWERFUL SPIDER-MAN WAS BEFORE, IT **PALES** NEXT TO WHAT HE IS **NOW.***

*AND IF HE **SUCCEEDS** IN MURDERING THIS INNOCENT WOMAN...*

*...HIS POWER WILL BE **MINE** TO CONTROL.*

*FOREVER.*

SOON...

BACK INSIDE MR. NEGATIVE'S COURTYARD.

*AHEM.*

ALL ABOARD. LAST CALL FOR *THE HOOD* TRAIN.

BEFORE IT *RUNS YOUR ASS OVER.*

I THINK NOT.

I ABSORBED THE *SNAKEHEADS.*

I CONQUERED THE *DRAGON LORDS.*

I WILL DO THE SAME TO THE *MAGGIA.*

AND I SHALL NOT BOW TO *YOU.*

*THOUGHT* YOU'D GO FOR THE *HARD WAY.*

KINDA *GLAD.*

KRRRRRZZZZZZ

AIN'T RIGHT FOR THIS KINDA THING TO BE FINISHED BY *GOONS* AND *HENCHMEN.*

IN THAT CASE, HOOD...

...LET US *FINISH* IT!

TIME TO DIE, NEGATIVE!

BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM

My name is Betty Brant.

I tried my **best** to be a **reporter.**

SKRKKTCH

PERHAPS, BUT NOT TODAY AND NOT TO THE LIKES OF YOU, HOOD.

But somehow I always knew I'd **die** this way.

TSK, TSK.

BETTY, BETTY, BETTY...

...YOU'RE ALREADY *BORING* ME.

YAHHH!!! NO!! NOOOO!!

My husband, Ned, was murdered in the Hobgoblin's costume, framed for his crimes.

AIIIYAH!!

ZWOK

NFF.

AIII--

EH?

HA!

DARK REIGN: MISTER NEGATIVE #3 —
“NEGATIVE REINFORCEMENT”

My brother **Bennett** was killed in the crossfire of a battle between Spider-Man and **Dr. Octopus's** gang.

Only stands to reason **I'd** go thanks to a **costume,** too.

*IN AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #11-- Way-Back Wacker*

But I'm **not** my husband!

I'm **not** my brother!

**I want to live!**

**I want to LIVE!**

NFFF--

RRRGGG--

AAAHHH!!

SKRRANG

ALONE AT LAST, UGLY BETTY!

NOW WHAT SAY WE TWO HAVE US SOME FU--

MM.

BAM BAM BAM

HUHH!

GYAH!

SHWIING

SKKKSSH

In my reporting, I'd heard rumors Mr. Negative can **corrupt** people with a **touch.** That must be what he's done here.

AAGGGH-- DAMN IT!

Turned the **darkness** lurking inside Spider-Man **outward.**

Well, **I** have darkness too.

HHHSSSS!!

THERE'S NO REASON FOR US TO FIGHT, MISTER HOOD.

IN FACT, I SUSPECT, FROM NOW ON...

...YOU'RE GOING TO SEE THINGS MY WAY.

HEEEEEERE, CHICKEE CHICKEE CHICKEE...

HAW.

WHAT A MAROON.

Y'SEE... HERE'S THE THING, BETS.

EVEN IF YOU IGNORE THE FACT I'M FASTER, STRONGER, AND MORE EXPERIENCED...

...I'M ALSO JUST PLAIN SMARTER THAN YOU.

SO I'D PACK IT IN.

ALL YOU'RE DOING IS MAKING SURE YOU DIE TIRED.

?

MRRRROW!!! HSSSSSSS!!

CLEVER.

CLEVER GIRL.

WON'T BE ENOUGH.

UHHH!

MISS BRANT!

OVER HERE!

GIVE ME-- NGGGG--ONE GOOD REASON TO *TRUST* YOU, MRS. LI!

*YOU* SICCED MR. NEGATIVE ON ME!

NO! I'M SORRY--I DIDN'T KNOW MR. NEGATIVE TRY AND KILL YOU!

I JUST WANT *HIM* TO KNOW--I NEVER *BETRAY* HIM! I OWE HIM MY *LIFE!*

*WAIT--* I HAVE TO REST FOR A SECOND-- MY *FOOT...*

LOOK, YANA, *PLEASE!* YOU'RE NOT *HELPING* YOUR HUSBAND BY PROTECTING THIS GANGSTER!

IF THERE'S A CONNECTION BETWEEN MARTIN LI, AND HIS FORTUNE--OR HIS *PHILANTHROPY*--AND MR. NEGATIVE, IT'S BEST IF YOU *TELL* ME WHAT IT IS--

I AM! YOU DON'T *LISTEN!*

MARTIN TELL ME HE COME OVER FROM FUJIAN TO JOIN ME HERE IN AMERICA-- BUT HE MISS THE DATE BY *WEEKS!*

I... *MOURN* FOR HIM. I THINK HE DROWN ALONG WITH ALL THE OTHER CHINESE ON THAT AWFUL SHIP, *GOLDEN MOUNTAIN.*

BUT THE SNAKEHEAD GANG-- THE *DRAGON LORDS*-- THEY DON'T *CARE* MARTIN IS DEAD.

THEY SAY, "WE DELIVER HIS *CORPSE* TO AMERICA. HIS *WIFE* PAY WHAT *HE* OWE US!"

*THIRTY THOUSAND DOLLARS.* I AM A *BOOKKEEPER.* I DON'T *HAVE* THIS KIND OF MONEY.

SO THE DRAGON LORDS... THEY DECIDE TO MAKE *EXAMPLE* OF ME.

"THEY TAKE ME TO THIS HOUSE IN BROOKLYN, IN *SUNSET PARK*, WHERE THEY KEEP CHINESE WHO CAN'T MAKE THEIR DEBTS.

"THEY RENT THEM LIKE *SLAVES* TO LOCAL BUSINESSES, THEN POCKET THEIR WAGES...

"...OR THEY HOLD THEM FOR *RANSOM* 'TIL FAMILY BACK *HOME* PAY.

"OR, IN MY CASE, THEY...

"...THEY...

"*HE* CAME WHILE I WAS STILL ALIVE, AND CONSCIOUS.

"I HEARD LATER HE WAS JUST TAKING OVER THE *WHITE DRAGON'S* CHINATOWN GANG.

"HE WAS ALL *ALONE* THEN. NO HENCHMEN, NO 'INNER DEMONS.'

"HE ASKED WHO I WAS, HOW MUCH I OWED THE *WHITE DRAGON,* AND FOR WHO.

"I TOLD HIM THE STORY OF *GOLDEN MOUNTAIN...*

"...AND I WAS THE WIFE OF *MARTIN LI.*

"I *BEGGED* HIM NOT TO *LEAVE* ME THERE.

"BUT IN HIS EYES--THERE WAS *NOTHING.* IT WAS LIKE TALKING TO A WILD ANIMAL.

"I THOUGHT HE KILL ME JUST FOR *BEING* THERE.

"BUT THEN... FOR ONLY A SECOND... I THOUGHT I SAW..."

"*WHAT,* MRS. LI?"

"NOTHING.

"I'M SURE IT WAS NOTHING."

YOU HAVE NO IDEA *WHY* HE SAVED YOU?

NO! THEN-- *YEARS* LATER--I HEAR A CHINESE--THE *GOLDEN MOUNTAIN* SURVIVOR--

--IS GETTING A *MEDAL* FROM THE U.S. *PRESIDENT!*

THEY SAY HIS NAME IS *"MARTIN LI!"* I GET NEWSPAPER, I LOOK AT PHOTO--

*BUT I'VE NEVER SEEN HIM BEFORE IN MY LIFE!*

WAIT.

WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?

THIS *"MARTIN LI"* YOU KEEP ASKING ME ABOUT... I DON'T KNOW HOW HE KNOWS SO MUCH ABOUT *GOLDEN MOUNTAIN*...

...BUT HE'S *NOT* MY HUSBAND! I DON'T KNOW *WHO* HE IS!

I...

I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO *SAY*...

HOW ABOUT...

... *"I AM SO DEAD"?*

*YYYAAAAAAAAAA!!*

WHAT--

THAT LIGHT SHOW SUPPOSED TO *IMPRESS* ME?

AUSTRALIAN PINK FLOYD'S WAS *WAY* BETTER.

MY CORRUPTING TOUCH... HAS NEVER *FAILED* ME BEFORE.

FIRST TIME FOR EVERYTHING.

I SENSE... YOU HAVE GIVEN YOURSELF *WHOLLY* OVER TO FORCES FAR *DARKER* THAN EVEN *I*.

THERE'S... NO *LIGHT* IN YOU TO *CORRUPT*. YOU'VE BEATEN ME *TO* IT!

AND I *WILL* CRY MYSELF TO SLEEP TONIGHT ABOUT THAT, I PROMISE.

*HAHAHAHAHA*

YOU POOR, PATHETIC, DELUDED MAN...

I *USED* TO BE LIKE YOU. ALL *ONE* OR THE *OTHER*.

OR RATHER... WHAT I WAS *BEFORE* I WAS ME... WAS LIKE YOU.

*ENOUGH* OF YOUR FORTUNE COOKIE B.S.

HASN'T DONE *YOU* ANY GOOD.

NO?

"ONCE THERE WAS A *SNAKEHEAD*, A SMUGGLER OF *HUMANS*...

"...WHO *PANICKED* IN A SUMMER STORM AND FORCED THE CAPTAIN OF A SHIP NAMED *GOLDEN MOUNTAIN* INTO SHALLOW WATER AT *GUNPOINT*.

"THE SHIP RAN AGROUND, ENSURING THE U.S. COAST GUARD WOULD INVESTIGATE AS SOON AS THE WEATHER CLEARED.

"OUR MAN PANICS EVEN *MORE*, NOW. HE HAS A *CRIMINAL RECORD* IN THE UNITED STATES *AND* CHINA, YOU SEE. THE LAST THING HE WANTS IS TO BE DEPORTED.

"BUT HE *REMEMBERS*...A FEW OF HIS 'PIGLETS' DIED OF PNEUMONIA DURING THE JOURNEY! AHA! PERFECT!

"SO HE STEALS THE IDENTITY PAPERS OFF ONE OF THE CORPSES...SOME ZIPPER FACTORY OWNER FROM FUZHOU CITY.

"UNLIKE HIS ILLEGALS, OUR SNAKEHEAD DOES NOT SUFFER FROM STARVATION OR THE DAILY BEATINGS *HE* METED OUT.

"*HE* IS ABLE TO SWIM SAFELY TO *NEW YORK HARBOR* FROM THE GROUNDED SHIP.

"HE SEEKS OUT HIS FELLOW SMUGGLERS AT THEIR HIDEOUT IN *FLUSHING*.

"AND HE LEARNS *WHY* THEY DID NOT ANSWER THEIR SHORTWAVE RADIO WHEN HE HAILED THEM FROM THE SHIP.

"*SILVIO MANFREDI*, DON OF THE *MAGGIA*, IS CONSOLIDATING *CONTROL* OVER THIS PART OF QUEENS."

"OUR MAN'S SNAKEHEAD STATUS MUST HAVE *AMUSED* OLD 'SILVERMANE.'

"FOR RATHER THAN SIMPLY *KILLING* HIM, THE DON DUMPED HIM WITH THE REST OF THE HUMAN FLOTSAM AND JETSAM THE MAGGIA WAS ACCUMULATING...

"...OUT IN ONE OF THE ABANDONED *IMMIGRATION* FACILITIES IN *ELLIS ISLAND.*

"*RUNAWAYS,* MOSTLY.

"DISPOSABLE *TEST SUBJECTS* FOR THE SYNTHETIC DRUG A CHEMIST NAMED *SIMON MARSHALL* HAD CONVINCED SILVERMANE MIGHT REPLACE IMPORTED HEROIN.

"IN THE DARKEST PART OF ONE LONELY NIGHT, ONE OF THE CHILDREN--*TYRONE,* I THINK WAS HIS NAME--MANAGED TO PULL A FEW BARS FROM THE DECAYING MORTAR OF OUR PRISON.

L-L-LET'S G-G-GO, T-T-*TANDY!*

"TYRONE AND HIS GIRLFRIEND RAN IN ONE DIRECTION. OUR MAN IN ANOTHER.

"HE NEVER LEARNED WHAT BECAME OF THEM.

"NOR DID HE CARE.

"FOR AS HE LEFT ELLIS ISLAND, LIKE SO MANY OTHER COUNTLESS MILLIONS OF IMMIGRANTS...

"...HE FOUND A *NEW IDENTITY* IN THE *NEW WORLD.*

"*TWO,* IN FACT."

STOP! STOP! LET HER GO--

ALL THOSE *YEARS*... YOU WERE THAT LYING SCUMBAG *JAMESON'S* SECRETARY...

TYPING UP ALL THOSE EDITORIALS *ATTACKING* ME... DEMANDING THE COPS *HOUND* ME...

AND YOU DID *NOTHING* TO STOP HIM! **NOTHING!**

GGGGKKKK--

MASTER WANTS YOU *ALIVE* FOR SOME REASON, SWEETIE.

BUT I DON'T *SEE* HIM HERE, DO YOU?

I KNOW... I KNOW

I SHOULD HAVE *SAID* SOMETHING

I BLAMED YOU

FOR BENNETT AND NED BUT NOW I SEE

I UNDERSTAND

YOU'RE AS MUCH A VICTIM AS THOSE OF US WITHOUT MASKS... GGGKKKK

**SHUT UP! SHUT UP!!!**

I WILL TAKE YOUR PITY AND SHOVE IT DOWN YOUR--

THAT VOICE

CHOKE IT OFF!

SOOTHING, SMILING

SMASH IT IN!

HER *PERFUME*, THAT DAY

THERE WAS A TIME

I NEVER WANTED *NOT* TO BE BESIDE YOU

THE MOMENT

STILL *GLOWS* INSIDE ME

KK--

AND YOU WILL NOT

DIM ITS LIGHT

NO!!

NGGGK

GGYYAA

RRAAAAHHH!!

HUHH
HUHH
HUHH
HUHH
HUHH
HUHH
HUHH
HUHH

BETTY...

...THANKS.

DON'T MENTION IT. KOF!

WHY ARE YOU TELLING ME ALL THIS?

SEE MY ROCK GARDEN--ITS *YIN/YANG?*

THIS IS NOT MERE *SYMBOLISM.*

THIS IS THE *UNIVERSE.*

LIGHT/DARK, GOOD/EVIL... THOUGH THEY ARE IN *OPPOSITION,* BOTH ARE *NECESSARY.*

*"UNDER HEAVEN ALL CAN SEE BEAUTY AS BEAUTY ONLY BECAUSE THERE IS UGLINESS."*

I AM *BOTH,* AND THEREFORE *ALL,* DO YOU UNDERSTAND?

I WAS NEVER BORN, SO I CAN NEVER DIE.

WHILE *YOU* HAVE FULLY ERASED ALL THE *LIGHT* IN YOU, MY FRIEND.

I CAN MAKE MY *CONFESSION* TO YOU BECAUSE YOU WILL NOT HAVE TIME TO *REPEAT* IT TO ANYONE THAT *MATTERS.*

YOU ARE *HALF* A HOUSE, WHICH CANNOT STAND.

IT IS ONLY A MATTER OF *TIME* BEFORE YOU *FALL.*

MAYBE SO.

BUT YOU FIRST.

I'M THE GREAT PRE-HE-TEND-ER ...WHOO-OO-WHOO-OO...A

AHHHHHH...

I GAVE THAT RINGTONE TO...

WHAT?!

I'M IN THE *MIDDLE* OF SOMETHING!

CALL IT OFF.

COME AGAIN? WHAT ARE YOU SMOKING? I GOT NEGATIVE RIGHT WHERE I **WANT** HIM--

SPILT MILK, MY BOY.

I'VE ALREADY SENT THE H.A.M.M.E.R. CORDON AROUND CHINATOWN HOME.

I SUGGEST YOU MAKE YOURSELF ***SCARCE*** BEFORE YOU'RE ***REPORTED*** AND MY AVENGERS ARE FORCED TO ***SUBDUE*** YOU.

THIS IS **OUTSIDE** OUR ARRANGEMENT! YOU HAVE **NO** RIGHT TO INTERFERE IN **MY** BUSINESS--

I HAVE MADE MY OWN ARRANGEMENT WITH MR. NEGATIVE. HIS ACTIVITIES ARE NOW UNDER **MY** PROTECTION...

...JUST AS ***YOURS*** ARE.

THE DETAILS NEED NOT CONCERN YOU.

KLIK

ARRGGHHH!! [redacted] THIS! [redacted] HIM!

KILL NEGATIVE ANYWAY!!!

UH... SLIGHT ***PROBLEM*** WITH THAT, BOSS...

WHAT? WHY...?

OH, I DON'T BELIEVE THIS.

"WHERE'D HE *GO?*"

THE FOLLOWING NIGHT.

BELIEVE ME, *NOTHING* WOULD GIVE ME GREATER SATISFACTION THAN NEGATIVE'S RICHLY DESERVED COMEUPPANCE.

BUT THIS WAS THE *RIGHT* MOVE. THE *"BIG PICTURE"* MOVE.

IN RETURN FOR MY INTERCESSION, NEGATIVE TURNED OVER EVIDENCE OSCORP HAD BEEN EXPERIMENTING ON CHINESE *ILLEGALS*...

...WITH BIOCHEMICALS PRODUCED BY OUR CAPTURED *"FREAK."**

LORD ONLY KNOWS HOW *HE* GOT THESE...

*SEE ASM "NEW WAYS TO DIE" –Old Way To Steve*

MY ENEMIES WOULD *LOVE* TO SEE THESE FILES RELEASED TO THE PRESS.

BUT NOW THAT WILL NEVER HAPPEN.

BESIDES, HOOD HAD BEEN FEELING HIS OATS RATHER *KEENLY* OF LATE. TESTING BOUNDARIES, AS ANY *PROBLEM CHILD* WOULD...

HE WAS OVERDUE A *REMINDER* THAT IN OUR LITTLE "CABAL" *I* AM THE *FIRST* AMONG *EQUALS*--

WHAT'S THAT?

NOW THAT NEGATIVE HAS BEEN LULLED INTO *COMPLACENCY*, WAIT A FEW MONTHS... THEN CRUSH HIM *UTTERLY?*

YES...

OF COURSE YOU'RE RIGHT.

YOU'RE *ALWAYS* RIGHT.

L.MARTIN

A THOUSAND THANK YOU'S FOR RETRIEVING THAT EVIDENCE, *SPOT.*

DEAREST *MARTIN* GATHERED THOSE MATERIALS AFTER *F.E.A.S.T.* RESCUED THE OSCORP ILLEGALS.

I ALWAYS LIKE TO HAVE *REMINDERS* AROUND THAT THERE IS NO *GOOD* HE CAN DO...

...THAT I CANNOT *CORRUPT.*

BUT THIS IS THE *LEAST* OF THE SERVICES YOU HAVE RENDERED ME.

WITHOUT *YOUR* TIMELY WARNING, I NEVER COULD HAVE ORGANIZED A COUNTER-STRATEGY TO THE HOOD'S ATTACK AS QUICKLY AS I DID.

"NOR SLIPPED *UNSEEN* FROM THE CLUTCHES OF MY ENEMIES.

"I AM QUITE CERTAIN HOOD WILL NEVER SUSPECT YOU JOINED HIS ORGANIZATION ON *MY* BEHALF."

*NO ONE* KNOWS HOW MUCH WE HAVE IN *COMMON*... AS *BOTH* OUR POWERS DERIVE FROM THE ENIGMATIC *DARKFORCE.*

I SWEAR *AGAIN* MY PLEDGE TO FIND A *CURE* FOR YOUR BIZARRE CONDITION...

...AS SOON AS YOU FINISH HELPING *ME* UTTERLY DESTROY THE *MAGGIA* FOR WHAT THEY *DID* TO ME.

NOT BECAUSE IT IS *JUST.* OR BECAUSE IT IS MY *RIGHT.*

BUT BECAUSE *I* SATISFY EVERY SINGLE *ONE* OF MY PASSIONS, NOT MATTER HOW BASE, OR VILE, OR *WRATHFUL.*

I PROPOSE A *TOAST.*

TO *EVIL.*

SEVERAL DAYS LATER...

...AND NOT ONLY WILL OUR CONSTRUCTION CREWS FINISH REPAIRING THE DAMAGE DONE TO CHINATOWN BY AUTUMN...

...F.E.A.S.T. WILL TAKE THE OPPORTUNITY OF THIS EXPOSED INFRASTRUCTURE TO LAY IN *HIGH SPEED INTERNET LINES* AT NO COST TO THE CITY!

THAT'S SIMPLY... AMAZING, MR. LI.

WELL. I'M GLAD TO HEAR *YOU* THINK SO, MS. BRANT.

I GOT THE IMPRESSION YOUR BOSS, MR. BENNETT, DOES NOT LIKE ME VERY MUCH.

YOU'LL GET NO ARGUMENT HERE.

I TRIED DOING THIS STORY *DEXTER BENNETT'S* WAY. IT LED ME ON A WILD GOOSE CHASE DOWN A BLIND ALLEY.

THIS IS A MORE... *BALANCED* PIECE.

I'M THINKING OF SELLING IT TO *FRONTLINE* INSTEAD.

BALANCED. AN *EXCELLENT* PHILOSOPHY.

THERE ARE *TWO SIDES* TO EVERY STORY, ARE THERE NOT?

THERE ARE. AND I'M GOING TO TELL BOTH OF THEM.

THAT'S MY *JOB*, AFTER ALL.

I'M A *REPORTER.*

GEEZ... ALL THIS DEVASTATION...

I HAVE TO ASK YOU, MR. LI...

HOW CAN YOU NOT *HATE* THE HOOD, MR. NEGATIVE, AND ALL THE *OTHER* CROOKS WHO *DID* THIS TO YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD?

HATE THEM?

WHY... HOW *COULD* I HATE THEM, MS. BRANT?

AFTER ALL, WITHOUT *EVIL MEN*...

...I WOULD NEVER HAVE THE OPPORTUNITY TO DO SO MUCH *GOOD.*

the end.

**AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #600 VARIANT**
BY **JOHN ROMITA SR.**

--IN CLOSING, REMEMBER THESE WORDS OF SOCRATES--

BEFORE YOU CAN UNDERSTAND OTHERS, YOU MUST "KNOW THYSELF"!

I FOUND HIM! THE ONE MAN WHO MIGHT HELP ME!

IDENTITY CRISIS

STAN LEE
STORY

MARCOS MARTIN
ART

JAVIER RODRIGUEZ
COLOR

VC'S JOE CARAMAGNA
LETTERING

TOM BRENNAN
ASST. EDITOR

STEPHEN WACKER
PSYCHO

JOE QUESADA
EDITOR IN CHIEF

DAN BUCKLEY
PUBLISHER

ALAN FINE
EXEC. PRODUCER

AS A PSYCHIATRIST, I LOVE BRINGING SELF-KNOWLEDGE TO OTHERS.

BEST OF ALL--IT PAYS WELL.

GOOD. HE'S GOING TO HIS OFFICE.

HE WON'T HAVE ANY PATIENTS AT THIS HOUR!

SPIDER-MAN!

EVERYTHING'S COOL! I JUST WANNA TALK.

I'M SORRY TO INTERRUPT WHEN YOU'RE PROBABLY WATCHING SOME SCHOLARLY PROGRAM AND TAKING COPIOUS...

...NOTES.

YES, I MUST ALWAYS KEEP ABREAST OF THE LATEST TRENDS IN PSYCHIATRY.

KLIK

BUT I'LL TIVO IT FOR LATER.

NOW, WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

I'M HAVING AN *IDENTITY CRISIS!*

AND IT KEEPS GETTING WORSE!

CAN YOU HELP ME?

# DR. GRAY MADDER
## NOTED PSYCHIATRIST CURES SPIDER-MAN!

I'LL BE GLAD TO GIVE IT A TRY!

JUST GET COMFORTABLE AND TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT.

THAT'S NOT QUITE WHAT I MEANT, BUT--I'M LISTENING.

OKAY. HERE GOES....

I FORGOT TO ASK IF HE HAS INSURANCE!

PROBLEM IS, I FEEL AS THOUGH I'M NOT IN CONTROL OF MY OWN LIFE!

CAN YOU EXPLAIN WHAT YOU MEAN BY THAT?

WELL, TAKE *YOU*, FOR INSTANCE--

AREN'T YOU PRETTY MUCH THE SAME MAN TODAY AS YOU WERE LAST MONTH OR LAST YEAR OR EVEN A FEW YEARS AGO?

GRAY MADDER JR.
AST HIGH SCHOOL

UNIVERSITY OF COLUMBIA

DR.MADDER PR
NEW BOOK, "S
OF ORIGINS

OF COURSE. WHO ELSE *WOULD* I BE?

WELL, I'M *NOT*!

--UNTIL *THIS* HAPPENED A FEW YEARS AGO!

!

THAT'S *INCREDIBLE!* H-HOW DID IT HAPPEN?

IT'S A LONG STORY.*

*HE AIN'T KIDDIN'! I WROTE IT IN AMAZING #100! - Stan

TELL ME! TELL ME!

I HAVE TO GET IT ALL DOWN!

RELAX, DOC. THERE'S A LOT MORE!

JUST WHEN I HAD GOTTEN USED TO MY RED AND BLUE COSTUME--

HE'LL NEED A LOT OF THERAPY!

I'LL FINALLY BE ABLE TO BUY THAT NEW BENTLEY!

AFTER TODAY I'LL BE KNOWN AS "PSYCHIATRIST TO THE STARS!"

MY PROBLEM IS--I'M NOT SURE WHO'S THE REAL ME!

WELL, HOW MANY "ME'S," I MEAN "YOU'S" ARE THERE?

IT'S HARD TO EXPLAIN.

LOOK-- HOW MANY ARMS DO I HAVE?

TWO, OF COURSE.

THAT'S WHAT I ALWAYS THOUGHT--

I SUDDENLY HAD A WHOLE *NEW* LOOK!

IMAGINE HOW *CONFUSING* THIS CAN BE TO A SUPER HERO!

TRUE, *BUT* IT DOES TEND TO SLIM YOU DOWN.

JUST WHAT I NEED--A SHRINK WHO'S A FASHION EXPERT!

*NOW* WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

YOU DIDN'T THINK THAT WAS *ALL*, DIDJA?

HOW'D YOU LIKE TO LOOK IN THE MIRROR AND SEE *THIS?*

YOU-- YOU'RE A *SPIDER-HULK!*

NOW I GET IT. SOME *SPECIAL EFFECTS* JOKERS ARE HAVING A GOOD TIME WITH ME!

I SHOULD'A CAUGHT ON RIGHT AWAY!

SPECIAL EFFECTS? *GET REAL!* DO YOU SEE ANY CAMERAS OR BLUE SCREENS?

YOU MEAN-- THIS IS *REALLY HAPPENING?*

IF YOU DON'T *BELIEVE* IT, YOU OUGHT'A SEE A *PSYCHIATRIST!*

JUST A LITTLE HULK HUMOR THERE, DOC.

BUT HOW DID YOU-- YOU--WHERE *ARE* YOU?

HOW COULD SOMEONE SO *BIG*--

--JUST *VANISH?*

I *KNEW* IT! I'VE LOST MY MIND!

WHAT A TERRIBLE LOSS FOR THE HUMAN RACE!

HEY, WATCH YOUR FOOT, DUDE!

ALMOST *STEPPED* ON ME!

?

THIS IS HOW I SHRUNK DOWN TO *ANT-MAN* SIZE ON THE WAY TO THE MICRO-VERSE!

SOUNDS LIKE AN *INSECT* TALKING DOWN THERE!

OH NO! NOW I'M HEARING THINGS!

I GUESSS YOU CAN SSSEE ME BETTER NOW!

THIS ISN'T WORKING. I'M TOO *SMALL!*

BETTER MOVE FAST BEFORE I GET *STOMPED* ON!

*--URGHH!--*

AFTER ALL YOU'VE SSSEEN, I'M SSSURPRISSSED YOU CAN SSSTILL BE SSSURPRISSED!

WELL, IF YOU'RE SCARED OF LIZARDS, HOW ABOUT *THIS?*

DO YOU *STILL* CHARGE BY THE HOUR-- EVEN WHEN YOU'RE NOT LISTENING?

WAKE UP, DOC! YOU'RE MISSING SOME OF THE BEST STUFF!

÷OINK!÷

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

IT'S OKAY. DON'T WORRY. I'M HERE FOR YOU.

AFTER GIVING IT MUCH THOUGHT, I SUSPECT YOU'RE HAVING AN *IDENTITY CRISIS!*

WOW! NO WONDER YOU GET THE BIG BUCKS!

OF COURSE, YOU MAY BE *IMAGINING* MUCH OF IT.

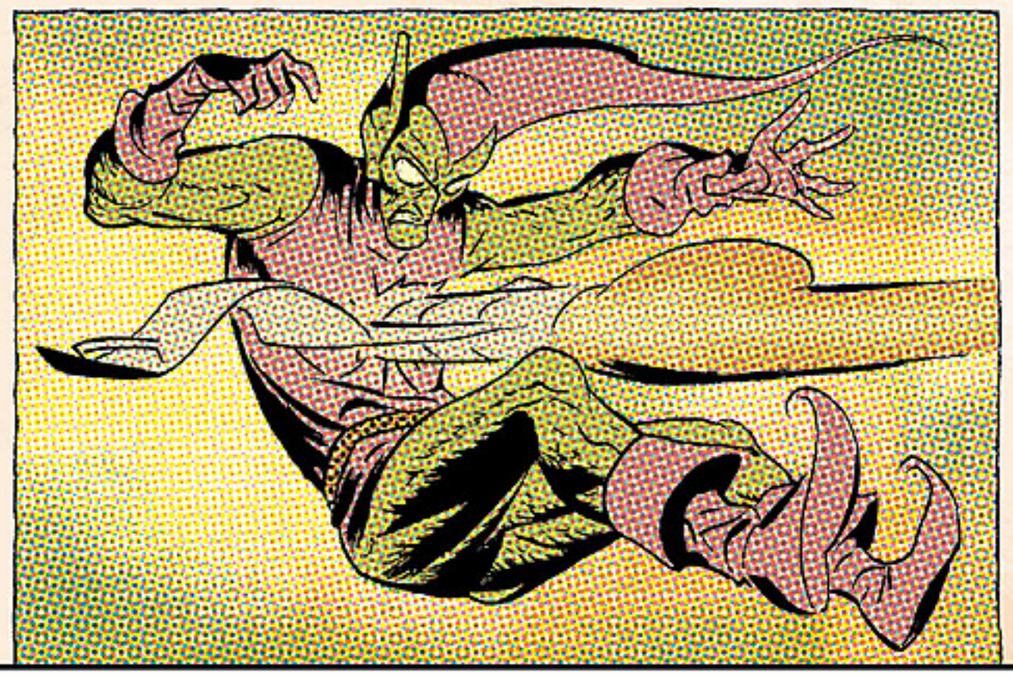
*IMAGINING* IT?!! WAIT'LL YOU HEAR THE REST!

EVEN AFTER THE GREEN GOBLIN *DIED*--I HAD TO FIGHT HIM *AGAIN!* IT KIND'A MAKES A GUY WONDER!

Daily Bugle

# GREEN GOBLIN DEAD!!!

# GREEN GOBLIN LIVES!!!



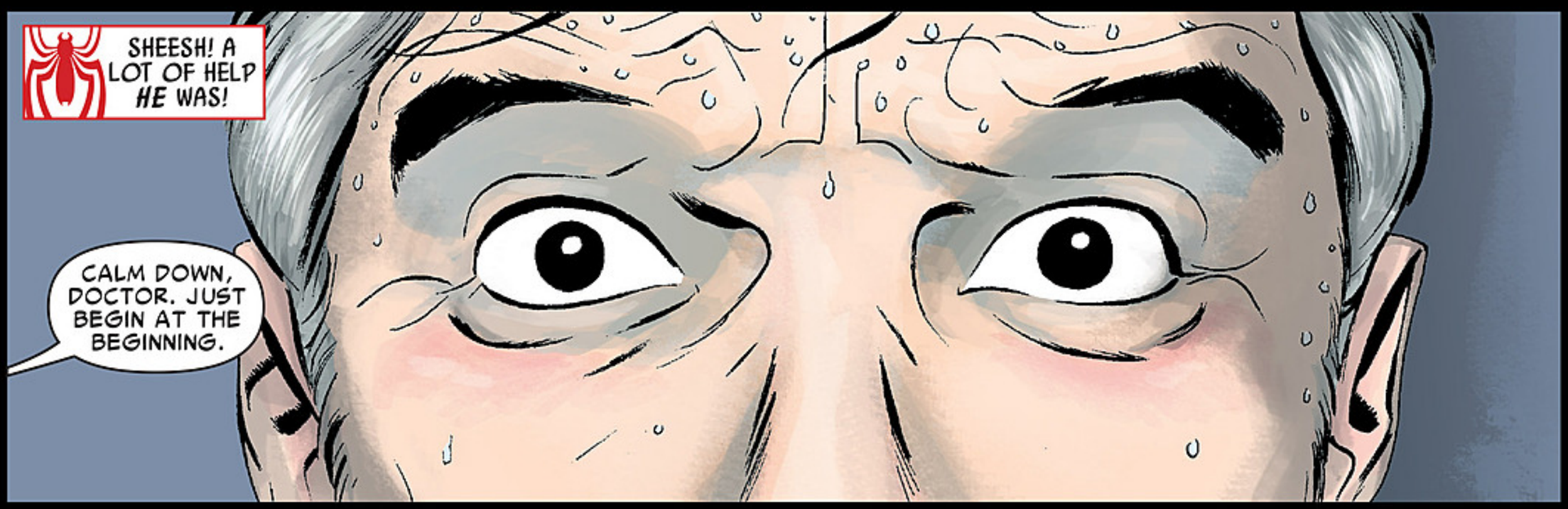
AND MY POOR AUNT MAY, SHE'S *ALWAYS* ABOUT TO DIE!

IN FACT, SHE ONCE *DID*-- BUT NOT REALLY.

HAVE YOU BEEN DRINKING?

AND HOW ABOUT *MJ?*

I DON'T KNOW. WHAT'S AN MJ?


SHEESH! A LOT OF HELP HE WAS!
CALM DOWN, DOCTOR. JUST BEGIN AT THE BEGINNING.

IT ALL STARTED WHEN SPIDER-MAN CAME INTO MY OFFICE...
THINK
THINK

The End

FIRST WE WERE FRIENDS, THEN WE WERE MARRIED, THEN WE WEREN'T, THEN SHE WAS PREGNANT, THEN SHE WASN'T!

I TELL YA, DOC. I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S REAL AND WHAT ISN'T ANYMORE!

HEY, ARE YOU LISTENING TO ME?

SORRY! THERE'S SOMETHING I HAVE TO DO.

IT'S AN *EMERGENCY!*

Several Years Ago.

WHAT DID YOU SAY TO HIM, BEN?

PETER PARKER'S ROOM

DO NOT DISTURB

PETER PARKER'S ROOM

DO NOT DISTURB

I DON'T KNOW, MAY. I SWEAR.

WELL, MAKE IT RIGHT.

HOW?

TELL HIM HE'S A GOOD BOY.

PETER PARKER'S ROOM

DO NOT DISTURB

I HAVE BEEN. EVERY DAY FOR TEN YEARS.

WHY WON'T HE HEAR ME?

# MY BROTHER'S SON

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I NEVER LEARNED HOW TO *BE* A DAD. MY WIFE AND I HAD NO KIDS OF OUR OWN.

BUT WE ALWAYS LOVED MY BROTHER'S SON, PETER, AS *IF* HE WERE OUR OWN.

MAY AND I SAT FOR RICHARD AND MARY WHENEVER RICHARD'S JOB TOOK THEM OUT OF TOWN. PETER WOULD STAY WITH US FOR DAYS AT A TIME, AND HE WAS SUCH A JOY.

WELL-BEHAVED, LOVING, BRIGHT...

MARY WAS A WONDERFUL MOTHER, AND WHATEVER RICHARD WAS DOING AS A FATHER, HE WAS DOING IT *RIGHT*.

WE TOOK PETER IN PERMANENTLY AFTER HIS PARENTS DIED IN A PLANE CRASH. PETER WAS JUST A TODDLER. I DOUBT HE EVEN REMEMBERS RICHARD.

BUT I DO. AND I WILL NEVER STOP MISSING HIM.

AND I AM TRYING SO HARD TO RAISE HIM LIKE RICHARD WOULD.

YOUR FATHER WOULD BE *PROUD* OF YOU, PETER.

YOU WANT TO GO GET SOME ICE CREAM?

'SOKAY.

AND I AM FAILING.

THE OLDER HE GETS, THE MORE WE'RE DRIFTING APART.

MAY WONDERS IF IT'S AWKWARD--OR, AS SHE PUTS IT, GOD BLESS HER, "*HAUNTING*"--FOR ME THAT PETER ***LOOKS*** SO MUCH LIKE RICHARD. BUT IT'S NOT.

IF ANYTHING, IT'S A CONSTANT ***REMINDER*** TO KEEP REINFORCING THE MOST IMPORTANT THING A BOY WHO LOST HIS DAD SHOULD ***KNOW:***

YOUR FATHER WOULD BE PROUD OF YOU.

BUT MAYBE SHE HAS A POINT. I DOUBT IT, BUT MAYBE. IT DOES MAKE IT TOUGH TO FORGET HOW ***UNALIKE*** PETER AND I CAN BE.

HE'S BRAINY, AND HE'S SHY, AND THAT'S ALL FINE... BUT I WORRY THAT HE RESENTS ME FOR NOT BEING HIS "*REAL*" DAD, BECAUSE IF THAT'S WHAT THIS IS...

...IF HE WONDERS CONSTANTLY, LIKE I DO, HOW RICHARD WOULD LOOK AT HIM, LOOK AT ME...

...THEN THERE'S *NO* HEALING THIS.

KNOCK, KNOCK.

DID I GIVE MR. SANDERS ENOUGH TO PAY FOR THE CAMERA?

YEAH. HE KNOWS YOU DIDN'T MEAN TO BREAK IT WHEN YOU BORROWED IT. HE SAYS HE PROBABLY DOESN'T EVEN USE IT ENOUGH TO HAVE *NOTICED.*

AND I KNOW YOU WERE SAVING THAT MONEY TO GET THAT MODEL ROCKET.

BUT YOU DID THE RIGHT THING BY OWNING UP.

I MEANT WHAT I SAID, PETE. YOUR FATHER WOULD BE *PROUD* OF YOU.

*SIGH*

WHAT?

WHAT *IS* IT?

I'M REALLY TRYING HARD HERE. BUT I JUST CAN'T--

I WANT *YOU* TO BE PROUD OF ME.

OH, MY GOD.

OH, MY GOD, C'MERE.

PETER, I'M SO SORRY. I *NEVER,* EVER MEANT FOR YOU TO THINK *OTHERWISE.*

YOU'RE A *TERRIFIC BOY,* PETER PARKER. AND YOU HAVE TAUGHT ME *SO MUCH.* AND, BOY, I WISH I WERE AS GOOD AT LEARNING AS YOU ARE.

BUT, PETER...I COULD NOT LOVE YOU MORE IF YOU WERE M--

I COULD NOT LOVE YOU MORE. PERIOD.

WHATCHA GOT UNDER THE *MICROSCOPE?*

BUG'S WINGS!

NEAT!

PETER WILL ALWAYS BE MY BROTHER'S SON. BUT AS OF RIGHT NOW, I'M GONNA STOP WORRYING SO MUCH ABOUT HOW SOMEBODY ELSE WOULD RAISE HIM...

...AND JUST DO IT *MY* WAY.

I WISH YOU COULD SEE US, RICHARD.

I BET YOU'D BE PROUD OF US *BOTH.*

The End

Several Weeks Ago.

HI. HOW ARE YOU? I KNOW THAT IT'S BEEN A WHILE.

I'M VERY SORRY ABOUT THAT.

IT'S NO EXCUSE TO SAY IT, BUT LIFE CAN BE...

WELL, SOMETIMES THERE'S NO TIME IN YOUR LIFE FOR THE *REST* OF YOUR LIFE, YOU KNOW?

IT ALL GOES BY SO FAST.

SO FAST.

YOU'VE SEEN THE RING, I SUPPOSE.

IT FEELS SO...ODD. UNCOMFORTABLE. I FEEL LIKE--LIKE I SHOULD HAVE GOTTEN YOUR...I SUPPOSE YOUR *BLESSING* BEFOREHAND.

# THE BLESSING


MARC GUGGENHEIM
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MITCHI BREITWEISER
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ELIZABETH BREITWEISER
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ALAN FINE
EXEC. PRODUCER

**GALE, GUGGENHEIM, KELLY, SLOTT & WAID** WEB-HEADS


BUT YOU'RE NOT HERE TO GIVE IT ANYMORE, BEN.

PARKER

RICHARD PARKER RIP

MARY PARKER RIP

BEN PARKER RIP

RIP

THE GOOD NEWS IS HE'S A GOOD MAN. A *KIND* MAN.

"HE REMINDS ME SO MUCH OF *YOU*, ACTUALLY.

SO MUCH THAT I WORRY SOMETIMES...

"I WORRY THAT DEEP DOWN--PERHAPS NOT EVEN ALL *THAT* DEEP--THAT DEEP DOWN I'M TRYING TO...*REPLACE* YOU SOMEHOW."

I LIED BEFORE.

I LIED ABOUT NOT COMING LATELY BECAUSE I WAS TOO BUSY.

MY VOLUNTEER WORK AT THE CENTER I'VE BEEN DOING RECENTLY, BUT I'VE STILL MANAGED TO CREATE A LIFE FOR MYSELF.

AND, OF COURSE, THERE'S PETER. THERE'S *ALWAYS* PETER.

HE'S AS CONSTANT IN MY LIFE AS BREATHING, BUT...

WELL, YOU DIDN'T KNOW HIM LIKE THIS, HE WAS NEVER LIKE THIS WHEN YOU WERE *ALIVE*, BEN, BUT SINCE YOU DIED--EVER SINCE, ACTUALLY--HE'S BEEN...

"HE'S BEEN *DISTRACTED*.

"AS IF THERE'S SOME *BURDEN* HE'S BEEN CARRYING.

"THE WEIGHT OF THE WORLD ON HIS SHOULDERS, YOU COULD SAY."

I'M SORRY, I'M PRONE TO DIGRESSIONS IN MY OLD AGE, THOUGHTS LIKE RUNAWAY TRAINS...

OH YES. THAT MY LIFE IS NOT SO FULL THAT I COULDN'T FIND THE TIME TO COME SEE YOU.

NO, I DIDN'T COME, BECAUSE...WELL, IT'S OBVIOUS, ISN'T IT?

I FEEL *GUILTY.*

I FEEL LIKE I'M BETRAYING YOU BY COMMITTING TO ANOTHER MAN.

I TELL THIS TO ANNA AND SHE CALLS ME FOOLISH AND SHE'S RIGHT.

BUT I CAN'T HELP WHAT I *FEEL.*

AND I FEEL GUILTY EVEN WHEN I KNOW I SHOULDN'T.

AND I WANT YOUR BLESSING EVEN WHEN I KNOW I CAN'T HAVE IT.

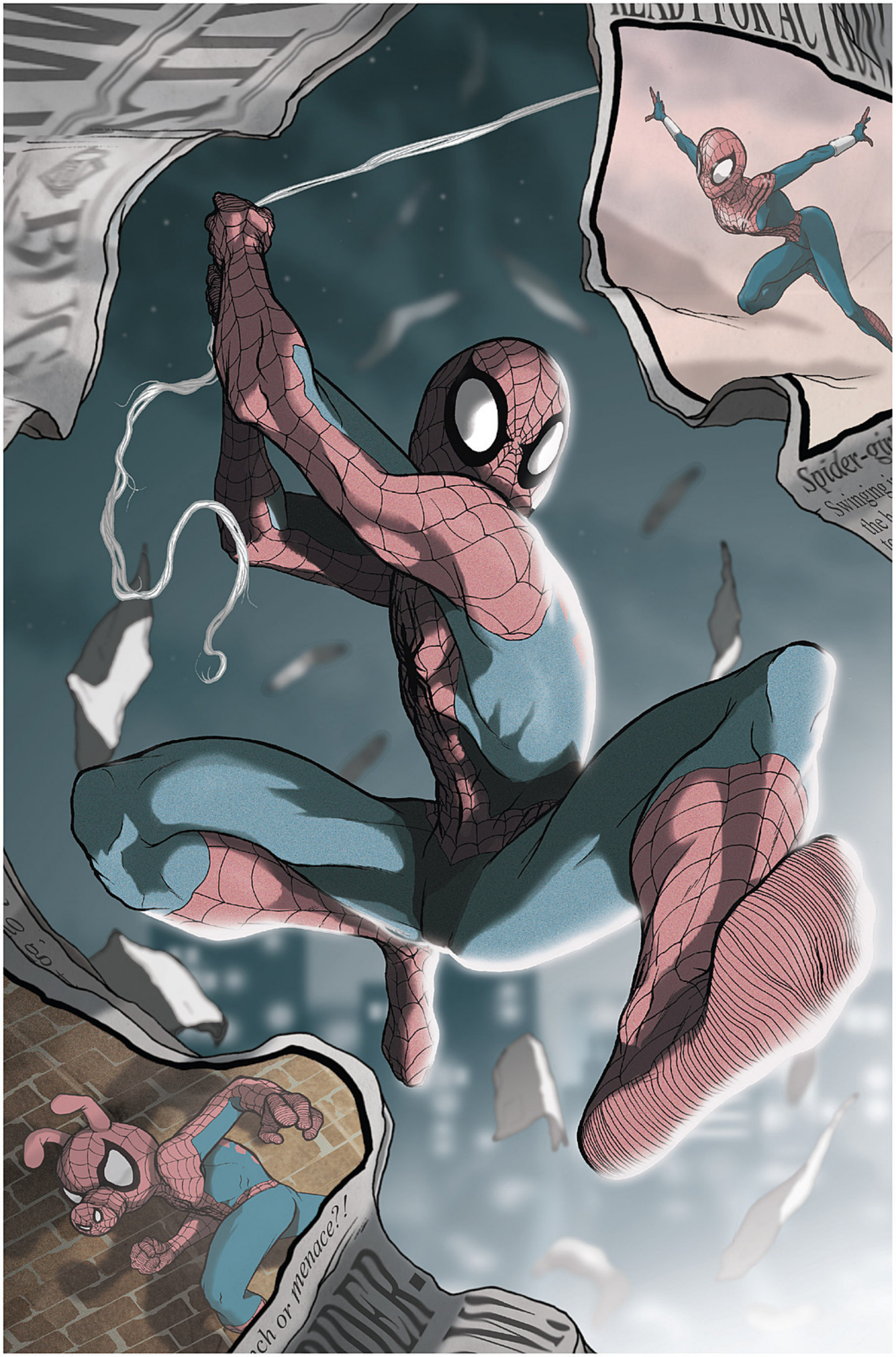
WHEN I KNOW YOU CAN'T GIVE--

THANK YOU, BEN.

PARKER

"Love comforteth like sunshine after rain."

--William Shakespeare, *Venus And Adonis*




AMAZING SPIDER-MAN FAMILY #7

Forest Hills, Queens.

I ALWAYS LOVE COMING BACK HERE.

FOR MOST OF MY LIFE, THIS WAS THE ONLY HOME I KNEW.

I LOGGED A LOT OF MILES, RUNNING UP AND DOWN THE STAIRS TO MY ROOM.

LOGGED A LOT OF HOURS CLIMBING THIS OLD *TREE*, TOO...

# Just an Old Sweet Song

ROGER STERN
writer
VAL SEMEIKS
pencils
MIKE GETTY
inks

ANDRES MOSSA
colors
JARED K. FLETCHER
letters
TOM BRENNAN
asst. editor
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TOM BREVOORT
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JOE QUESADA
editor-in-chief
DAN BUCKLEY
publisher
ALAN FINE
exec. producer
GALE, SLOTT, GUGGENHEIM, WAID, & KELLY
webheads

ONE SUMMER, UNCLE BEN HELPED ME BUILD A TREE FORT UP HERE. IT'S STILL A GREAT SPOT WHERE A GUY CAN BE ALONE...TO STOP AND REFLECT...

...TO CHANGE CLOTHES WITHOUT BEING NOTICED.

COME ON, PARKER, PICK UP THE PACE! YOU DON'T WANT TO BE LATE.

NOT *TONIGHT*, OF ALL NIGHTS...

HELLO? *AUNT MAY...?*

IN THE LIVING ROOM, DEAR...

OH, PARDON *ME*, YOUNG LADY! I THOUGHT I HEARD MY AUNT IN HERE!

PETER PARKER, I SWEAR YOU ARE AS BIG A *WISENHEIMER* AS YOUR UNCLE EVER WAS.

WHAT CAN I SAY? I LEARNED FROM THE BEST.

HAPPY ANNIVERSARY.

THANK YOU, DEAR. THANKS FOR COMING. AND THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR THE MUSIC DOCKING SYSTEM...

...IT'S *PERFECT!* BUT YOU REALLY SHOULDN'T HAVE!

SURE I SHOULD'VE. GLAD YOU LIKE IT.

WHAT'S WITH THE *TRUNKS?*

OH, I WAS JUST GOING OVER A FEW THINGS I RETRIEVED FROM MY *STORAGE RENTAL.*

TAKE A LOOK INSIDE THE NEARER ONE.

UNCLE BEN'S *COMICS!*

I THOUGHT THEY'D ALL BEEN *LOST.*

NO, I'D MOVED THEM INTO STORAGE A FEW MONTHS BEFORE THE FIRE.*

*MAY'S HOUSE WAS BADLY DAMAGED BY FIRE IN AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #518

-- FIREFIGHTER STEVE

THEY'RE YOURS NOW, DEAR.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO SAY ANYTHING. BEN ALWAYS WANTED YOU TO HAVE THEM.

COME SIT WITH ME.

ALL WINNERS No 21

YOU'VE BEEN TRANSFERRING PHOTOS TO A NEW ALBUM, HUH? NICE LAYOUT.

SAY, IS THIS *YOU?*

I'M AFRAID SO...

...THE ONE ON THE LEFT IS FROM MY SWEET 16 PARTY. MOTHER *INSISTED* ON A PERIOD THEME-- AND ON MY WEARING THAT *HAT!*

I THINK IT HAD BEEN HER GREAT-AUNT'S. DREADFUL THING WAS DECADES OUT OF DATE. MADE ME LOOK LIKE SOME SORT OF *FLAPPER.*

THIS IS YOU AT *SIXTEEN?* YOU WERE A REAL *CUTIE--*

--I CAN SEE WHY UNCLE BEN FELL FOR YOU!

ACTUALLY, THAT WAS BEFORE I MET BEN.

OH? WHEN *DID* YOU TWO MEET?

I'VE NEVER TOLD YOU THAT STORY, HAVE I?

IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL SUMMER DAY. I HAD JUST TURNED EIGHTEEN...

"...AND I'D GONE TO ATLANTIC CITY WITH MY BEST FRIEND *SHIRLEY ROSENBAUM* FOR A JUST-US-GIRLS WEEKEND GETAWAY.

"AT LEAST, THAT'S WHAT SHIRLEY TOLD HER *PARENTS.* BUT SHE WAS REALLY THERE TO SEE HER BOYFRIEND, ON LEAVE FROM THE ARMY. I WAS HER COVER STORY."

"WHY, MAY REILLY PARKER! I'M *SHOCKED!"*

"PETER, DO YOU WANT TO HEAR THE STORY, OR DON'T YOU?"

"*HAH!* I'M SORRY. GO ON..."

ICE CREAM

"SHIRLEY'S BEAU WAS *HARVEY GOLDBERG.* THEY'D KNOWN EACH OTHER SINCE 7TH GRADE. AND...WELL, THEY HADN'T SEEN EACH OTHER SINCE HE'D LEFT FOR BASIC TRAINING. IT COULD HAVE BEEN AWKWARD--

"--BUT HARVEY HAD BROUGHT ALONG A FRIEND..."

*MAY REILLY,* MAY I PRESENT *PRIVATE BENJAMIN PARKER.*

HOW DO YOU DO, BENJAMIN...?

PLEASE... CALL ME *BEN...*

"HE LOOKED SO *HANDSOME* IN HIS UNIFORM. WHEN I CLOSE MY EYES, I CAN STILL SEE HIS SMILE.

"IT WAS A WONDROUS WEEKEND.

"WE SWAM IN THE SURF AND BOUGHT SALT WATER TAFFY--

"--AND DID ALL OF THOSE SILLY, TOURISTY THINGS.

"AND WHEN THE SUN WENT DOWN, THE BOYS TOOK US DANCING.

A SONG SO TRUE...

"BEN WAS A GREAT DANCER."

THEN THIS *GAG PHOTO* IS FROM THAT FIRST WEEKEND?

YES. IT'S SO *SILLY*, BUT I'M GLAD I KEPT IT.

SO, THAT'S HOW YOU TWO BECAME A COUPLE...?

NOT EXACTLY.

OH, WE HAD DINNER A FEW TIMES, AND WROTE EACH OTHER WHEN BEN WENT OVERSEAS. BUT WHILE HE WAS AWAY...

...I FELL FOR ANOTHER MAN.

"HIS NAME WAS *JOHNNY JEROME.* HE WAS TALL, DARK, HANDSOME, AND EVER SO CHARMING...

I'M GOING PLACES, MAY--AND I WANT TO TAKE YOU WITH ME.

"HE TREATED ME TO THE FINEST RESTAURANTS AND CLUBS. AND WHEN WE DANCED... ALL I SAW WAS JOHNNY.

"IT DIDN'T MATTER HOW MANY OTHER COUPLES WERE ON THE FLOOR. IT SEEMED AS IF WE WERE *ALL ALONE...* JUST US AND THE MUSIC.

"AND THEN, ONE NIGHT--IN THE MIDST OF IT ALL--I HEARD A FAMILIAR BARITONE...

♫♫OTHER LOVES MAY BECKON ME♫

"IT WAS BEN...UP ON THE BANDSTAND... CROONING A SONG WE'D DANCED TO BARELY TWO YEARS BEFORE. HE'D MENTIONED HIS SINGING, BUT UNTIL THAT MOMENT, I HADN'T REALIZED HOW SERIOUS HE WAS ABOUT IT.

"HIS VOICE WAS RICH AND FULL AND... *HAUNTING...*

*DOWN THAT DUSTY ROAD*

I... SEE...

"AND THERE I WAS, WITH ANOTHER MAN."

AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, I STILL REMEMBER THE HURT ON HIS FACE.

HEY, AT THAT AGE, EVERY-ONE MAKES MISTAKES.

I'M PRACTICALLY THE POSTER CHILD FOR THAT.

YES, WELL, IT TOOK ME A WHILE TO LEARN MY LESSON.

"NOT A MONTH LATER, I WAS WALKING THROUGH *CONEY ISLAND*, WHEN I HEARD HIS VOICE AGAIN..."

*MAY! MAY REILLY!* OVER *HERE!*

3 SWINGS for 50¢

TEST YOUR STRENGTH

RING THE BELL

"BEN HAD BEEN PHONING ME FOR WEEKS, BUT I'D BEEN TOO EMBARRASSED TO RETURN HIS CALLS...

"...SO I AGREED TO WALK WITH HIM ON HIS BREAK."

...THIS IS JUST TO PAY THE RENT UNTIL MY SINGING CAREER TAKES OFF.

WELL, YOU DO HAVE A FINE VOICE.

FRANKS 25¢

MAY...ABOUT JOHNNY JEROME--! HE'S NOTHING BUT TROUBLE. HE'S JUST A CHEAP *HOOD...!*

STOP! YOU'RE JUST *JEALOUS,* BEN PARKER, AND I WON'T HEAR ANY MORE.

SUCH A FOOLISH, THOUGHTLESS YOUNG GIRL!

I WAS SO INFATUATED WITH JOHNNY, I REFUSED TO BELIEVE THAT BEN COULD BE RIGHT... THAT I COULD HAVE FALLEN FOR SOME *OUTLAW!*

YEAH. IMAGINE THAT...

PLEASE DON'T BE MAD AT ME!

*CAT...!*

I NEVER STOLE FROM ANYONE WHO COULDN'T AFFORD IT.

C'MON... ROLL UP THAT MASK AND GIVE ME A *KISS.*

I MIGHT HAVE MADE A *TERRIBLE* MISTAKE--

--IF NOT FOR BEN. I'LL NEVER FORGET THAT NIGHT. I WAS ALONE IN MY ROOM, MOONING OVER JOHNNY...WHEN SUDDENLY, THERE HE WAS...

JOHNNY, WHAT... *MMMPHH!*

NO TIME FOR SMALL TALK, SWEETHEART.

HE WANTED ME TO RUN AWAY WITH HIM.

BUT AS HE HUGGED ME, I COULD FEEL A *PISTOL* UNDER HIS JACKET.

AND THEN WE HEARD A *SHOT* OUTSIDE...

*COPS...* WE GOTTA GO!

JOHNNY... WHAT DID YOU *DO?!*

HE AND A FEW "FRIENDS" JUST *HELD UP* A JEWELRY STORE--AND *SHOT* THE POOR OLD MAN WHO TRIED TO CALL FOR HELP!

*PARKER!*

"THAT'S WHEN I FINALLY SAW THE *TRUTH.* THE MONEY JOHNNY HAD SPENT ON ME--

"--THE PRESENTS HE'D GIVEN ME...ALL *STOLEN.*"

OH, JOHNNY... DID YOU THINK I COULD MARRY A... A *CRIMINAL?*

A MAN'S GOTTA TAKE WHAT HE WANTS IF HE'S GONNA HAVE ANYTHING.

I TOOK WHAT I TOOK TO GIVE IT TO *YOU!* BUT THERE'S NO TIME LEFT NOW...

...NO TIME AT ALL!

"THE POLICE CAUGHT JOHNNY BEFORE HE COULD GET EVEN A BLOCK AWAY.

IT'S ALL RIGHT, MAY. IT'S GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT NOW.

"BEN TOLD ME HOW *WORRIED* HE WAS ABOUT ME. HE HAD BEEN KEEPING AN EYE ON JOHNNY--*TRAILING* HIM, USING HIS ARMY TRAINING.

"THAT WAS THE MOMENT WHEN I DECIDED TO GROW UP AND CONCENTRATE ON THE PEOPLE WHO *TRULY* CARED ABOUT ME."

THAT WAS THE NIGHT I DECIDED THAT I WAS GOING TO MARRY *BEN PARKER.*

WOW.

THAT'S A SIDE OF UNCLE BEN I NEVER KNEW. WISH I HAD.

I MEAN... I CAN SEE WHY YOU TWO NEVER TALKED ABOUT IT WHILE I WAS *GROWING UP,* BUT...

WOW.

YES, WELL, YOU'RE OLD ENOUGH TO UNDERSTAND *NOW.*

THE LAST TIME I SAW JOHNNY... AFTER HE FINALLY GOT OUT OF PRISON...THE YEARS HAD *NOT* BEEN KIND.

I HELPED HIM FIND AN APARTMENT TO LIVE OUT HIS LAST FEW REMAINING DAYS. I WISH I COULD'VE DONE *MORE,* BUT YOU CAN'T SAVE EVERYONE.

YEAH...

GWEN...

"...YOU CAN'T SAVE EVERYONE.

"NO MATTER HOW HARD YOU TRY..."

SO...

...AFTER THAT, YOU AND BEN RAN OFF AND GOT MARRIED?

WELL... WE WERE STRONGLY TEMPTED TO--

--BUT WE DECIDED TO START A NEST EGG FIRST.

"BEN KEPT SINGING PART-TIME...BUT HE GOT INTO *SALES* AS WELL...

"...THAT'S WHERE HE REALLY EXCELLED.

"AND I DID MY PART... WORKING AT MACY'S, WAITING TABLES..."

THEY ALWAYS WORKED SO HARD.

HOW *DID* UNCLE BEN FINALLY PROPOSE?

ACTUALLY...

"...*YOUR FATHER* HELPED WITH THAT. AT *TEVOSKI'S DINER,* ONE FRIDAY NIGHT..."

HEY, BEN, CAN I HAVE SOME CHANGE FOR THE JUKEBOX?

UH... SURE, RICHIE.

GIVE US A FEW MINUTES ALONE, WILL YOU?

SOMETHING ON YOUR MIND, BEN?

UH... WELL... I...

"I'D NEVER SEEN HIM SO *TONGUE-TIED.* FOR A MOMENT, I THOUGHT HE WASN'T GOING TO SAY IT.

"AND THEN, JUST LIKE IN A MOVIE, THE MUSIC STARTED TO PLAY...

♫ ♫♫ A LOVE THAT'S YOURS AND MINE ♫

"IT WAS OUR SONG... THE ONE WE'D DANCED TO THE DAY WE MET...THE ONE BEN HAD SUNG FOR ME SO MANY TIMES."

♫♫♫

MAY, I WANT TO SPEND THE REST OF MY LIFE WITH YOU. WILL YOU MARRY ME?

"OF COURSE, I SAID *YES.* AND THEN...WELL, NEITHER OF US SAID ANYTHING FOR A GOOD LONG WHILE.

"ON OUR FIRST ANNIVERSARY, BEN REMEMBERED THAT IT WAS *MY IDEA* TO HAVE HIS BROTHER TAG ALONG...AND I CONFESSED THAT I'D ARRANGED FOR RICHARD TO SELECT THAT TUNE.

"BEN HAD BEEN CARRYING THAT RING AROUND FOR ALMOST A *MONTH.* I WASN'T ABOUT TO END UP AN OLD MAID!"

YOU AND BEN SURE MADE A GREAT COUPLE.

SAY, IS THAT *MY DAD* WITH BEN? HE LOOKS SO *YOUNG!*

YES. YOUNGER THAN YOU ARE NOW. RICHARD WAS BEN'S *BEST MAN--*

--AND YEARS LATER, BEN RETURNED THE FAVOR.

LET'S SEE, WHERE *IS* THAT PICTURE...?

*HERE* WE ARE. RICHARD GREW UP TO BE SUCH A HANDSOME MAN--

--AND YOUR MOTHER *MARY* WAS SO *BEAUTIFUL...*

"WE WERE SO HAPPY FOR THEM WHEN YOU CAME ALONG..."

THE NEW JOB WILL BE TAKING US *OVERSEAS* FOR A FEW MONTHS.

YOU'RE *SURE* YOU'LL BE ABLE TO LOOK AFTER *PETER* WHILE WE'RE GONE?

OF *COURSE,* RICHARD.

"IT WASN'T A MONTH LATER THAT WE GOT THE CALL...THE HORRIBLE NEWS THAT RICHARD AND MARY HAD BEEN KILLED IN A PLANE CRASH."

NO... NO...

"THERE WERE ACCUSATIONS THAT THEY'D BEEN *TRAITORS,* PART OF SOME *TERRORIST CELL.* WE COULDN'T BELIEVE IT.

"THE ONLY MERCY WAS THAT YOU WERE TOO YOUNG TO UNDERSTAND.

BEN WENT TO HIS GRAVE, NEVER KNOWING THAT YOUR PARENTS WERE ACTUALLY *GOVERNMENT AGENTS.*

THEY WERE SO GOOD AT KEEPING THEIR WORK SECRET...EVEN FROM US.

YEAH...

"...BUT A...FRIEND OF MINE WAS ABLE TO UNCOVER THE TRUTH...ABOUT HOW THEY'D DIED TRYING TO GET THE GOODS ON SOME *RED SKULL* WANNABE.

"AFTER HE RECOVERED THEIR *CREDENTIALS*...I WAS ABLE TO GET THEIR CASE FILE REOPENED AND *CLEARED* THEM OF ALL CHARGES.

"THEY WERE REAL *HEROES*..."

CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY

RICHARD L
719

CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY

PARKER, MARY F
00538181819

...AND SO WERE YOU AND UNCLE BEN.

YOU TWO GAVE ME THE BEST HOME ANYONE COULD HAVE ASKED FOR.

THANK YOU, PETER. YOU...YOU'RE A *JEWEL.*

WHEN YOU WERE GROWING UP...I KNOW I WAS OVERLY PROTECTIVE AT TIMES...

...BUT I'D ALREADY LOST ONE CHILD AND WASN'T ABOUT TO LOSE ANOTHER.

*WHAT?*

"LONG BEFORE YOUR PARENTS EVEN MET, BEN AND I HAD TRIED TO START A FAMILY OF OUR OWN...

I'D SAY YOU'RE ABOUT IN YOUR SECOND MONTH, MAY.

CONGRATULATIONS, "PAPA"!

WOW.

"BUT THINGS DIDN'T WORK OUT.

BEN...CALL DOCTOR BROMWELL...

"I...I MISCARRIED. AND THERE WERE FURTHER COMPLICATIONS.

I'M AFRAID WE'VE DISCOVERED A *CARDIAC ANOMALY...*

"THERE WAS NO GOOD TREATMENT FOR MY CONDITION IN THOSE DAYS..."

...AND DOCTOR BROMWELL TOLD US THAT IT WOULD BE TOO DANGEROUS FOR ME TO BEAR A CHILD.

I DIDN'T KNOW...

I NEVER LIKED TO TALK ABOUT IT...

...STILL DON'T.

BUT THEN YOU WERE BORN... AND FATE MADE YOU THE CHILD WE COULDN'T HAVE OURSELVES.

THAT'S WHY I TENDED TO...*HOVER.* YOU SEE...?

YEAH. OH, YEAH...!

YOU KNOW, I SOMETIMES WORRIED IF WE WERE UP TO RAISING AN ACTIVE LITTLE BOY... BUT WHENEVER YOU GAVE ME THAT SMILE, IT MADE MY DAY.

YOU WERE ALWAYS THERE FOR ME...YOU AND UNCLE BEN.

HOW OLD WAS I WHEN THIS WAS TAKEN?

*SIX,* DEAR. IT WAS YOUR BIRTHDAY, AND BEN HAD JUST SHOWED YOU HOW TO STRING THAT KITE.

HE WAS ALWAYS SO PROUD OF YOU.

UNCLE BEN TAUGHT ME SO MUCH. HE WAS THE GREATEST MAN I KNEW...

...AND I LET HIM DOWN. I LET THEM BOTH DOWN.

I COULD'VE DONE SOMETHING *GREAT*-- RIGHT FROM THE START--WITH THE POWERS I GAINED FROM THAT IRRADIATED *SPIDER.*

BUT NO, I HAD TO BECOME A *PERFORMER* AND GO FOR THE FAST MONEY.

I WAS SO WRAPPED UP IN MYSELF THAT I LET A *ROBBER* RUN RIGHT PAST ME. I COULD HAVE STOPPED HIM EASILY... WOULDN'T HAVE TAKEN ANY EFFORT AT ALL.

BUT I DIDN'T...

...AND HE GOT AWAY *FREE.*

FREE TO *KILL* UNCLE BEN.

FREE TO WRECK THE LIFE OF THE DEAREST WOMAN IN THE WORLD.

I'VE BEEN TRYING TO MAKE AMENDS EVER SINCE.

*LOOK,* PETER...

...THERE'S BEN ON THE DAY HE WAS MUSTERED OUT OF THE SERVICE.

THAT'S THE BOY I MARRIED. HE WAS ALWAYS SO HANDSOME... SO FULL OF LIFE.

AUNT MAY...I KNOW LOSING UNCLE BEN WAS HARD ON YOU...

ON BOTH OF US, DEAR. BUT, YES...

...AFTER BEN'S DEATH I SOMETIMES FELT AS THOUGH I WAS MOVING THROUGH A *FOG.*

IT TOOK ME YEARS TO FULLY DEAL WITH HIS PASSING. THAT FIRST YEAR...

"...I COULDN'T SLEEP WITHOUT HIS *ROBE* IN BED BESIDE ME. HE'D BEEN SUCH A PART OF MY LIFE. I THINK WHAT I MISSED MOST--

"--WAS THE PILLOW TALK..."

*LOVE* YOU.

AND I LOVE *YOU*...WITH ALL MY HEART...

...FOR ALL THE GOOD THAT IS.

BEN... AFTER I'M *GONE*...

*SHH*...YOU'RE STRONGER THAN THOSE DOCTORS THINK. THEY'LL FIND A TREATMENT SOMEDAY.

YOU'LL PROBABLY OUTLIVE *ME.*

BESIDES, LOVE LASTS LONGER THAN ANY OF US LIVE.

I JUST DON'T WANT YOU TO BE *ALONE*...

...AND BEN, BLESS HIM, SAID HE FELT THE SAME WAY.

HE WAS ALWAYS SO KIND...

...SO UNDERSTANDING. IT WAS AGES BEFORE I MET ANYONE WHO COULD HOLD A CANDLE TO HIM.

DEAR *NATHAN LUBENSKY*... IF HE HAD LIVED, I MIGHT HAVE MARRIED *HIM*...

I WOULDN'T HAVE THOUGHT IT POSSIBLE, TO FIND LOVE AGAIN AT MY AGE. BUT THEN, I MET *JAY JAMESON.*

I'M JUST SORRY ABOUT THE WAY YOU HAD TO LEARN ABOUT OUR... RELATIONSHIP.*

*IT HAPPENED IN AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #592 --PEEPING-TOM BRENNAN

AND I'M SORRY I DIDN'T KNOCK FIRST.

IF YOU AND JAY ARE HAPPY, THAT'S ALL THAT'S IMPORTANT.

AND, HEY, AS FAR AS AGE GOES-- ISN'T 60 SUPPOSED TO BE THE NEW 40?

THANK YOU, PETER. YOU ALWAYS SAY THE RIGHT THING.

ALWAYS?

OFTEN ENOUGH.

NOW, HELP ME MAKE A *TOAST.*

TO MAY AND BEN...TO MARY AND RICHARD... TO NATHAN...

...AND TO *JAY.* TO LIFE AND *LOVE...* AND WHATEVER THEY MAY BRING.

KLINK

...AND I'LL HANG ONTO BEN'S COMICS FOR YOU UNTIL YOU CAN ARRANGE A SAFE TRANSFER.

*PETER!* YOU DIDN'T BRING A *JACKET?!* YOU'LL--!

OH. SORRY.

HEH! IT'S A WARM EVENING, AUNT MAY, AND I'M WEARING A LONG-SLEEVED SHIRT. I'LL BE *FINE.*

AND, YES, I'LL CALL AS SOON AS I GET HOME.

AFTER ALL THESE YEARS...I'M STILL LEARNING ABOUT THIS CRAZY FAMILY.

THERE ARE SIDES TO AUNT MAY--AND TO UNCLE BEN--THAT I NEVER KNEW OR EVEN *SUSPECTED.*

OF COURSE, MY PARENTS LED *DOUBLE LIVES...* AND SO DO I.

I GUESS KEEPING SECRETS RUNS IN THE FAMILY.

FAMILY...

I CAN DEAL WITH MAY AND JAY BEING IN LOVE...HE'S SO GOOD TO HER. BUT THEIR GETTING MARRIED WILL MAKE ME--WHAT?-- A COUSIN TO *J. JONAH JAMESON? GYAHH!*

OLD FLAT-TOP MADE THINGS HARD ENOUGH FOR SPIDER-MAN WHEN HE RAN THE *DAILY BUGLE--*

--BUT THAT WAS A WALK IN THE PARK COMPARED TO WHAT HE CAN DO NOW THAT HE'S NEW YORK'S *MAYOR!*

AND THE IDEA OF HIM BEING PART OF MY FAMILY...!

NO. DON'T THINK ABOUT THAT.

SOME THINGS IN LIFE YOU CAN'T CONTROL...

...JUST LIKE THERE ARE SOME PEOPLE YOU CAN'T SAVE.

THAT JUST MAKES IT DOUBLY IMPORTANT TO DO WHAT YOU CAN, WHENEVER YOU CAN. YOU HAVE TO AT LEAST KEEP TRYING.

UNCLE BEN AND AUNT MAY NEVER GAVE UP, AND NEITHER WILL I. NEITHER WILL SPIDER-MAN!

NOW LET ME SEE...

A LOVE THAT IS SO TRUE

OUR SONG.

HAPPY ANNIVERSARY, DEAR. WHAT DO YOU SAY...?

OH SO SWEET AND DEAR

AND, LOVER SO DIVINE

ONE *LAST* DANCE?

YES...

...FOR OLD TIME'S SAKE.

END

AMAZING SPIDER-MAN ANNUAL #36

UNGH--LAU--
LAURA...

LAURA! GET THE KIDS OUT! GET OUT OF THE HOUSE!

GET--

THWAK

PLEASE... JUST--

JUST LET MY FAMILY GO...

Prologue: Several Years Ago.
Portland, Oregon.

GNF--

CHOK

NGF--

GRRN--

LAURA!

WHUMP

OGF--

PLEASE...

THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN IN:

# PETER PARKER MUST DIE!

| MARC GUGGENHEIM | PAT OLLIFFE | OLLIFFE w/ LANNING | ANTONIO FABELA | VC'S JOE CARAMAGNA | TOM BRENNAN | STEPHEN WACKER | TOM BREVOORT | JOE QUESADA | DAN BUCKLEY | ALAN FINE |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| WRITER | PENCILER | INKERS | COLORIST | LETTERER | ASSISTANT EDITOR | EDITOR | EXECUTIVE EDITOR | EDITOR IN CHIEF | PUBLISHER | EXECUTIVE PRODUCER |

GALE, GUGGENHEIM, KELLY, SLOTT & WAID WEB-HEADS

Today.

MY NAME IS PETER PARKER.

YOU WOULDN'T RECOGNIZE MY FACE, BUT YOU WOULD KNOW MY SECRET IDENTITY AS THE AMAZING *SPIDER-MAN*.

I'VE FOUGHT WOLVERINE AND THE HULK. I'VE GONE TOE-TO-TOE WITH DOCTOR DOOM AND THE JUGGERNAUT.

I EVEN FOUGHT A *SENTINEL* ONCE.

BUT WHAT I'M DOING TONIGHT MIGHT JUST BE THE THING THAT *KILLS* ME.

IT'S CALLED "DINNER WITH MY BROTHER-IN-LAW-TO-BE."

The Top Of The Hub Restaurant. Boston, Massachusetts.

OTHERWISE KNOWN AS AN "ENGAGEMENT PARTY."

DON'T ASK ME WHY THE HECK WE HAD TO THROW IT IN BOSTON.

ASK THE GROOM.

SO WHAT'RE WE DOING THROWING THIS THING IN BOSTON ANYWAY, DAD?

PETER--

WHAT? IT'S TOO SOON TO CALL HIM "DAD"?

DON'T BE RUDE. JAY WAS NICE ENOUGH TO FLY US ALL UP HERE--

AND, IN ANY CASE, HE'S NOT GOING TO BECOME YOUR *FATHER.*

YOU WISH, JONAH. BECAUSE THAT WOULD MAKE YOU--

DON'T SAY IT.

--IT WOULD MAKE YOU MY *BROTHER.*

SHUT. UP.

YOU GOT IT... BRO.

ONE, HELL HASN'T FROZEN OVER YET.

TWO, IT WOULD BE STEP-BROTHERS AND THAT'S ONLY IF:

THREE, MY FATHER WAS MARRYING YOUR MOTHER NOT YOUR AUNT.

WELL, SHE'S LIKE A MOTHER TO ME, BRO.

CALL ME "BRO" ONE MORE TIME, PARKER, AND I'LL LIGHT A CIGAR JUST TO PUT IT OUT IN YOUR EYE.

SEE, WE'RE FIGHTING LIKE SIBLINGS ALREADY.

BUT SERIOUSLY, MR. JAMESON, I DIDN'T KNOW YOU HAD ANY AFFECTION FOR BOSTON.

I DON'T, PETER. FOR ONE THING, I'M A YANKEES FAN.

BUT AS IT HAPPENS, BOSTON FIGURES RATHER PROMINENTLY INTO THE ENGAGEMENT GIFT I'M GIVING YOUR AUNT.

YOU'RE PRESENT ENOUGH, J.J.

PLEASE, MAY. ALLOW AN OLD MAN HIS WHIMS.

SO WHAT'S THIS GIFT? A POT OF BEANS? BAD WEATHER? FUNNY ACCENT?

YOU'LL SEE, PETER. BUT FIRST--

HERE IT COMES.

FIRST, I'D LIKE TO MAKE A TOAST.

TRY TO IMAGINE MY GALLOPING SHOCK.

TO MAY. MY BRIDE-TO-BE. MY SOUL AND SOULMATE.

WHAT I WOULDN'T GIVE FOR AN ATTACK BY THE SINISTER SIX RIGHT ABOUT NOW.

OR EVEN THE TICKLISH TWO.

THE WOMAN WHO PUTS A SONG IN MY HEART.

AND A SPRING IN MY STEP.

SERIOUSLY, WHERE'S THE HOBGOBLIN WHEN YOU NEED HIM?

DID HYPNO-HUSTLER RETIRE?

AND *FIRE* IN MY LOINS.

JAY!

URC--

YOU FEELING ALL RIGHT, PARKER?

JUST FEELING A LITTLE...

...NAUSEOUS.

MAKES TWO OF US.

MORE WINE!

PLEASE.

YOU'LL LOVE IT! COST ME FOUR DOLLARS A BOTTLE!

WHAT'S THIS?

AN *ENVELOPE* OF SOME KIND, IT LOOKS LIKE.

HE'S A KIDDER, MAY.

THAT HE IS, ANNA.

JAY, THIS IS--MY *WORD*, WHERE DID YOU *FIND* THIS?

YOU KNOW I FANCY MYSELF AN AMATEUR GENEALOGIST--

THIS IS A PICTURE OF *ME* WITH MY... FAMILY--

THESE ARE THE ***REILLYS.***

NO, NO, THEY'RE NOT.

I THINK I CAN RECOGNIZE MY OWN FAMILY, JAY. THESE ARE DEFINITELY THE REILLYS.

THAT'S MY *UNCLE HORACE*. THAT'S MY *UNCLE BILL* AND HIS WIFE *CLAUDIA*.

THAT'S THEIR SON *SAM* AND THEIR DAUGHTER *JULIA*.

THAT'S MY *FATHER* AND MY *MOTHER*. THAT'S MY YOUNGER SISTER, *JAN*.

HE GIVES HER A *PHOTOGRAPH* AS A GIFT.

AND PEOPLE THINK *I'M* CHEAP.

THEY DON'T *THINK* YOU'RE CHEAP, JONAH.

THANKS, ROBBIE.

THEY *KNOW* YOU'RE CHEAP. IT'S WELL-DOCUMENTED.

THAT'S *NOT* THE REILLYS, MAY.

THAT'S A *PHOTOGRAPH* OF THE REILLYS.

NOW THESE--

*THESE* ARE THE REILLYS.

HELLO, MAY!

**JAN!** *HOW DID--?*

YOU ASKED ME WHERE I FOUND THE PHOTOGRAPH?

I GOT IT FROM *THEM.*

OH MY...JAY YOU DEAR MAN.

*THIS IS MY FAMILY!*

GUESS THAT EXPLAINS BOSTON, DOESN'T IT?

WHAT THE HELL *IS* THIS, PARKER? I HAVE A CITY TO RUN!

I'M NOT SURE, BUT IT'S LOOKING A HECKUVA LOT LIKE MY *FAMILY.*

*FEH!* I *HATE* FAMILY.

I PAID TOO MUCH FOR THIS WINE.

SAM, THIS IS MY NEPHEW, PETER.

IT'S *UNBELIEVABLE* TO MEET YOU.

WHAT'S SO UNBELIEVABLE ABOUT IT?

WELL, IT'S JUST--

YOU GUYS GOT FOOD HERE, RIGHT?

JULIA SAID THERE'D BE FOOD...

LUCK OR FATE.

YOU HAVE TO WONDER.

SIX MONTHS OF SURVEILLANCE, AND IT'S A ***FAMILY REUNION*** THAT DRAWS HIM OUT.

LUCK OR FATE.

...IS IT THAT A CATCH LIKE YOU ISN'T MARRIED?

ARE YOU HITTING ON ME, AUNT JULIA?

GOOD DEFLECTION.

I'VE HAD PRACTICE.

SERIOUSLY. YOU DON'T WANT TO GET MARRIED? OR YOU'RE **GAY**, MAYBE?

I'M NOT GAY.

I DON'T JUDGE. I'M "*DOWN WITH IT*," AS THEY SAY.

DO "*THEY*" SAY THAT ANYMORE?

MY ***DAUGHTERS*** DO.

THOSE ARE YOUR DAUGHTERS?

YOUR COUSINS.

I WISH I WAS GAY I WISH I WAS GAY I WISH I WAS GAY...

I'M... UM...

I'M ALEXA.

SPEECHLESS?

I WAS GONNA GO WITH PETER.

YOU DON'T SOUND TOO SURE.

I RARELY AM.

PETER--

THIS IS SO WRONG. SERIOUSLY, IT'S GROSSER THAN VENOM'S TOOTHBRUSH.

I WANT YOU TO MEET MY SISTER, JAN.

JAN? MAY? WHAT, YOU GUYS HAVE A MIDDLE SISTER NAMED *APRIL?* HEH.

THE BLACK SHEEP OF THE FAMILY. SHE STOPPED SPEAKING TO US YEARS AGO. WE DON'T LIKE TO TALK ABOUT HER.

...

SORRY.

*AWWWWWWWK. WAAAAAARD.*

SO, MAY TELLS ME YOU'RE IN JOURNALISM.

FREELANCE PHOTOGRAPHER, ACTUALLY.

YOU REMIND ME OF OUR UNCLE HORACE.

REALLY?

HE WAS DIRECTIONLESS, TOO. DIED BANKRUPT AND ALONE...

SO TO SUM UP...

I'M A TERMINAL BACHELOR IN A DEAD-END JOB WHO'S GOT THE HOTS FOR HIS *COUSINS.*

I FINALLY MEET THE FAMILY I ALWAYS WANTED AND NEVER KNEW I HAD AND I END UP FEELING LOUSY ABOUT MYSELF.

TYPICAL.

FACE IT, PETE, WISHING A FAMILY REUNION WOULD GET INTERRUPTED BY AN ATTACKING SUPER VILLAIN IS THE HEIGHT OF PATHETIC.

OR IS THAT THE *DEPTH* OF PATHETIC?

NADIR?

NO! I MEANT I WISHED THE FAMILY REUNION WOULD GET INTERRUPTED BY AN ATTACKING *MEGAN FOX!*

THEY'RE GONNA *CHARGE* YOU FOR THAT WINDOW, Y'KNOW.

I CAN'T TELL YOU HOW LONG I'VE WAITED FOR THIS MOMENT...

*CHIK*

UM...CAN I HELP YOU WITH SOMETHING?

YES, YOU CAN *DIE* IN AGONY.

WHO IS THIS GUY?

SORRY. IS THERE ANYTHING *ELSE* I CAN HELP YOU WITH?

SHOK

CHOK

IS HE JUST SOME RANDOM NUTCASE?

OR IS HE AFTER PETER PARKER FOR A *REASON?*

WHY WOULD HE BE AFTER ME, THE *PETER*-ME?

I MEAN, THE WORST THING I'VE DONE LATELY IS PICTURE MY COUSINS NAKED.

C'MERE!

GNF--

ONLY THING I KNOW FOR SURE IS THERE'S ONLY SO MUCH FIGHTING BACK I CAN DO WITHOUT RUINING THE 'OL *SECRET IDENTITY.*

OH MY GOD! SOME MASKED MAN IS TRYING TO KILL ME!

I'M SO *TERRIFIED!*

OKAY, SO MAYBE NOT THE BEST IDEA EVER.

NOT GOOD! HE LOST HIS *GRIP* ON ME.

MAN, AT THIS VELOCITY THIS IS GONNA *HURT.*

SHHURRRUNCH

AND I'M NOT WEARING WEB-SHOOTERS!

TEK

SLEEPY'S

AAAGGGGGHHH!

WHAM

GRM... GNH...

THAT... HURT.

WHERE DID HE GO?

WHERE COULD HE HAVE GONE?

PAL, IF YOU WERE LOOKING FOR SOMEONE TO TRADE PUNCHES WITH...

...YOU COULD'VE CALLED ME. I'M MORE IN YOUR LEAGUE.

THAT WAS A COMPLIMENT, BY THE WAY.

SPIDER-MAN?! HERE?

WICKED AH-SOME

NO! DAMMIT, I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THIS...

I'M NOT A SUPER VILLAIN.

ALL NATURAL

SORRY. I DIDN'T KNOW THERE WAS A POLITICALLY CORRECT TERM FOR IT NOW.

WHAT IS IT? "SUPER-POWERED, SOCIALLY CHALLENGED INDIVIDUAL"? "SUPER-POWERED AMERICAN"?

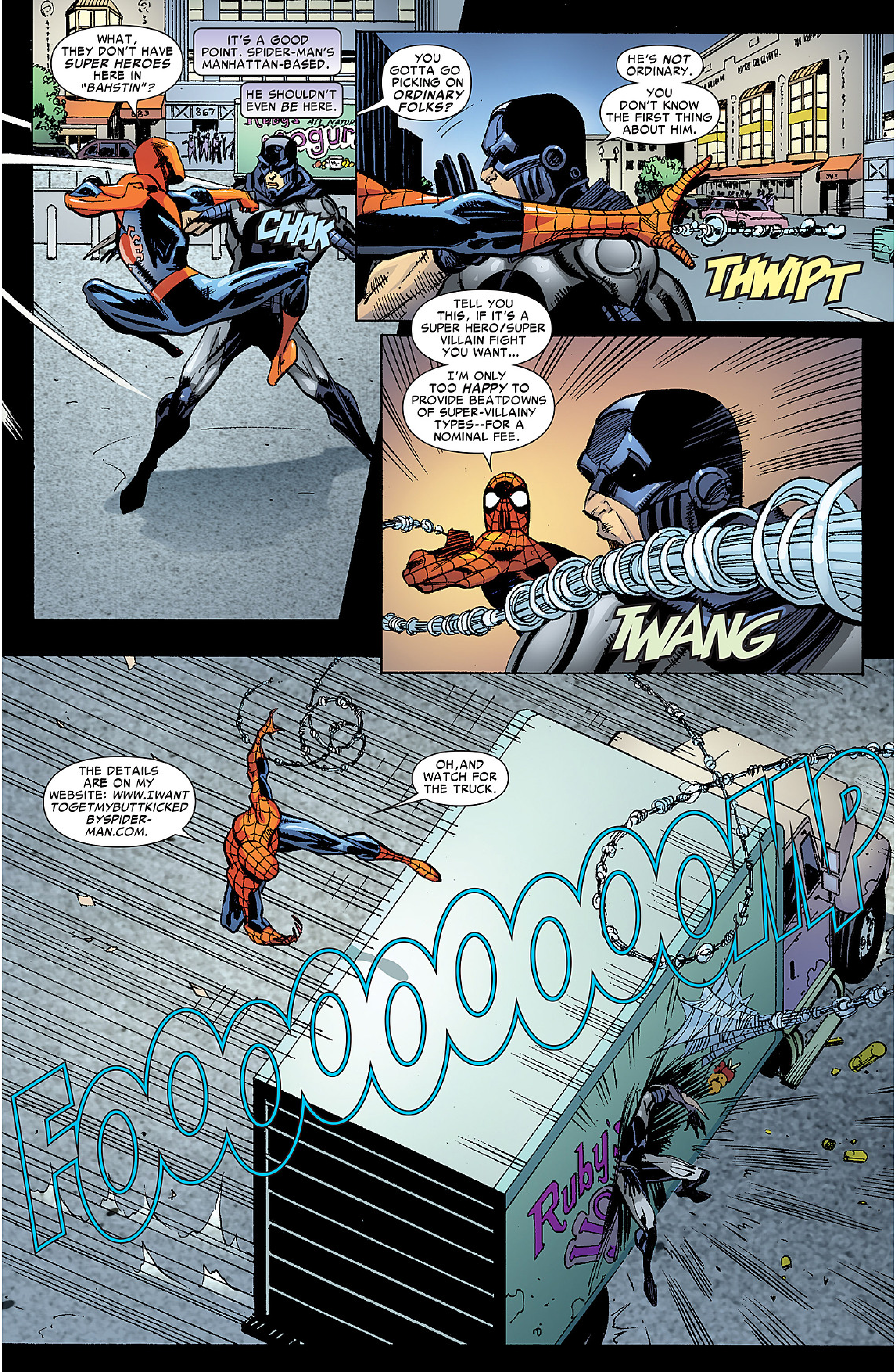
I'M JUST A GUY.

A GUY WITH MACHINE GUNS?

...A GUY WITH NOTHING LEFT TO LOSE.

BRAKABRAKA BRAKABRAKA BRAKABRAKA BRAKABRAKA

FOUL! FLAG ON THE PLAY!


WHAT, THEY DON'T HAVE SUPER HEROES HERE IN "BAHSTIN"?
IT'S A GOOD POINT. SPIDER-MAN'S MANHATTAN-BASED.
HE SHOULDN'T EVEN BE HERE.
CHAK
YOU GOTTA GO PICKING ON ORDINARY FOLKS?
HE'S NOT ORDINARY.
YOU DON'T KNOW THE FIRST THING ABOUT HIM.
THWIPT
TELL YOU THIS, IF IT'S A SUPER HERO/SUPER VILLAIN FIGHT YOU WANT...
I'M ONLY TOO HAPPY TO PROVIDE BEATDOWNS OF SUPER-VILLAINY TYPES--FOR A NOMINAL FEE.
TWANG
THE DETAILS ARE ON MY WEBSITE: WWW.IWANTTOGETMYBUTTKICKEDBYSPIDER-MAN.COM.
OH, AND WATCH FOR THE TRUCK.
FOOOOOOOOOMP
Ruby's

CHECK THE RULEBOOK, BUDDY!

YOU'RE NOT ALLOWED TO BRING *AUTOMATIC WEAPONS* INTO A SUPER-PEOPLE FIGHT!

THWIP

UNLESS YOU'RE THE *PUNISHER* 'CAUSE, Y'KNOW, WHO'S GONNA TELL *HIM* IT'S AGAINST THE RULES?

I'M VERY SORRY, BUT THE REF HAS AWARDED ME A PENALTY KICK.

DAMN, THAT'S *FUNNY.* MY SIDES HURT, TRULY.

NOT AS MUCH AS YOUR *HEAD,* OF COURSE--

SHUNK

GGGK--

GCH--

OH MY GOD! THIS PSYCHO JUST STABBED ME!

SHANK

I'M SORRY.

I'VE GOT NO QUARREL WITH YOU.

SO DO NOT CREATE--

OH NO.

WHAT HAVE I *DONE?*

I'M SORRY-- I WASN'T TRYING TO HURT ANYONE--

THIS MAN JUMPED OUT OF THE WAY AND--

OH NO YOU DON'T, STABBY McSTABS-A-LOT!

YOU ARE SO *NOT* BLAMING THIS ON ME!

I'VE GOT ENOUGH PROBLEMS IN THE *BIG APPLE* WITHOUT YOU MAKING A WHOLE OTHER *CITY* HATE ME!

WEBBING WILL PROTECT MY WOUNDS FOR AN HOUR, SO LET'S FINISH THIS QUICKLY.

KICK HIS *BAHDY-AHMAHED* BUTT, SPIDEY!

JETER SUCKS!

YOU HEAR THAT? EVEN A *RED SOX FAN* HAS THE GOOD SENSE TO KNOW YOU'RE A BADDIE.

HE SHOT MY FRIEND, GET HIM, *SPIDAH MAHN!*

YEAH, GIVE HIM A *WICKED* BEAT-DOWN!

*SPIDAH-MAHN RAHCKS!*

I GOTTA BE HONEST WITH YOU, THE "*BAHSTIN*" ACCENT HAS NEVER SOUNDED SO MELODIC.

THEY LOVE ME LIKE A ROOM TEMPERATURE TED WILLIAMS!

THIS HAS GONE ALL WRONG.

THIS SPIDER RUINED *EVERYTHING.*

*SHNKT*

*ENOUGH!*

THE MURDERER'S PROBABLY GONE TO GROUND BY NOW.

HAVE TO MOVE FAST. CAN'T LET HIM STOP ME.

WON'T LET HIM STOP ME.

UGH! THIS TOWN HURTS.

WHO NEEDS A TRIP TO THE HOSPITAL?

I'M RUNNING A SPECIAL TODAY: FREE WEB-SWINGS FOR ANYONE WITH A BULLET WOUND--

SCREW THE *HAHSPITAL*.

YOU GO WHIP THAT JERK'S BUTT.

GIVE 'EM HELL, WAHL-CRAHLUH!

YEAH!

GO GET THAT GUMP, SPIDEY!

GO GET HIM!

BOOT THAT CHOWDA-HEAD!

JETER SUCKS!

WOW.

BUT I THINK I LOVE THIS TOWN.

INSIDES FEEL LIKE I DRANK GASOLINE WITH A LIT-MATCH CHASER.

AT LEAST THE WEBBING'S KEEPING MY INSIDES INSIDE.

A BUS-BOAT!

WOW! WHAT A *GREAT* IDEA!

0002250

I WANT TO SEE THE SIGHTS! I'M REALLY GETTING TO LIKE IT HERE.

YA MIND IF WE STOP TO SEE MAYDAY MALONE'S PLACE?

KEEP DRIVING.

BY THE WAY, HANDSOME, WE HAVEN'T BEEN PROPERLY INTRODUCED.

I'M *SPIDER-MAN.*

WHAT'S YOUR NOM DE SUPER VILLAIN?

RAPTOR.

WELL, "RAPTOR," I DON'T KNOW WHO YOUR COSTUME DESIGNER IS, BUT YOU DON'T EXACTLY HAVE A BIRD OF PREY LOOK.

HAVE YOU THOUGHT ABOUT SOME *WINGS?* SOME *FEATHERS* ON THE SHOULDERS, MAYBE?

NOT THE BIRD KIND OF RAPTOR.

VELOCIRAPTOR.

SHUUKKKKKKEH

*HEY!* NO NECKING ON THE FIRST DATE!

AT LEAST, NOT WITHOUT BUYING ME *DINNER* FIRST.

AND *I* DON'T COUNT AS DINNER!

HEY, DRIVER! THANKS FOR THE TOUR!

BUMMED I MISSED THE PART WHERE YOU TAKE THIS THING INTO THE WATER!

AH WELL, VACATIONS NEVER GO AS PLANNED!

ARE WE HAVING FUN YET, RAP-*TUH*?

GNF--

DAMMIT, WHY WON'T THIS MANIAC LEAVE ME *ALONE*?

Y'KNOW, POLITICALLY SPEAKING, BOSTON'S A PRETTY *LIBERAL* TOWN, SO...

...WHAT SAY WE VIOLATE THE SECOND AMENDMENT A LITTLE BIT HERE, AND TAKE AWAY YOUR RIGHT TO BEAR ARMS!

THE MOST IMPORTANT DAY OF MY LIFE--

--A DAY HE'S *RUINED*--

--AND HE'S MAKING *JOKES*.

HAVE TO GET AWAY FROM THIS *LUNATIC*...

HEY, WHERE YOU GOING?

NO! THE FOOL IS KNOCKING ME OFF BALANCE!

GNF--

HNG--

THWANG

FINALLY. SAFE FROM--

'SCUSE ME, SIR?

CAN YOU HELP ME SPELL "YAZTRZEMSKI"?

YOU'RE INSANE...

THAT'S NICE TO HEAR.

BY THE WAY, THE POT LEFT A MESSAGE FOR YOU, KETTLE...

STOP!

YOU HAD NO BUSINESS GETTING INVOLVED IN THIS! *NONE!* YOU HEAR ME, YOU SICK FREAK?!?!

I TOTALLY HEAR YOU, BUT HERE'S THE THING: WHEN BAD GUYS--

--THAT WOULD BE YOU--

--ATTACK INNOCENT CIVILIANS--

--THAT WOULD BE THE GUY IN THE BATHROOM--

--SUPER HEROES--A/K/A GUYS LIKE ME--TEND TO GET INVOLVED.

IT'S PRACTICALLY A UNION REQUIREMENT. IF I DON'T COME TO AT LEAST THREE RESCUES A MONTH, I LOSE MY HEALTH AND PENSION.

*NO!*

YOU'VE GOT IT ALL WRONG--

TRUE, I DON'T GET HEALTH AND THE PENSION HAS BEEN SUCKED DRY--

YOU'VE NO IDEA--

WAIT. FIRST THINGS FIRST.

LET'S GET A LOOK AT THAT PRETTY BABY FACE...

ONE LOOK AT THIS GUY TELLS ME--

*YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT'S REALLY GOING ON HERE!!!*

--APART FROM THE FACT HE'S CUCKOO FOR COCOA PUFFS--

--THAT I'VE NEVER LAID EYES ON HIM BEFORE IN MY *LIFE.*

TIME FREEZES.

THE CARS PASS BELOW US LIKE FALLING RAIN.

SOMEWHERE, A CHILD LAUGHS.

A CAR HONKS.

AND MY WORLD GROWS COLD.

BEN REILLY.

A NAME I HAVEN'T HEARD IN *YEARS.*

A NAME I THOUGHT I'D NEVER HEAR AGAIN.

OKAY, SO HELP ME OUT WITH THAT. WHAT'S "REALLY GOING ON"?

WHAT DO YOU HAVE AGAINST PETER PARKER ANYWAY?

WHO?

YOU'RE TELLING ME YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW THE NAME OF THE GUY YOU'RE TRYING TO KILL?

OF COURSE I DO.

THAT NAME IS TATTOOED ON MY SOUL.

THAT NAME IS POISON IN MY MOUTH.

HE KILLED MY FAMILY!

FELLAH, YOU'RE A FEW STOPS PAST LOONEYVILLE ON THE INSANITY TRAIN 'CAUSE PETER PARKER WOULD NEVER HURT A--

HIS NAME'S NOT PETER PARKER!

HIS NAME IS BEN REILLY!

BEN REILLY...

BEN REILLY IS *ME.*

A *CLONE* OF ME ANYWAY.

A *DUPLICATE* CREATED BY A *LUNATIC.*

JUST ANOTHER PLOT TO DESTROY SPIDER-MAN.

ANOTHER ATTEMPT TO *KILL* ME.

BEN TOOK MY UNCLE'S FIRST NAME AND MY AUNT'S LAST NAME AND HE HAD ALL MY MEMORIES.

HE WAS EVERYTHING THAT MAKES ME...ME.

SO MUCH SO THAT, FOR A TIME, I THOUGHT *I* WAS THE CLONE, THE DOPPELGANGER, AND *HE* WAS THE "*REAL*" PETER PARKER.

FOR *YEARS* HE WANDERED--

--LITERALLY LIVED THE "*ROAD NOT TAKEN*" IN MY OWN LIFE--

--BEFORE RETURNING TO NEW YORK. AND COMPLETELY UPENDING MY LIFE WITH MARY JANE.

BEFORE CONFRONTING ME.

BEFORE TURNING MY LIFE INSIDE OUT.

SECONDS PASS.

AN ETERNITY.

UNTIL I CAN UTTER THE WORDS...

BEN...

BEN REILLY'S DEAD.

YOU MORON!

YOU'VE GOT THE WRONG GUY.

HIS MOUTH FALLS OPEN LIKE HE'S BEEN GUT-PUNCHED.

I KNOW THE FEELING.

AND I'M DISTRACTED, THINKING, TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHAT TO DO WITH THIS GUY, NOT THINKING ABOUT WHAT *HE* MIGHT DO, WHEN--

LIAR!

SHRUNK

THERE WAS NO SIGN OF HIM.

A TRUCKER WOULD REPORT LATER THAT THE BACK OF HIS RIG HAD BEEN BROKEN INTO.

BUT THERE WAS NO SIGN OF HIM.

NO!

THE COPS DUSTED FOR FINGERPRINTS AND CAME UP WITH A SET.

WHICH PRODUCED A *NAME.*

*DAMON RYDER.*

I'VE NEVER HEARD OF HIM.

I SCURRIED BACK TO THE SCENE OF THE CRIME AND DITCHED MY COSTUME IN THE GARAGE TO BE PICKED UP LATER.

NO ONE WAS KILLED, THANK GOD, BUT EIGHT PEOPLE IN THE PRUDENTIAL CENTER WERE SHOT OR OTHERWISE INJURED IN RAPTOR'S RAMPAGE.

MAKE THAT NINE.

...AND THAT'S WHEN THE GUY STABBED ME AND JUMPED OUT THE WINDOW.

PETER!!!

PETER BENJAMIN PARKER, WHAT ON EARTH WERE YOU THINKING?

THAT I'D SNAP SOME PICS, MAYBE MAKE SOME QUICK MONEY.

AND SELL 'EM TO WHO, PARKER? PAPERS IN THIS TOWN ARE DYING!

HADN'T THOUGHT THAT FAR AHEAD, I GUESS.

OF COURSE YOU DIDN'T!

YOU'RE GONNA BE ALL RIGHT, PETER.

MY GUT SAYS OTHERWISE. LITERALLY. BUT I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT...

...DAD.

HOW LONG DO YOU WANT THAT HOSPITAL STAY TO LAST, PARKER?

ALRIGHT. WE GOTTA TAKE HIM NOW.

WE'LL MEET YOU AT THE HOSPITAL, DEAR.

ST. ELIGIUS.

LATER, BRO!

TOO BAD, I NEVER DID GET TO SAY GOODBYE TO THE REILLYS.

I GUESS I'LL JUST HAVE TO CATCH UP WITH THEM AT THE WEDDING.

AND I SURE AS HECK HAVE TO GET BACK TO BOSTON. THEY LOVE ME HERE!

The Offices Of Front Line.

I GET RELEASED FROM THE HOSPITAL THREE DAYS LATER.

FIRST THING I DO WHEN I GET IN FRONT OF A *COMPUTER* IS GOOGLE *DAMON RYDER*.

I SEE IT WITH THE FIRST HIT.

NEWSPAPER STORY. *THE PORTLAND POST*.

Portland Po

NEWS | LOCAL | SPORTS | LIVING | MULTI MEDIA

FAMILY DIES IN ARSON FI

HUSBAND AND FATHER ONLY SURVI

ARSON.

THE ARTICLE COMES COMPLETE WITH A POLICE SKETCH--DRAWN FROM RYDER'S ACCOUNT-- OF THE SUSPECTED ARSONIST.

AND FOR THE SECOND TIME THIS WEEK, MY BLOOD GOES COLD.

POLICE SKETCH

BEN...

WHAT DID YOU DO?

Continued in Amazing Spider-Man!

Smithsonian National Design Museum.
New York City.

# FIGHT AT THE MUSEUM


ZEB WELLS — WRITER
DEREC DONOVAN — ART
ANTONIO FABELA — COLOR ART
VC'S JOE CARAMAGNA — LETTERER
TOM BRENNAN — ASST. EDITOR
STEPHEN WACKER — TIRED OF READING
TOM BREVOORT — EXEC. EDITOR
JOE QUESADA — EDITOR IN CHIEF
DAN BUCKLEY — PUBLISHER
ALAN FINE — EXEC. PRODUCER


SUPER HERO TECH IN A MUSEUM OF DESIGN. SEEMS A LITTLE ODD, NORAH...

GUESS YOU CAN'T BLAME THE SMITHSONIAN FOR CAPITALIZING ON THE BUZZ FROM THAT MOVIE.

YOU CAN'T KEEP A KID'S ATTENTION WITH TOASTERS AND WASHING MACHINES.

OR THE AVERAGE *FRONT LINE* READER, APPARENTLY. URICH'S NEVER SENT US ON A PUFF PIECE BEFORE,

COME ON, PARKER. YOU CAN ADMIT THIS IS A DATE. IT'S NOT GOING TO KILL YOU.

RANDY MIGHT, THOUGH.

HA HA HA!

WHAT?! LISTEN--

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA!

WELL, *THAT* SOUNDS LIKE THE EXHIBIT TO SEE.

OH, NO.

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA!

"SPIDER-MOBILE"? BWA-HA-HA!

IT LOOKS LIKE BARBIE'S DUNE BUGGY!

FONZIE

THAT. IS. WOW.

WHAT?

CAN YOU BELIEVE SPIDER-MAN EVER THOUGHT THIS WAS COOL?

I-I'M SURE IT'S JUST A DESIGN *INSPIRED* BY SPIDER-MAN. I HIGHLY DOUBT HE'D BE CAUGHT DEAD IN IT.

UH, ACTUALLY...

THE SPIDER-MOBILE WAS BUILT TO SPIDER-MAN'S SPECIFICATIONS BY CORONA MOTORS AS PART OF A PROMOTION COOKED UP BY ADVERTISING AGENCY *CARTER & LOMBARDO.*

Tour Guide

OH, DANG! SPIDEY SOLD OUT!

THANKS A LOT.

IT'S NOTHING, REALLY. EDUCATION IS A PASSION OF MINE AND--

GREAT STORY.

I HAVE TO SAY, THIS *DOES* MAKE ME LOOK AT SPIDEY IN A DIFFERENT WAY...

I MEAN, WHAT KIND OF FEVERED EGO PUTS YOUR *FACE* ON HIS HUBCAPS?

NOW, COME ON. I'M SURE THE ADVERTISING AGENCY TALKED HIM INTO THOSE!

WHAT? LIKE AN EXTENDED WARRANTY OR A CLEAR COAT?

MAN, EITHER WAY, SPIDEY GOT *PLAYED!* THESE THINGS DON'T EVEN SPIN!

HA HA HA HA!

CAN YOU BELIEVE KIDS TODAY?

YEAH. I DON'T REMEMBER THEM BEING THIS *AWESOME*...

NO! I MEAN--SPIDER-MAN TAKES HIS JOB VERY SERIOUSLY. JUST BECAUSE SOMEONE WHO SAVES PEOPLE'S LIVES *FOR FREE* MAKES ONE TASTELESS DECISION DOESN'T MAKE HIM AN EGOMANIAC!

ARE YOU DATING HIM? RELAX.

I...I'M... I'M JUST *SAYING*.

YOU'RE JUST *SPRAYING* ACTUALLY...

IF YOU GATHER AROUND, I CAN SHOW YOU ONE OF THE SPIDER-MOBILE'S FEATURES...

BEHOLD, THE SPIDER-SIGNAL!

OH, *MAN*. TWO WORDS, PARKER.

EGO. MANIAC.

HA!

HA!

HA!

HA!

WHAT'D HE NEED A SPIDEY-SIGNAL FOR? TO CALL HIMSELF?!

1...2...3...4... SERENITY NOW...

LEONARD!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING, MAKING FUN OF SPIDER-MAN?!?

I... I'M NOT, MOMMA!

Parental Assistant

SPIDER-MAN PULLED YOUR FATHER OUT OF A BURNING BUILDING, YOUNG MAN! I DON'T CARE IF HE DID IT ON A POGO-STICK!

OKAY!

NO, IT'S NOT OKAY! JUST WAIT 'TIL I GET YOU HOME...

Parental Assistant

I'M SORRY, FOLKS. THIS ONE HAS ALWAYS BEEN A PROBLEM--

MOMMMMMM...

FONZIE

MAKING FUN OF A NATIONAL HERO. I RAISED YOU BETTER THAN THAT...

SNF

MAN, SHE'S REALLY GIVING IT TO HIM--

PETER, ARE YOU OKAY?

SNF

YEAH...

IT'S JUST NICE TO SEE SOME GOOD PARENTING, IS ALL.

The End

DEDICATED TO THE SPIDER-MOBILE-- ASM #130-160... REST IN PIECES.

# IF I WAS SPIDER-MAN...

BOB GALE WRITER
MARIO ALBERTI ARTIST
JARED K. FLETCHER LETTERES
TOM BRENNAN ASST. EDITOR
STEPHEN WACKER EDITOR
JOE QUESADA EDITOR IN CHIEF
DAN BUCKLEY PUBLISHER
ALAN FINE EXECUTIVE PRODUCER

EVERY NOW AND THEN, PETER PARKER TAKES A MOMENT TO NOT ONLY SMELL THE COFFEE, BUT TO SIP IT AS WELL. TODAY, THAT MOMENT IS IN A PARK IN QUEENS, WHERE HE USED TO PLAY, JUST AS THESE BOYS ARE...

YOU KNOW WHO'S COOL?

SPIDER-MAN'S COOL. AND I'LL BET IT'D BE COOL TO BE SPIDER-MAN

YEAH, THAT MIGHT BE COOL.

OH YEAH?

YEAH. AND IF I WAS SPIDER-MAN...?

"...I'D LET EVERYONE KNOW WHO I WAS. JUST LIKE THE FANTASTIC FOUR DOES. I MEAN, WHAT'S THE POINT OF BEING SPIDER-MAN IF YOU'RE GONNA KEEP IT A SECRET? I'D WANT TO BE A CELEBRITY."

SO IF YOU WERE SPIDER-MAN, YOU'D, LIKE, TELL YOUR PARENTS?

WELL, *DUH!* THEN THEY'D BE CELEBRITIES TOO.

"THEY COULD WRITE A BOOK. AND BE ON TV. AND GET RICH!"

RAISING SPIDER-MAN

WHAT IF THEY DIDN'T WANT YOU TO BE SPIDER-MAN?

WHAT IF THEY THOUGHT IT WAS TOO DANGEROUS?

YEAH, WELL, HOW ARE THEY GONNA STOP ME?

"I MEAN, I'D BE SPIDER-MAN, RIGHT?"

"WAIT A SEC!

"SO YOU'D MAKE 'EM WORRY ALL THE TIME THAT YOU MIGHT GET KILLED? AND YOU'D MAKE 'EM A PUBLIC TARGET FOR ALL THE BAD GUYS THAT WANTED TO GET REVENGE ON SPIDER-MAN?"

"HE'S RIGHT, DUDE, I GOT HASSLES WITH MY MOM, BUT I SURE WOULDN'T WANT HER TO GET HURT OVER STUFF I DID."

AND YOU KNOW WHAT ELSE? ME AND ERIC WOULDN'T WANNA HANG WITH YOU IF EVERYONE KNEW YOU WERE SPIDER-MAN.

YOU KNOW WHY?

"...BECAUSE VENOM WOULD LOVE TO ***KILL*** SPIDER-MAN'S FRIENDS. SO WE WOULDN'T EVEN WANNA ***KNOW*** YOU."

WELL, MAYBE I WOULDN'T LET ON. MAYBE A SECRET IDENTITY WOULD MAKE SENSE...

OKAY, SO LIKE, YOU'RE SECRETLY SPIDER-MAN. AND WHAT IF WE WERE ALMOST AT SCHOOL...

"...AND YOU SAW BANK ROBBERS ACROSS THE STREET?"

"*DUH!* I'D DITCH SCHOOL AND GO STOP 'EM!"

"DUDE, YOU'D GET A TARDY. AND IF YOU CUT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE DAY TO RESCUE SOMEBODY OR GO AFTER THE HULK, WELL, YOU'D END UP GETTING EXPELLED.

"THEN THEY'D HAVE TO SEND YOU TO ONE OF THOSE 'SPECIAL' SCHOOLS FOR BAD KIDS. AND YOU'D HAVE TO LET 'EM BEAT YOU UP OR ELSE YOU'D GIVE AWAY YOUR SECRET IDENTITY."

PRINCIPAL

EXPELLED

YEAH. I GUESS I COULD ONLY BE SPIDER-MAN AFTER SCHOOL...

SO MUCH FOR YOU BEIN' ON THE SOCCER TEAM.

AND WHAT HAPPENS IF YOUR COSTUME GETS ALL SPLATTERED WITH GUNK?

WHAT GUNK?

"LIKE, WHAT IF YOU FOUGHT THE LIZARD DOWN IN THE SEWERS? AND YOU GOT ALL COVERED WITH GARBAGE AND CRAP AND SLIME?"

"YOU CAN'T TELL YOUR MOM TO CLEAN YOUR COSTUME. AND IF YOU PUT IT IN YOUR BATHTUB, WELL, SHE'D FIND ALL THAT SLIME IN THERE AND THEN SHE'D RIP YOU A NEW ONE.

"AND YOU CAN'T TAKE IT TO THE CLEANERS, OR THEY'D FIGURE OUT YOU WERE SPIDER-MAN."

"DUDE, YOU'D HAVE TO WASH IT YOURSELF--AT THE LAUNDROMAT. IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT SO NOBODY YOU KNOW WOULD SEE YOU. AND LAUNDROMATS AT MIDNIGHT ARE FILLED WITH ***WEIRDOES.***"

I SAY, WHAT'S THE POINT OF BEING SPIDER-MAN IF YOU GOTTA DO YOUR OWN LAUNDRY?

IT'S JUST ***WRONG***--THAT SPIDER-MAN IS COOL, BUT ***BEING*** SPIDER-MAN ISN'T COOL. THAT'S, LIKE, SO TOTALLY MESSED UP.

TOTALLY.

TELL ME ABOUT IT.

WELL, GUESS IT'S THAT TIME...

LAUNDROMAT SELF SERVICE

DRY CLEANING

LAUNDROMAT DRY CLEANING

"HEY, I'LL TELL YOU WHAT WOULD BE COOL. WINNING THE LOTTERY. ***THAT'D*** BE COOL!"

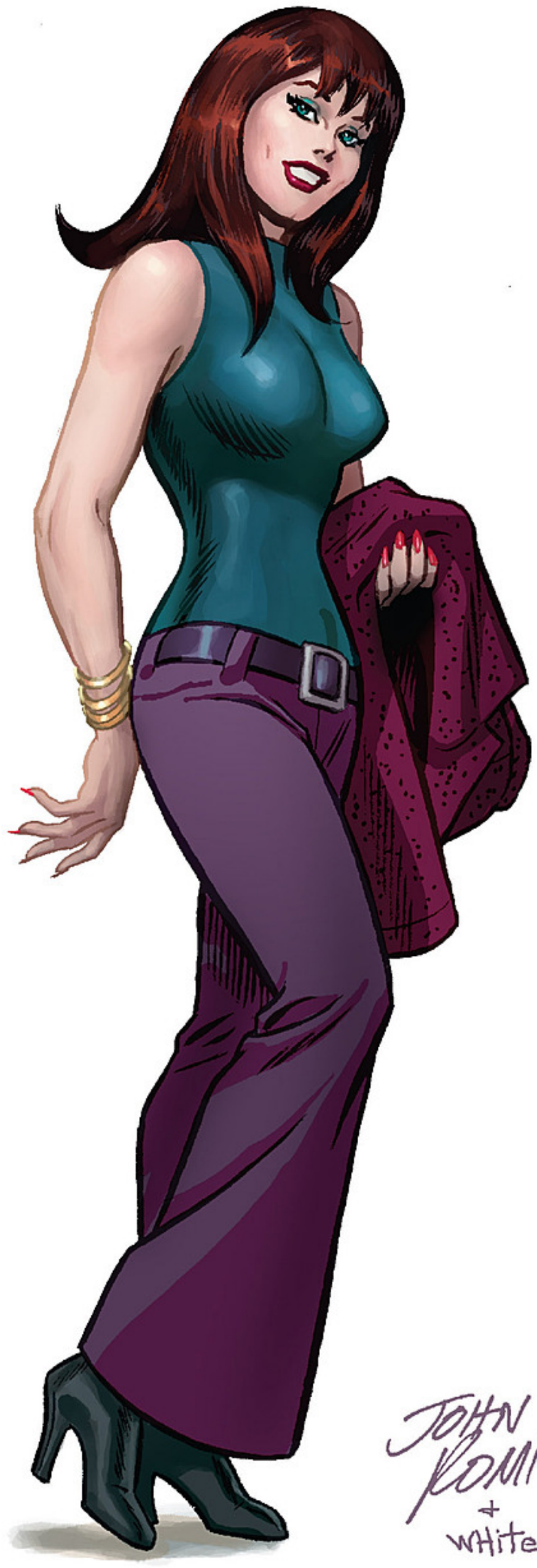
"YEAH. A LOT COOLER THAN BEIN' SPIDER-MAN!"

END

MARIO ALBERTO 2009

**AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #600 VARIANT**
BY ALEX ROSS

AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #600




**AMAZING SPIDER-MAN 70TH ANNIVERSARY FRAME VARIANT**
BY **JOHN ROMITA SR.** & **DEAN WHITE**

"CAN YOU REMEMBER THE FIRST TIME, OTTO?"

ATOMIC RESEARCH CENTER

"I ASSURE YOU, DOCTOR, MY MEMORY, LIKE THE REST OF MY INTELLECT, IS PERFECTLY INTACT.

"THE FIRST INCIDENT TOOK PLACE IN MY OLD LAB AT THE ATOMIC RESEARCH CENTER...

"...AND IT WAS AT THE HANDS OF *SPIDER-MAN*...

GOT YOU!

BUT NOT FOR *LONG!*

"...OR MORE ACCURATELY...

THAT BLASTED WEB! IT'S SPREAD OVER MY GLASSES! *I-I CAN'T SEE!*

"...HIS *LEFT* HAND...

"...WITH A PUNCH THAT, BY MY BEST ESTIMATE, WAS OVER TWELVE HUNDRED FOOT-POUNDS.

"THAT, DR. LOUIS, WOULD BE MY *FIRST* CASE OF TRAUMATIC BRAIN INJURY."

"HOW MANY INCIDENTS WOULD YOU SAY THERE'VE BEEN IN TOTAL?"

"OVER THE YEARS I'VE CATALOGUED EIGHTY-SIX SEPARATE CASES OF BLUNT FORCE TRAUMA.

"I'VE BEEN STRUCK DOWN BY PEAK-LEVEL ATHLETES, AUGMENTED HUMANS...

"...AND, OCCASIONALLY, OMEGA-CLASS ENTITIES.

"I'VE BEEN SUBJECTED TO CONCUSSIVE BLASTS, ENERGY DISCHARGES...

"...AND VARIOUS FORMS OF ASPHYXIATION, MOST OFTEN INVOLVING SAND AND/OR WATER."

"WE'RE TALKING SUPERHUMAN ATTACKS?"

"CORRECT."

"BUT PHYSICALLY YOU'RE NOT SUPERHUMAN, ARE YOU, OTTO?"

"NO. I AM NOT."

MENTALLY THOUGH...?

MENTALLY, ASIDE FROM MY PRETERNATURALLY HIGH I.Q...

...FATE BESTOWED UPON ME A RARE GIFT...

...THE ATOMIC ACCIDENT WHICH GAVE MY MIND COMPLETE CONTROL OVER MY MECHANICAL LIMBS.

*THAT* IS WHAT I BELIEVE IS AT WORK HERE. ALL THAT ADDITIONAL RADIATION IN YOUR SYSTEM...

...IT'S PREVENTING YOUR BODY FROM HEALING ITSELF. I HATE TO TELL YOU THIS, OTTO...

...BUT YOUR CONDITION IS DEGENERATIVE. YOU'RE LOOKING AT A YEAR--EIGHTEEN MONTHS AT THE MOST--UNTIL...

NO!

I REFUSE TO DWINDLE AWAY INTO NOTHINGNESS! I AM OTTO OCTAVIUS!

ONE OF THE GREATEST MINDS IN HISTORY! I SWEAR, I WILL LEAVE MY MARK UPON YOU--ALL OF YOU--THE WHOLE WORLD!

AND WHEN I'M GONE, NONE OF YOU WILL EVER FORGET THE NAME OF DOCTOR OCTOPUS!

Who's paying for these fancy invitations?! Can't you just e-mail?!

# the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN

*Dear Guests,*

*Mayor J. Jonah Jameson, Peter Parker and Marvel Entertainment cordially invite you to celebrate the wedding of*

## *May Reilly Parker*

*to*

## *J. Jonah Jameson, Sr.*

*On Wednesday Afternoon, July the 22nd, 2009,*
*Bryant Park Lawn.*

*Reception to follow.*

*Written by*
*Dan Slott*

*Pencils by*
*John Romita, Jr.*

*Inks by*
*Klaus Janson*

*Colors by*
*Dean White*

*Letters by*
*VC's Joe Caramagna*

---

*Flower Girl*
*Tom Brennan*

*Not Invited*
*Stephen Wacker*

*Caterer*
*Tom Brevoort*

*Editor in Chef*
*Joe Quesada*

*Music*
*Dan Buckley*

*Executive Producer*
*Alan Fine*

*Dedicated to Stan Lee, Steve Ditko & John Romita, Sr.*

Keep this web-head off the premises!

--Mayor JJJ!

The Bar With No Name.
FOUR MONTHS LATER...
AHH! NO FIGHTING!
WE HAVE A STRICT NO FIGHTING RULE IN HERE! DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND THAT?!
C'MON, DEKE. ME AND DAREDEVIL, WE'RE URBAN VIGILANTES.
THE WHOLE FUN A' THIS GIG IS THAT WE GET TO BREAK THE RULES.
ESPECIALLY BAD GUY RULES. AIN'T THAT RIGHT, DD?

# LAST LEGS

A FULL-LENGTH SPIDEY NOVEL BY

| DAN SLOTT | JOHN ROMITA JR. | KLAUS KANSON | DEAN WHITE | VC'S JOE CARAMAGNA | TOM BRENNAN | STEPHEN WACKER | TOM BREVOORT | JOE QUESADA | DAN BUCKLEY | ALAN FINE |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| WRITER | PENCILER | INKER | COLORIST | LETTERER | ASST. EDITOR | EDITOR | EXEC. EDITOR | EDITOR IN CHIEF | PUBLISHER | EXEC. PRODUCER |

GALE, GUGGENHEIM, KELLY, SLOTT & WAID WEB-HEADS

SHEESH. LOOKS LIKE HE'S DOING THE WHOLE STRONG, SILENT NINJA-THING.
FINE. LEAVE IT TO ME TO COME UP WITH ALL THE WACKY BANTER. WHATEVER.
BONK
THAT POOL TABLE WAS BRAND-NEW, MAN! SOMEBODY STOP 'EM ALREADY!
I'M ON IT, DEKE.

SAY, BOOMERANG...

THWIP

...THESE THINGS ARE SUPPOSED TO COME BACK TO YOU, RIGHT?

BOOMERANG

HMM. MAYBE NOT.

GOTCHA, HORNHEAD! AND THANKS TO THE CHEMICALS IN MY GLOVE...

...NOW YOU'RE TOTALLY *BLIND!* QUICK, EVERYBODY! PILE ON!

MAN, BLINDSIDE, IT'S JUST NOT YOUR NIGHT, IS IT?

KRSHHH

THE SECURITY GLASS! PEOPLE CAN SEE IN--

FORGET THAT! IT'S THE COPS! RUN FOR IT!

HYDRO-MAN? YOU'RE GOING DOWN THE TOILET?!

HEY, YOU CAN TAKE YOUR CHANCES OUT THERE. I KNOW I'M NOT GETTIN' PINCHED!

CAP, YOUR TIP WAS RIGHT! EVERY SUPER-CROOK IN THE CITY MUST BE HERE!

FREEZE!

LOWER YOUR WEAPON, MACAVOY.

BUT CAPTAIN--

NO. THAT THING WOULDN'T WORK ON HALF OF 'EM. AND BESIDES...

*"...WE'RE AFTER BIGGER GAME."*

AND HERE'S THE DOWNSIDE OF BEING *"URBAN VIGILANTES."*

WE'VE GOT ABOUT THE SAME PULL WITH THE POLICE AS THOSE GOONS WE WERE TRYING TO BUST.

WELL, MAYBE MORE THAN YOU THINK.

CAPTAIN WATANABE, THE ESTABLISHMENT'S ALL YOURS.

THANKS, *"CONCERNED CITIZEN."*

WHAT?! YOU'RE WORKING WITH THEM?

THEY TRASHED MY PLACE! THEY BEAT ON MY CLIENTELE! I'M PRESSING CHARGES!

YOUR CLIENTELE? YOU RAN A SECRET BAR FOR SUPER VILLAINS. IT'S OVER, DEKE. I'M SHUTTING YOU DOWN.

YEAH? WELL I DON'T SEE ANY A' THOSE GUYS HERE. YOU GOT NOTHING ON ME, LADY.

OH, REALLY? WANNA SHOW ME YOUR LIQUOR LICENSE?

...

I THOUGHT SO.

PRICELESS. THANKS FOR BRINGING ME IN ON THIS ONE, MATT.

NAILING THE BAR WITH NO NAME FOR NOT HAVING A LICENSE? QUITE THE LEGAL MANEUVER, SIR.

THE FEDS GOT CAPONE FOR TAX EVASION. AT THE END OF THE DAY, YOU DO WHATEVER IT TAKES.

RIGHT. SO... NOW THE BAD GUYS DON'T HAVE A PLACE TO KICK BACK AND GRAB A COLD ONE.

MISSION ACCOMPLISHED.

SURE, BE GLIB. BUT THE FACT IS, THEY *DON'T* DESERVE A PLACE WHERE--

WHERE EVERYBODY KNOWS YOUR NA-A-AME...

SORRY, I WAS JUST IN BOSTON A FEW DAYS AGO...

HEY, SPEAKING OF *NAMES*...IT DOESN'T SEEM FAIR THAT I KNOW YOU'RE SECRETLY EVERYBODY'S FAVORITE BLIND ATTORNEY, MATT MURDOCK...

...WHEN YOU DON'T KNOW WHO I AM. MAYBE IT'S TIME I TOLD YOU THAT I'M REALLY--

STOP!

BUT I'M JUST TRYING TO TELL YOU WHO I--

*DON'T*. THERE'S SOMETHING STRANGE ABOUT YOU, WALL-CRAWLER. AND WHATEVER IT IS...

...IT'S STOPPING EVEN *MY* HEIGHTENED SENSES FROM TELLING WHO YOU ARE. AND YOU WANT TO THROW THAT PROTECTION AWAY?!

SOMEHOW, YOU GOT THE GENIE BACK IN THE BOTTLE. NOT EVERYONE'S THAT LUCKY. TRUST ME.

BUT THAT'S IT. I *DO* TRUST YOU. LOOK, IF YOU ***KNEW***, WE COULD HELP EACH OTHER MORE AND THEN--

MISTAKES HAPPEN. PEOPLE SLIP UP. THE FEWER PEOPLE WHO KNOW, THE SAFER YOU AND--

DO YOU HAVE ANY LOVED ONES?

YEAH...

THREE.

UM. THREE WHAT?

THREE WOMEN I LOVED DIED. A FOURTH, MY WIFE, IS LOCKED UP IN A PSYCH WARD.

ALL BECAUSE MY SECRET GOT OUT. YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT I'M TELLING YOU?

...

YES, COUNSELOR.

AND THERE HE GOES, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR.

MORE LIKE THE MAN WITHOUT *TACT*. TALK ABOUT YOUR BUZZ KILL.

C'MON, PARKER, SNAP OUT OF IT. REMEMBER, YOU'RE ON THE CLOCK!

Front Line. New York's little paper that could.

REALLY, PEOPLE? IF I SEE ANOTHER ANGRY FRONT PAGE FEATURE ON *MAYOR J. JONAH JAMESON*...

...I'M GOING TO LOSE IT. WHAT ELSE HAVE WE GOT? SALLY?

FRONT LINE
MAYOR'S ANTI-SPIDER BUDGET

WE GOT NOTHING, BEN. ZIP, ZILCH, SQUA-DOOOSH!

STOP THE PRESSES!

OR UNPLUG YOUR MODEMS. OR WHATEVER IT IS YOU PEOPLE DO.

PETER? TELL ME YOU'VE BROUGHT US THE GOODS.

JUST A MEMORY CARD, BOSS. CHOCK FULL A' PAGE ONE PHOTOS.

"DAREDEVIL AND SPIDEY BUST UP SUPER VILLAIN HANGOUT."

YOU CAN CALL CAPTAIN WATANABE DOWN AT THE 5TH PRECINCT TO CONFIRM.

NOT THAT I DON'T APPRECIATE THE HANDOFF, KIDDO...

...BUT WHAT'RE YOU DOING HERE? ISN'T YOUR AUNT'S REHEARSAL DINNER TONIGHT?

BOTH ROBBIE AND NORAH TOOK TIME OFF FOR IT. THOUGHT YOU'D BE THERE BY NOW.

YEAH, BUT I *REALLY* NEEDED TO SELL SOME PICS. MONEY'S RUNNING A LITTLE TIGHT THIS MONTH...

...AND WEB-FLUID DOESN'T EXACTLY GROW ON TREES.

DON'T WORRY, URICH. I'M ALL OVER THIS. SERIOUSLY, I'VE *MASTERED* THIS CITY.

INSIDE THESE FIVE LI'L BOROUGHS, TIME AND SPACE ARE MY PERSONAL PLAY-THINGS.

GREAT. HAD TO CHOOSE *NOW* TO START CONSERVING WEB-FLUID.

WALL-TO-WALL TRAFFIC. FORGET AUNT MAY'S REHEARSAL DINNER...

...I MIGHT MISS HER ANNIVERSARY!

I SWEAR, SOMETIMES IT FEELS LIKE ALL OF NEW YORK IS OUT TO GET ME.

THANKS FOR COMING. WE FEEL SO BLESSED THAT ALL YOU REILLYS COULD MAKE THIS BIG TRIP.

NOW THAT WE'VE FOUND YOU AGAIN, MAY, WE WOULDN'T DREAM OF MISSING YOUR WEDDING.

SHAME YOUR NEPHEW PETER COULDN'T MAKE IT THIS EVENING. OR YOUR SON, MR. JAMESON.

PLEASE, CALL ME JAY. WE'RE ABOUT TO BE FAMILY.

NOW I'M SURE JONAH JR. IS BUSY WITH ALL OF HIS MAYOR-THINGS. AND PETER? WELL, THAT'S JUST PETER...

...BEING PETER. YOU'LL SEE HIM AT THE WEDDING. OR THE RECEPTION. DON'T WORRY. I'M NOT WORRIED. AT ALL.

DINNER WAS LOVELY.

SEE YOU THIS WEEKEND.

WE'D BETTER, ROBBIE. AS FAR AS WE'RE CONCERNED, THE ROBERTSONS ARE HONORARY JAMESONS *AND* PARKERS.

AND NORAH, SINCE WHEN HAVE YOU AND RANDY--?

HOLD ON, GANG! SORRY I'M LATE! HAD TO FILE A STORY FOR FRONT LINE AND--

WOW! USING THE PAPER AS AN EXCUSE? WITH ITS CITY EDITOR AND STAR REPORTER STANDING RIGHT HERE?

PARKER FOR THE WIN!

GOOD LUCK GETTING OUT OF THIS ONE, PETE. NICE KNOWING YA.

OH, DON'T PAY THEM ANY MIND, DEAR. WE'RE GLAD YOU TRIED. I KNOW YOU DID YOUR BEST.

OUCH.

NO, MAY'S RIGHT, SON. WHAT MATTERS IS YOU'RE HERE NOW.

MY JONAH SAID HE WOULDN'T SHOW EVEN IF HE HAD THE TIME. I CAN'T BLAME HIM.

I WAS "*MISSING IN ACTION*" FOR MOST OF HIS LIFE, I GUESS I CAN UNDERSTAND HIM NOT WANTING TO--

AH. YOU'LL HAVE TO EXCUSE ME, I'LL SEE BOTH OF YOU LATER.

POOR JAY, THIS ISN'T GOING WELL, IS IT? THAT'S WHY, MORE THAN EVER...

...I NEED TO BE ABLE TO DEPEND ON YOU, PETER. YOU ***ARE*** GOING TO WALK ME DOWN THE AISLE?

OF COURSE!

I DON'T NEED TO FIND SOMEONE ELSE?

I ***PROMISE!*** AUNT MAY, THIS IS ONE OF THE BIG THINGS.

AND WHEN IT COMES TO THE ***BIG THINGS***, I WILL ***ALWAYS*** BE THERE FOR YOU.

DON'T WALK

TEK

TEK

TEK

ABSOLUTELY ***NOTHING*** IS GETTING IN THE WAY THIS TIME!

TEK
TEK
TEK
TEK
01011101010
TEK
OVERRIDE
OVERRIED
OVERRIDE
01011101010
TEK
TEK
TEK
TEK
01011101010
TEK
TEK
YES, MY PETS. HURRY. THERE'S STILL SO MUCH LEFT TO DO...
...AND SO PRECIOUS LITTLE TIME.
BUT COME, YOU NEED MORE INPUT.
HERE. IT IS TIME TO FEED.

FEAST ON MY GREAT INTELLECT. EVERY THOUGHT IN MY HEAD. ALL FOR YOU.

ALONG WITH FRESH DATA. INFORMATION FROM EVERY CORNER OF THE--

WHAT'S THIS? "SPIDER-MAN AND DAREDEVIL AID POLICE IN THEIR EFFORT TO--"

ENOUGH! SPIDER-MAN?! HE--HE IS IRRELEVANT!

KSHH

PURGE ALL REFERENCE TO THAT JACKANAPES FROM THE SYSTEM! I HAVE NO MORE TIME TO WASTE ON THE LIKES OF HIM!

I- I MUST INSTALL FILTERS! YES. ONLY RELEVANT DATA! ONLY THAT WHICH RELATES TO MY--

--OH MY.

THAT WEDDING ANNOUNCEMENT. MAY PARKER...

TEK TEK TEK

...THAT DEAR, SWEET LADY. TO BE MARRIED?

ONCE...LONG AGO...YOU AND I WERE TO BE...

HOW DIFFERENT LIFE WOULD HAVE BEEN IF ONLY I'D--

NO. THIS TOO IS A WASTE OF TIME.

OF PRECIOUS TIME.

Forest Hills

HELLO, WEDDING CENTRAL. BEST MAN SPEAKING. HOW MAY I DIRECT YOUR CALL?

...ALL I'M ASKING IS, *WHO'S* SITTING NEXT TO PETER AT HIS TABLE? AND IS SHE HAVING THE CHICKEN OR THE VEAL?

SUPPOSEDLY, HE HASN'T *ASKED* ANYONE YET.

WHAT ABOUT BETTY BRANT?

THEY'RE JUST FRIENDS. I LIKE THAT CARLIE GIRL, THOUGH...

EXCUSE ME. I COULDN'T HEAR YOU OVER ALL THE CACKLING HENS. COULD YOU REPEAT THAT...?

WHAT? THE RECEPTION HALL'S BEEN DOUBLE-BOOKED?

BRING BRING

YOUR CATERING SERVICE HAS BEEN SHUT DOWN? HEALTH CODE VIOLATION?

N.Y.P.I

HE'S NO LONGER CERTIFIED TO PERFORM THE CEREMONY?

NO RECORD OF THE MARRIAGE LICENSE? THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

WHO'S THAT?
THAT'S THE MAYOR'S DAD!
NO WAY!
YOU HEARD ME, JUNIOR! YOU'RE BEING A SELFISH CHILD!
FATHER?! WHAT'RE YOU DOING HERE?
WHAT AM I DOING? I'M HERE TO TELL YOU TO STOP SABOTAGING MY WEDDING! SHOW? DON'T SHOW? I DON'T CARE.
BUT THIS HARASSMENT? USING YOUR TIES TO CITY HALL TO SPOIL OUR CEREMONY? THAT STOPS RIGHT NOW, OR SO HELP ME...
THIS'S PURE GOLD. YOU GETTING THIS?
EVERY WORD.
YOR J. JONAH JAMESON PRESENTS
THE NYC SUMMER IT SPE
...MAYOR OR NOT, YOU'RE NOT SO BIG THAT I WON'T STILL PUT YOU ACROSS MY KNEE!
Atlas Towers. Off Central Park West.
MR. JAMESON? GOOD TO SEE YOU, SIR.
YOU HAVEN'T BEEN AROUND MUCH LATELY.
NO, EDDIE. I'VE BEEN STAYING WITH MY GAL OVER IN QUEENS. JUST DROPPED BY TO PICK UP MY CLUBS.
AHH. DAYS LIKE THIS I HAVE TO REMIND MYSELF I'M A PACIFIST.
I KNOW MAY'S UNDER A LOT OF STRESS RIGHT NOW, BUT I SWEAR...
...IF I DON'T GET DOWN TO THE DRIVING RANGE AND HIT A FEW BALLS...
...I WON'T BE OF MUCH USE TO ANYONE--
TEK
TEK
TEK

IT'S NOT THAT BAD, DEAR...

NO, ANNA, IT'S A DISASTER. HOW COULD THIS BE HAPPENING? AND ALL AT ONCE?

N.Y.P.

DON'T WORRY. MRS. WATSON'S RIGHT. I'M SURE THERE'S A SIMPLE WAY TO FIX ALL OF THIS.

EXACTLY.

AND I KNOW *JUST* WHERE TO START.

Bryant Park. In The Heart Of Midtown Manhattan.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS, IT IS MY HONOR TO PRESENT TO YOU MY LATEST MASTERSTROKE OF *GENIUS!*

HERE IS HOW I, *J. JONAH JAMESON*, NEW YORK'S MOST SELFLESS MAYOR, AM BRINGING MORE *DOLLARS* TO OUR CITY! AND MORE *PIZZAZZ* TO OUR CITY...

...BY BRINGING HARDWORKING AMERICAN *SWIMSUIT MODELS* TO OUR CITY!

*FOUR MORE YEARS! FOUR MORE YEARS!*

NORAH WINTERS, FRONT LINE. SIR, NEW YORK ALREADY HAD ITS SUMMER *FASHION* WEEK SIX MONTHS AGO...

...BACK WHEN RETAILERS HAD ENOUGH TIME TO PLACE THEIR ORDERS.

NY ♥ JJJ

HOW IS THIS SKIN SHOW ANYTHING *OTHER* THAN CHEAP PANDERING TO...WELL... IDIOTS LIKE THAT GUY?

MISS, IF THAT'S HOW YOUR LIBERAL RAG WANTS TO LABEL THE COMMON MAN...

...I CAN'T STOP YOU. BUT I ASSURE YOU, MY INTENTIONS ARE NOTHING BUT--

*SELFISH!*

WHAT IN THE WORLD...?

WHATEVER YOU ARE-- GET BACK!

TEN

TEN

TEN

TEN

TEN

TEN

TEN

TEN

Flushing Cemetery.

JAY'S A GOOD MAN, BEN. I KNOW YOU'D LIKE HIM. HE'S A PRAGMATIST, LIKE YOU.

AND HE'S SURE THERE'S SOME EARTHLY REASON FOR ALL OUR WEDDING MISHAPS. BUT I CAN'T HELP FEELING THAT THEY'RE *SIGNS*.

MAYBE WE'RE NOT *MEANT* TO BE MAN AND WIFE...

SO THIS TIME I'M FLAT OUT ASKING YOU, BEN. PLEASE. I *NEED* YOU TO GIVE ME A SIGN.

I NEED TO KNOW THIS IS STILL OKAY. I NEED HELP. I NEED...

IT'S PETER.

HEY, CARLIE. I KNOW IT'S SHORT NOTICE, BUT AUNT MAY'S WEDDING? YOU GOING?

YEAH, SHE SENT ME AN INVITATION. FOR ME PLUS ONE.

SAME HERE. WELL, DUH. OF COURSE *I'M* GOING. AND SINCE WE BOTH NEED A "*PLUS ONE*"...

...EVEN THOUGH MATH-WISE IT'D CREATE A "NEGATIVE TWO"...

...MAYBE WE COULD GO TOGE--WAIT. AUNT MAY'S CALLING IN.

PETER? I THINK SOMETHING TERRIBLE'S HAPPENED.

WHAT NOW? THE WEDDING CAKE BLOW UP? 'CAUSE THAT'D BE PAR FOR THE COURSE.

I'M SERIOUS, PETER! I MUST TALK TO JAY. IT'S IMPORTANT. BUT I CAN'T REACH HIM ANYWHERE. I'M WORRIED. CAN YOU...?

SWING BY HIS PLACE? SURE THING, AUNT MAY. DON'T WORRY. I'M ON IT.

CARLIE? CAN WE TALK ABOUT THIS LATER?

I GOTTA RUN AN ERRAND AND CHECK IN ON THE GROOM.

JAY'S APARTMENT? WELL...I'M NOT DOING ANYTHING. WHY DON'T I MEET YOU THERE?

NO. IT'S NO PROBLEM. YEAH. I KNOW WHERE THAT IS. SO...

"...SEE YOU IN A BIT?"

"SURE, I'LL BE THERE SOON. I'M TRYING TO SAVE MONEY, SO I MIGHT JUST HOP A CAB."

"WHAT? PETE, THAT DOESN'T MAKE ANY SENSE."

"NEVER MIND. YOU SURE ABOUT THIS? 'CAUSE THIS'S GONNA BE QUICK. I'LL PROBABLY BE IN AND OUT...

"...BEFORE ANYONE EVEN KNOWS I'M THERE."

HMM. THAT'S STRANGE. THE SECOND I'M IN THE CITY...

WHRRR

...I START GETTING THE TEENIEST, TINIEST TINGLE FROM MY SPIDER-SENSE.

AND IT'S COMING FROM *EVERY* ANGLE.

LIKE THERE'S A LITTLE BIT OF DANGER--

KA-THUNK

EVERYWHERE!

THAT TRANSFORMER! IT JUST BLEW UP FOR NO APPARENT--

ZZAP

**OW!** BAD LAMPPOST! OKAY. I GOT IT NOW...

...TWO COMPLETELY DIFFERENT *ELECTRICAL* DOOHICKEYS TARGETING YOURS TRULY.

THIS HAS MAX DILLON WRITTEN ALL OVER IT.

AND IF ELECTRO'S BACK IN TOWN, I'D BETTER BREAK OUT MY RUBBER BOOTIES FAST BEFORE--

AH! WHAT'S GOING ON?!

HEY! WATCH IT!

PKRANG

SKRREE

I'M HITTING THE BRAKES! IT WON'T STOP!

HECK WITH THIS! I'M OUTTA HERE!

WHOA! IT'S NOT JUST ONE CAR!

IT'S EVERY CAR ON THE BLOCK!

RUNGCH

OKAY. SCRATCH ELECTRO. SO WHO *ARE* WE TALKING ABOUT? MACHINESMITH? THE TINKERER?

AND HYDRO-MAN?

WHAT? SO IT'S LIKE A WHOLE *BUNCH* OF BAD GUYS? OH NO...

SPLASH

THIS'S 'CAUSE I SHUT DOWN THEIR BAR, ISN'T IT?

WELL, TILL I CAN GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THINGS...

"...THE CASE OF THE MISSING BRIDE-GROOM IS GONNA HAVE TO WAIT."

DAYS BEFORE THE WEDDING, AND *NOW* HE ASKS ME OUT? WHAT AM I? HIS FRIEND? HIS BACK-UP PLAN?

CARLIE COOPER: YOUR EMERGENCY "*PLUS ONE*," JUST IN CASE NO ONE BETTER...

...COMES ALONG? HEY! THAT'S MR. JAMESON'S APARTMENT. WHAT'S SHE--?

YOU, THERE! FREEZE! POLICE!

7h

OH! CARLIE COOPER? THE BODYBAGGER? *WHEW*. FOR A SECOND, I THOUGHT IT WAS A ***REAL*** COP.

I AM A REAL COP. AND HOW DO YOU KNOW--

WAIT. YOU'RE NORAH WINTERS. THAT REPORTER WHO KEEPS TRYING TO COVER THE CRIME BEAT. WHAT'RE YOU DOING HERE?

JONAH SR. WAS FLINGING SOME SERIOUS MUD AT THE MAYOR EARLIER. THOUGHT I'D GET A FOLLOW UP. KNOCKED. NOBODY HOME.

FUNNY THING IS, I TALKED TO THE NEIGHBORS, THEY SAID THEY HEARD SOUNDS OF A STRUGGLE. SO I'M CHECKING IT OUT.

KLIK

WAIT! YOU CAN'T DO THAT. THAT'S BREAKING AND ENTERING! THAT'S--

WHOA!

DEFINITE SIGNS OF A STRUGGLE.

YEAH. GLAD I HAVE A "*FORENSICS EXPERT*" ON HAND TO CONFIRM THAT.

RIGHT.

WELL, MAYBE YOU SHOULD BE GLAD YOU HAVE ONE AROUND TO EXAMINE ***THIS***.

I'VE SEEN SOMETHING LIKE IT BEFORE...

"UNIT 5,837,455,636 HAS FAILED TO REPORT BACK..."

...BUT NO MATTER. A MINOR DETAIL IN WHAT IS ABOUT TO BECOME A TRULY HISTORIC MOMENT.

YES. MY MOMENT.

THE PERFECT CODA TO MY LIFE'S WORK.

BRING THE SYSTEM ONLINE. INITIATE THE MASTER PLANNER PROGRAM, BUT...

...RUN THE SIMULATED IMAGE.

IF I AM TO BE REMEMBERED, LET IT BE WITH MY TRUE FACE, AND NOT THIS DECREPIT FORM.

GO. ACTIVATE ALL CHANNELS. ALL FREQUENCIES. BEGIN TRANSMISSION.

PEOPLE OF NEW YORK, YOUR ATTENTION PLEASE.

I AM DR. OTTO OCTAVIUS, THE MAN MOST OF YOU KNOW AS DOCTOR OCTOPUS.

DO NOT BE ALARMED.

TODAY I COME BEFORE YOU TO MAKE AMENDS FOR MY PAST TRANS-GRESSIONS.

TODAY I BESTOW UPON YOU ALL A MOST AMAZING GIFT...

...A NEW NEW YORK.

A SMART CITY. A CITY OF THE FUTURE!

USING THE SAME MIRACLE OF SCIENCE THAT ALLOWS ME TO CONTROL MY MECHANICAL LIMBS...

...I'VE TAKEN CONTROL OVER EVERY MECHANISM IN MANHATTAN. SOON, ALL OF NEW YORK'S OTHER BOROUGHS WILL FOLLOW.

HE CAN'T DO THAT! NOT IN MY CITY!

WHY, SOMEONE SHOULD CALL OUT THE NATIONAL GUARD!

WELL, YOU DO HAVE A DIRECT LINE TO THE GOVERNOR, SIR.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO CALL IN THE GUARD?

UHH... LET'S NOT BE SO HASTY.

DOES THAT COME OUT OF OUR BUDGET?

DID HE SAY EVERY MECHANISM?! OH-HO-HO BOY. SPIDEY NO LIKE!

IMAGINE EVERY CITYWIDE SYSTEM--GAS, WATER, POWER--GUIDED BY MY UNPARALLELED INTELLECT!

FROM NOW ON, THERE'LL BE NO MORE BLACKOUTS. TRAINS WILL RUN ON TIME. I'LL ANTICIPATE YOUR EVERY NEED.

THIS IS MY GIFT TO YOU. A PARADISE WHERE NOTHING CAN POSSIBLY GO WRO--

BATOOM

HE JUST HAD TO SAY IT!

WELL, THAT'S MORE THAN ONE MYSTERY SOLVED.

DOC'S HEART MIGHT BE IN THE RIGHT PLACE. TOO BAD HIS HEAD'S ON A ONE-WAY TRIP TO LA-LA-LAND.

SURE, *CONSCIOUSLY* OL' FOUR EYES MIGHT WANT TO HELP OUT...

...BUT WHO'S TO SAY THAT *SUBCONSCIOUSLY* HE WOULDN'T DO SOMETHING DOWNRIGHT PETTY...

...LIKE RUIN AN EX'S WEDDING, GET RID OF HER GROOM, OR BUMP OFF A CERTAIN WEB-HEADED DO-GOODER?!

POOM

BASH

K-KOW

FTAMM

THOSE EXPLOSIONS-- GETTING CLOSER! GOTTA DO SOME-THING...BUT *WHAT?!*

"I JUST CAN'T BELIEVE IT...

"...AFTER ALL THESE YEARS...

"...IT'S *REALLY* HAPPENING...

"...NEW YORK CITY *IS* OUT TO GET ME!"

WHRRRR

WHAT NOW?

AAHHH!

WINDOW WASHER!

AND HE'S TAKING THE *EXPRESS!*

GEEZ. GUY CAN'T EVEN WALL-CRAWL IN PEACE THESE DAYS.

THWAP

THWIP

OH-GOD- OH-GOD- OH-GOD!

HUH?!

KER-KRANG

HEY, NOT LIKE I'M TELLING YOU HOW TO DO YOUR JOB...

...BUT YOU MISSED A SPOT THERE, THERE, AND THERE.

SPIDER-MAN?!

DID YOU SEE THAT? HE SAVED ME! I TOTALLY GOT SAVED BY SPIDER-MAN!

EVERYBODY GETS ONE.

EASY, PAL. IT'S OKAY. WE GOTCHA.

THANKS, MAN!

NO NEED. THAT'S WHY I'M HE--

ARE YOU STUPID OR SOMETHING? THIS'S *HIS* FAULT!

SHE'S RIGHT! ALL THE MACHINES--THEY'RE AFTER *HIM!* WE GOTTA GET THE @#$% AWAY FROM THIS GUY!

WELL...THERE GOES THE FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD.

CAN'T SAY I BLAME 'EM. THEY GOT A HECK OF A POINT.

THANKS TO OCK, EVERY PIECE OF TECH IS OUT FOR MY RADIOACTIVE BLOOD.

AND I MIGHT BE SAFE UP *HERE.* BUT DOWN *THERE...?*

THE CITY'S LEARNING. IT'S FIGURED OUT I'LL DO WHATEVER I CAN TO SAVE PEOPLE...

...SO NOW IT'S PUTTING *EVERYONE* IN JEOPARDY!

BUT IF I GO HELP, IT'LL JUST MAKE THINGS *WORSE!* WHAT DO I *DO?!*

WHY DON'T YOU STEP ASIDE AND LEAVE IT TO THE PROS, KID?

YEAH. LOOKS LIKE THIS IS *NEW OCK CITY.* AND YOU AIN'T WELCOME.

WELL WHADDAYA KNOW? IF IT AIN'T MY TEAM: THE SPIDEY LADIES AUXILIARY!

HOW MANY TIMES WE GOTTA TELL YOU, WEBS? WE'RE *THE AVENGERS!*

BUT SOMEBODY ELSE IS CALLING THEMSELVES THE AVENGERS.

WE'RE THE *REAL* AVENGERS!

BUT SOMEBODY'S ALREADY CALLING THEMSELVES THE *REAL* AVEN--

*SHUT UP!*

I CAN'T BELIEVE WE HAVEN'T KICKED HIM OUT YET.

WOLVERINE? HE LISTENS TO YOU.

'CAUSE HE KNOWS I'LL POP A CLAW IN HIS :BEEP:BEEP:BEEP!

KID, YOU CAN HANG THERE, OR YOU CAN HELP. WHICH YOU *CAN'T*. SO *SCRAM!*

SO? I'M STILL ON THE TEAM?

*YES!*

'CAUSE THIS LOOKS LIKE A TEAM EFFORT, AND I DON'T FEEL LIKE I'M CONTRIBUTING TO THE WHOLE GROUP DYNAMIC.

BUT--

ONE LAST TIME. THE CITY'S FLIPPIN' OUT RIGHT NOW. YOU GO AWAY, AND MAYBE IT DOESN'T KEEP GETTING *WORSE*. GOT IT?!

POP A CLAW.

IN YOUR :BEEP:BEEP:BEEP.

WHICH CLAW?

*SNIKT!*

GOTCHA. TEXT ME WHEN YOU'RE DONE.

WELL, THAT WAS FAST.

BREEP BREEP

CARLIE? OH, RIGHT. SORRY I COULDN'T MAKE IT, BUT I'M A LITTLE BUSY RIGHT--

WHAT? YOU'RE WITH WHO?

NORAH WINTERS. ONE OF YOUR FELLOW REPORTERS FROM FRONT LINE...

PLEASE, LIKE YOU CAN CALL WHAT PARKER DOES "*REPORTING.*" MORE LIKE LEECHING OFF OF MY GREATNESS.

ANYWAY...WE THINK WE MAY HAVE A LEAD ON JONAH SENIOR.

WE FOUND THIS SPIDER-LIKE MACHINE AT HIS APARTMENT. YEAH. AND IT WAS EMITTING A SIGNAL...

...SO I RECONFIGURED MY TRACKING DEVICE* AND IT LED US RIGHT--

WHAT DO I MEAN "*SPIDER-LIKE*"? WELL, IT HAD EIGHT LEGS LIKE A SPIDER...

YOU HEAR SOMETHING?

TEN TEN TEN

*FIRST SEEN IN *CHARACTER ASSASSINATION.* --SIMPERIN' STEVE

OR AN *OCTOPUS!* CARLIE, GRAB NORAH AND GET OUT OF THERE *NOW!*

TEN TEN TEN

CARLIE?!

FWAK

OH, THIS JUST KEEPS GETTING BETTER.

OCK'S *LITERALLY* GOT THE CITY OUT TO KILL ME. AND NOW HE'S GOT CARLIE, NORAH, AND PROBABLY JAY TOO!

NEED A MOMENT TO THINK.

AND IT *JUST* OCCURRED TO ME THERE'S *ONE* SPOT IN TOWN THAT EVEN *DOC* WOULDN'T TRY TO TAKE OVER!

**The Baxter Building.**

*HEADQUARTERS OF THE FANTASTIC FOUR.*

SO, BEN,WHAT DOES THAT THING ON YOUR BACK DO... BESIDES GIVE YOU A HERNIA?

SIMPLE, FLAME-FACE, IT TRANSMITS AN OMNI-DIRECTIONAL CEREBRAL PULSE.

WELL SAID, BEN.

ARE YOU KIDDIN' STRETCHO? I READ THAT OFFA YOUR DIRECTIONS.

÷SIGH÷ WELL, IF WE CAN FIGHT OUR WAY TO THE CENTER OF TOWN AND SWITCH IT ON, IT'LL SEND OUT A STRONGER BRAIN WAVE PATTERN...

IF I'M RIGHT, IT'LL OVERRIDE OCTAVIUS' SIGNAL.

"A STRONGER BRAINWAVE PATTERN"? GEE, I WONDER WHOSE.

C'MON, THING. WHAT? YOU EXPECT MODESTY FROM A GUY CALLING HIMSELF "*MISTER FANTASTIC*"?

WELL LOOK WHO'S LATE TO THE PARTY.

TORCH. GUYS. I COULD USE A LITTLE HELP...

WE'VE GOT THIS, JOHNNY. WHY DON'T YOU GO OVER AND SEE WHAT YOUR FRIEND NEEDS.

CAN YOU MAKE THIS QUICK, PETE? WE'RE KINDA BUSY.
I NEED TO TRACE THE LAST CALL MADE TO THIS CELL PHONE.
WHAT DO WE LOOK LIKE? AT&T?
PLEASE. SOME GIRLS I KNOW ARE IN DANGER!
GIRLS? WHOA! I'VE ***SEEN*** THE KINDA GIRLS YOU KNOW. THAT'S IT. I'M GASSING UP THE CAR!
...CARLIE COOPER OF THE NYPD, AND I'M HERE TO TELL YOU, SIR, THAT YOU'RE UNDER ARREST ON THE CHARGES OF--
REALLY, COOPER? REALLY?!
FOR THE RECORD, I DON'T KNOW THIS PERSON. DOCTOR OCTAVIUS, RIGHT?
I'M A REPORTER FROM FRONT LINE. WHATEVER'S GOING ON HERE, WE SHOULD TALK ABOUT IT. GET YOUR SIDE OF THE STORY OUT THERE.
THIS'S A NEW YOU, WITH A NEW LOOK. LOVE THE FOUR EXTRA ARMS BY THE WAY--
ENOUGH. I HAVE NO TIME FOR SUCH FOOLISHNESS. NO TIME AT ALL.
IF MY OCTO-BOTS CAPTURED YOU, IT CAN ONLY BE FOR ONE OF TWO REASONS...
...YOU'RE EITHER OBSTACLES IN MY WAY, OR NEW APPENDAGES I CAN USE.
PAY CLOSE ATTENTION, GIRL, FOR IF ALL YOU SEE IS "FOUR EXTRA ARMS," THEN YOU DO NOT UNDERSTAND "THE NEW ME" AT ALL.

I AM MORE THAN THIS USELESS FLESH. MORE THAN THESE PHYSICAL LIMBS. I AM AN UNPARALLELED MIND!

THE "TENTACLES" I CONTROL GO OUT INTO THE WORLD IN THE MILLIONS! BILLIONS!

WITH EVERY MOMENT MY REACH GROWS FURTHER, SPREADING ACROSS THE GLOBE. SOON, ALL OF EARTH SHALL BE MY BODY.

EVERY ASPECT OF IT SHALL BE UNDER MY INFLUENCE. AND IT SHALL BE PERFECTION. MY PARTING GIFT TO ALL OF YOU:

THE WORLD OF DOCTOR OCTOPUS!

HA HA HA! REMEMBER THE FIRST TIME? HE TOTALLY CREAMED YA. A TUBBY GUY IN GLASSES WITH FOUR METAL PIPE-CLEANERS.

AND YOU WERE ALL, "I'VE NEVER BEEN BEATEN SO BADLY! I'M GONNA GIVE UP. WAHHH." THEY HAD TO CALL ME IN, REMEMBER?

YEAH. I SEEM TO REMEMBER YOU GETTING "*THE FLU*"...

...AND IN THE END I HAD TO FIGHT OCK ALL BY MY LONESOME ANYWAY.

TALK ABOUT COMING FULL CIRCLE. THIS OLD ATOMIC RESEARCH FACILITY? THIS WAS OTTO'S FIRST BASE.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

TWITTERING.

"*SPIDEY'S GETTING TO FIRST BASE WITH DOC OCK.*"

THIS. THIS IS WHY NO ONE LIKES YOU.

CARLIE AND NORAH'S PHONES. AND CARLIE'S TRACKING THING-A-MAJIG.

SO? WHAT NOW?

I SAY WE FOLLOW THIS THING AND SEE WHERE IT LEADS US.

IT'S A DOOR.

I CAN SEE THAT. THERE'S A KEYPAD.

TRY HIS BIRTHDAY.

I DON'T KNOW HIS BIRTHDAY.

TRY MY BIRTHDAY.

WHY ON EARTH WOULD HE--?

PEOPLE LOVE ME.

NO THEY DON'T.

OH! TRY 8, 8, 8.

I'VE GOT A BETTER IDEA.

PROPORTIONATE STRENGTH OF A SPIDER.

I KNOW. I CAN SMELL YOU FROM HERE.

KE-RAK

PING PING PING

YOU SURE THAT THING'S WORKING?

IT SAYS GO THIS WAY.

THERE'S NO POWER THIS WAY. ARE YOU USING IT RIGHT?

LOOK, THE MORE WE GO THIS WAY, THE MORE IT GOES "*PING*." JUST LIKE...

...MY SPIDER-SENSE! **LOOK OUT!**

**FLAME ON!**

WAIT, THAT'S NOT DOC OCK...

NO, IT'S...

**J. JONAH SENIOR?!**

CAREFUL, BOYS! THIS ISN'T ME DOING THIS!

AHH! SAME OVER HERE!

SPIDER-MAN! TORCH! HEADS UP!

WELL? YOU GONNA STAND THERE, HOTSHOT? OR DO SOME-THING?!

HURRY!

HERE'S A SWITCH. ME, SOME CUTE GIRLS, AND ***THEY'RE*** THE ONES WHO ARE ALL HANDS.

HUMAN OCTO-HOSTAGES! HE EVER DO THIS BEFORE?

NOPE. THIS'S AN ALL NEW LOW FOR TUBBY McMETAL ARMS.

SUGGESTIONS?

FOCUS ON TAKING OUT THE TENTACLES.

THWOP

WE'VE GOT INNOCENT CIVILIANS HERE. AND ONE OF 'EM'S DRAWING SOCIAL SECURITY.

*AND* TWO LOVELY LADIES. LIKE I'D LET ANYTHING HAPPEN TO YOU GALS.

WHAT KIND OF A HERO *ARE* YOU? WE'RE IN THE MIDDLE OF A SUPER VILLAIN DEATH TRAP...

...AND YOU'RE *HITTING ON US?!*

WELL...

...WITH THAT ATTITUDE, I'M DEFINITELY NOT HITTING ON *YOU.*

HEY!

BUT OTHER-GIRL HERE...SHE'S KINDA GOT A *"NAUGHTY LIBRARIAN"* THING GOING FOR HER...

HEY!

SPIDER-MAN? ARE YOU OKAY BACK THERE?

I'M FINE, SIR. AND DON'T WORRY, I'LL GET YOU OUT OF THIS.

A-HA! THINK I FOUND THE POWER SOURCE ON THESE OCTO-SUITS...

...RIGHT HERE ON THE BACK.

KSHH

THAT'S THE TICKET. JOHNNY, YOU GET THAT?

ZZZAWEOOOO

FSHH

FASH

OH, LIKE I WOULDN'T'VE FIGURED *THAT* OUT.

UN-FREAKIN'-BELIEVABLE. COOPER, YOU THINK ANY "*DAMSELS IN DISTRESS*" ACTUALLY FALL FOR HIS ACT?

COOPER?!

DON'T KNOW WHAT WE WOULD'VE DONE IF YOU GUYS HADN'T SHOWED UP.

IT'S NO PROBLEM, MA'AM. HERE, LET ME HELP YOU OUT OF THIS...

THANKS AGAIN, SON. SEEMS YOU'RE MAKING A HABIT OUT OF RESCUING ME.

DON'T SWEAT IT, MR. J. NOW LET'S GET YOU GUYS HOME.

JOHNNY, WHY DON'T YOU GET MR. JAMESON AND THE GIRLS TO SAFETY? I'LL TAKE CARE OF OCK.

YOU SURE?

HEY, I'M NOT SOME KID FROM HIGH SCHOOL ANYMORE. AND THIS'S DOC OCK, REMEMBER?

"TUBBY GUY IN GLASSES WITH FOUR METAL PIPE-CLEANERS."

C'MON, WE ALL KNOW THE DRILL...

...ONE PUNCH TO THE HEAD AND DOWN HE GOES.

ONE PUNCH TO THE--

SO BE IT. COME, SPIDER. MY TIME ON EARTH GROWS SHORT, AND I WELCOME THIS-- OUR LAST BATTLE!

A FITTING END, YES? THE DAY I SAVE THE WORLD...

"...AND TEAR YOU APART LIMB BY LIMB!"

OKAY. EITHER I'M GETTING REALLY CLOSE...

PINC PINC PINC

...OR CARLIE PICKED THE WORLD'S WORST RINGTONE.

HEH. THIS IS GONNA BE TOO EASY.

YOU MUST BE SLIPPING, DOC.

'CAUSE AFTER ALL THESE YEARS A' DOING THIS, IT'S NEVER BEEN THIS--

EEP!

ME AND MY BIG MOUTH. EWW. WHAT ARE THESE THINGS?!

MUST BE THOSE LITTLE OCTOPUS-MACHINES CARLIE WAS TALKING ABOUT.

WELL, WHATEVER THEY ARE, THEY'RE BROADCASTING NEAR THE SAME FREQUENCY AS MY SPIDER-TRACERS...

...AND IT'S THROWING MY SPIDER-SENSE OUT OF--

GNHH!

WAAAF

KRA-KCH

OW. WELL...SPIDER-SENSE'S WORKING AGAIN.

GREAT. ALWAYS NICE TO KNOW WHEN I'M IN DANGE--

--URK! SO...UH...

WHAT'S UP, DOC?

EVER THE CLOWN. THE BUFFOON. THE IDIOT.

HOW IS IT I NEVER KILLED YOU?! THIS--THIS MUST BE RECTIFIED!

HEY! SIX, SEVEN, *EIGHT*?! NO FAIR! THAT'S *TEN* ARMS AND *TWO* LEGS.

SO DO I CALL YOU DOC SQUID NOW? OR DOC OCK AND A HALF?

TWELVE ANGRY APPENDAGES?

TEN ARMS, TWO LEGS AND A PIZZA FACE?

**QUIET!**

MY PHYSICAL SHELL IS MEANINGLESS NOW. A VESSEL ONLY MADE WORTHY IN THAT IT SUSTAINS MY BRILLIANT MIND!

A MIND NOW FREE TO PERFORM COUNTLESS TASKS...

...EVERYTHING FROM YOUR EXECUTION...

**P-KANG**

...TO RUNNING MY CITY OF THE FUTURE.

YEAH. RIGHT. NICE JOB WITH THAT.

EXCEPT THERE'S SOMETHING YOU SHOULD KNOW...

YOU'VE GOT NEW YORK RUNNING ON "*OTTO-PILOT.*" AND OTTO IS OUT OF HIS FLIPPIN' GOURD!

YOU TAKEN A LOOK LATELY? IT'S ALL GONE WRONG, OCK. YOUR "*PERFECT WORLD*" IS OUT OF CONTROL!

NO! THESE ARE MINOR SETBACKS IS ALL! IT WILL WORK! I WILL FIX EVERYTHING!

I AM IN CONTROL! COMPLETE CONTROL!

SUUURE YOU ARE. IF YOUR IDEA OF A CITY OF THE FUTURE IS A BIG SMOKING CRATER.

THAT'S WHY I'M HERE, DOC, TO SAVE EVERYBODY...

...BY SHUTTING YOU DOWN!

NEVER!

WATCH THE HANDS, PAL! HERE...

...LET ME GIVE YOU A LI'L SOMETHING TO KEEP 'EM BUSY.

KRNGG

GRAHH! YOU MEDDLING, FOOL! THIS WON'T HOLD ME FOR LONG!

IT DOESN'T HAVE TO, JUST LONG ENOUGH...

...FOR ME TO FIND WHATEVER YOU'VE BEEN USING FOR YOUR NEURO-INTERFACE...

...AND TRANSMIT A STRONGER BRAINWAVE PATTERN!

HA HA HA HA! YOU FINALLY DID IT, SPIDER-MAN. AFTER ALL THIS TIME...

YOU FINALLY SAID SOMETHING THAT MADE ME LAUGH!

A STRONGER BRAINWAVE PATTERN?! I AM OTTO OCTAVIUS! MY RAW BRAINPOWER IS UNMATCHED, DO YOU HEAR? UNMATCHED!

NEWSFLASH, OTTO: ALL THESE YEARS YOU'VE BEEN SELLING THIS IDIOT SHORT...

...UNLIKE THE NEW YOU, I'M NOT JUST A PRETTY FACE. UPLOADING NOW...

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?! I CAN FEEL--

I CAN FEEL MY HOLD ON THE CITY SLIPPING...

...CAN'T CONTROL...

...MY OWN ARMS?!

NOOO!

MUST-- CONCENTRATE! MY MIND IS STRONGER THAN YOURS!

GNH! YEAH, OCK? THINK AGAIN!

AHH! THIS CANNOT--BE-- HAPPENING!!

YOU CAN'T SHUT IT DOWN! THIS IS MY GIFT TO THE WORLD!

PLEASE.

UH-UH. SORRY, DOC. SHOULDA' GONE WITH THE PUNCH BOWL.

CONSIDER THIS GIFT... *RETURNED!*

I... I WAS GOING TO--

WITH THE REST OF MY LIFE...

WITH WHAT TIME I HAD LEFT...

I WAS GOING TO DO SOMETHING GREAT.

GOOD MORNING, NEW YORK. YOU'RE TUNED INTO *W-FNSM.*

COURTESY OF YOUR FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD YOU-KNOW-WHO.

NUMBER ONE ON OUR PLAYLIST IS A LITTLE NUMBER I LIKE TO CALL...

"OTTO-MATIC... TO THE PEOPLE." THAT'S RIGHT, KIDS. THE CITY IS YOURS AGAIN!

COMPLETE WITH TRAFFIC JAMS AND BROWN-OUTS. ENJOY EVERY MINUTE OF IT!

SWEET CHRISTMAS! HE DID IT. THE KID DID IT.

THAT WAS SPIDER-MAN. THAT WAS PETER'S VOICE!

HEAR THAT? EVERYTHING'S BACK TO NORMAL. AND WE NEVER DID GET TO SWITCH THIS ON.

INCREDIBLE. HE MUST HAVE USED HIS *OWN* BRAINWAVE PATTERNS.

OY. BET NOW HE'S GONNA WANT *US* TO CALL *HIM* MR. FANTASTIC. JUST WHAT WE NEED...

"...THAT GUY'S GONNA BE UNBEARABLE!"

MAYOR JAMESON, WE'RE GETTING REPORTS IN FROM ACROSS MANHATTAN...

...ALL SYSTEMS ARE NOW BACK ONLINE. THE CRISIS IS OVER, SIR.

WELL OF COURSE IT IS! DID YOU EXPECT ANYTHING *LESS* FROM THE JAMESON ADMINISTRATION?

YET ANOTHER DISASTER DIVERTED BY MY EXPERT LEADERSHIP! DAGBLASTIT, ANDERSON, I DESERVE A *RAISE!* GET ON THAT.

BUT BEFORE WE SHUT DOWN, THERE'S A FEW PERSONAL MATTERS TO ATTEND TO...

GOIN' TO THE CHAPEL AND WE'RE GONNA GET MA-AH-AH-ARRIED...

Forest Hills.

WHAT? THE CATERER'S BACK IN BUSINESS? WONDERFUL! ONE SECOND--

THE FLORIST HAS OUR ORDER AGAIN? YES, OF COURSE. HOLD, PLEASE.

MAY, EXCEPT FOR FINDING SOMEONE TO PERFORM THE CEREMONY, EVERYTHING'S BACK ON TRACK. IT'S A MIRACLE.

THAT'S ALL FINE AND GOOD, ANNA, BUT...

...THERE'S ONLY ONE CALL I'M WAITING FOR.

YES? THIS IS MAY PARKER.

WHAT?! YES, PLEASE, PUT HIM THROUGH!

JAY! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

I AM NOW. I TELL YOU, MAY, YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE THE DAY I HAD.

EMT

NO, IT ALL WORKED OUT IN THE END. THANK GOD. WHAT? THANK GOD.

NO, I'M BEING SERIOUS. THANK GOD! WHY? 'CAUSE HE MUST'VE HAD SOMEONE LOOKING AFTER ME TODAY!

THANK YOU.

Y-YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND...

I'M DYING. EVERYTHING YOU AND THE OTHERS DID...

BARELY ANY TIME LEFT.

SORRY, DOC. I REALLY AM. BUT IT LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE GONNA BE SPENDING THAT TIME...

...IN A NICE, LITTLE PADDED CELL IN RYKERS!

NEVER.

TEK

TEK

TEK

TEK

TEK

ARGH!

NOW I MUST APOLOGIZE, WEB-SLINGER. FOR FAILING TO MENTION...

...THAT MY OCTOBOTS OPERATE ON A CLOSED SYSTEM,

INDEPENDENT OF MY ARMS AND MY CONTROL SIGNAL.

THIS WAY, MY PETS. IT APPEARS WE MUST START OVER.

AND MAKE THE MOST...OF WHAT TIME WE HAVE LEFT.

TEK TEK TEK TEK

RRAH! TOO MANY OF THESE DANG THINGS!

TEARING INTO ME! HOW AM I GOING TO...?

HERE. DON'T MOVE.

FWSHH

HEY! WATCH IT!

HOT! HOT! HOT! HOT!

HEY, CAREFUL BETWEEN THE LEGS!

WHOA! NICE SHOOTIN', TEX.

YOU GOT EVERY LAST OCTOBOT.

OCTOBOTS? WHAT OCTOBOTS?

TORCH!

JUST KIDDIN'.

BET SOMEBODY'S GLAD I DOUBLED BACK.
YEAH. I'D BE EVEN GLADDER IF HE CAME WITH A MUTE BUTTON.
THERE'S GRATITUDE FOR YA. SO? DOC OCK?
PLANS FOILED. BUT MADE IT TO THE ESCAPE HATCH.
THAT SUCKS.
TELL ME ABOUT IT. SO, DO WE FOLLOW?
NAH. DOOM USES THESE THINGS ALL THE TIME. REED'S GOT SOME SENSORS THAT CAN FOLLOW HIM DOWN, BUT TRUST ME...
"...HE'S LONG GONE."
I CAN SEE NOW THAT SPIDER-MAN IS NOT IRRELEVANT.
HE WILL ALWAYS BE THERE TO HINDER MY PLANS...
...EVEN IF THEY ARE SOMETHING GREAT FOR THE ENTIRE WORLD.
SO BE IT. IF HE WILL NOT ALLOW ME TO DO SOMETHING GREAT...
...I SHALL DO SOMETHING GREAT... AND TERRIBLE!
I REALLY SCREWED UP. BIG TIME.

DAREDEVIL WAS RIGHT. I'VE BEEN GETTING A LI'L TOO UNMASK-HAPPY LATELY.

I LET YOU FF GUYS IN ON MY SECRET, THEN THE AVENGERS, AND NOW...

...I'VE DOWNLOADED MY BRAIN PATTERNS INTO EVERY MACHINE IN THE CITY.

DON'T WORRY, PETER. I'VE ALREADY GOT AN ALGORITHM AT WORK WIPING THEM OUT. YOU'RE SAFE.

WELL, THAT'S A RELIEF. THANKS GUYS.

IT'S THE LEAST WE CAN DO. YOU SAVED THE ENTIRE CITY. AGAIN.

GOOD WORK, SON.

SPEAKIN' O' WORK, NOW COMES THE HARD PART...

...CLEANIN' UP!

WELL, SINCE THIS WAS A DOC OCK-THING, I SHOULD PROBABLY PITCH IN, RIGHT?

YEAH? THE AVENGERS ARE AN UNDERGROUND TEAM, BUB. WE'LL LEAVE THAT TO YOU ABOVE-GROUND GUYS.

AH, YA LAZY BUMS!

ON THE NIGHT OF YOUR AUNT'S WEDDING? WE WOULDN'T DREAM OF IT.

WE'LL SEE YOU LATER.

WHADDAYAKNOW? DD WAS WAY OFF. MIXING MY SUPER AND NON-SUPER LIFE IS SO TOTALLY WIN-WIN.

YOU SAID IT.

TORCH? WHERE ARE YOU GOING.

TO THE WEDDING TOO. WHEN I WAS GETTING CARLIE TO SAFETY, SHE ASKED ME TO BE HER PLUS ONE. COOL, HUH?

...

NEW RULE: DAREDEVIL'S ALWAYS RIGHT.

The Lower East Side.

SERIOUSLY, PARKER. HOW MUCH DO YOU HATE YOUR AUNT?

*THE APARTMENT OF PETER PARKER AND MICHELE GONZALES, HIS (VERY PLATONIC) ROOMMATE.*

WHAT? I GOT MY SUIT CLEANED.

I'M NOT TALKING ABOUT THE SUIT, ROOMIE. I'M TALKING ABOUT THE WALKING BRUISE YOU POURED INTO IT.

I-I GOT CAUGHT IN THE CITY WHEN EVERYTHING WENT KABLOOEY.

WHATEVER. YOU GONNA TELL THAT STORY EVERY TIME YOUR AUNT PULLS OUT HER WEDDING PHOTOS?

HERE, YOU BIG LOSER...

...LET'S SEE HOW MUCH WE CAN COVER UP. YOU SHOULD BE FINE FROM A DISTANCE.

CLOSE UP? WELL, YOUR DATE WON'T BE HAPPY...

I'M... GOING STAG.

WHAT'S THE MAIN ENTRÉE?

VEAL PICATTA OR LEMON CHICKEN. WHY?

I'LL GET A DRESS. BUT YOU'LL OWE ME.

WHAT? I DIDN'T MEAN THAT YOU SHOULD... I WASN'T ASKING...

EH.

Bryant Park. The Parker/Jameson Wedding.

MR. MAYOR, ARE WE TO UNDERSTAND THAT THIS FEUD WITH YOUR FATHER--

WAS A SIMPLE MISUNDER-STANDING. IN MY TIRELESS PURSUIT TO BECOME THIS CITY'S HARDEST-WORKING MAYOR...

...I WAS TRAGICALLY DISTRACTED IN MY DUTIES AS NEW YORK'S MOST DEVOTED SON!

THAT'S WHY TONIGHT I WILL BE OFFICIATING THIS JOYOUS EVENT, *FREE OF CHARGE!*

ARE YOU SAYING THAT THE LIGHTS, USE OF THIS PUBLIC PARK, AND THE FASHION WEEK TENTS...

...ARE COMING OUT OF THE CITY BUDGET?

OF... COURSE... NOT...

"...THIS'S ALL BEING PAID FOR BY... J. JONAH JAMESON *JUNIOR.*"

SURE. BACK IN THE DAY, I USED TO HANG OUT WITH PETE, FLASH, GWEN, MJ, AND HARRY.

REALLY, JOHNNY?

YEAH, I WAS PRACTICALLY PART OF THE GANG.

SO BETTY, IS FLASH HERE YOUR PLUS ONE?

MAY SAID IT WAS OKAY AS LONG AS THAT "*NASTY THOMPSON BOY DIDN'T START ANY FIGHTS.*"

SHE'S KIDDIN' YOU, BETTS. MAY'S CRAZY FOR ME.

LOOK, PARKER MADE IT. I OWE YOU FIVE BUCKS.

HOLD ON. WHO'S THE MYSTERY GIRL WITH YOUNG PARKER?

PETE'S *NEW* ROOMMATE. SHE'S VIN GONZALES' SISTER.

WHOA. HEY, RANDY. WE GOTTA SPEND SOME MORE TIME AT PETE'S PLACE!

I HEAR THAT!

EYES OVER HERE, ROBERTSON!

GANG, THIS IS MICHELE. MICHELE, THIS IS THE GANG.

PLEASE WAIT TILL I'M GONE BEFORE YOU START TELLING EACH OTHER EMBARRASSING THINGS ABOUT--

HE'S NERVOUS 'CAUSE HE'S WEARING MAKE UP. LOTS OF IT.

AAAND THANKS FOR THAT. NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I HAVE TO CHECK IN ON THE BRIDE.

HEY, PRETTY LADY.
MY BOY. YOU MADE IT.
OF COURSE. AUNT MAY, YOU LOOK--YOU'VE NEVER LOOKED MORE BEAUTIFUL.
COME HERE, PETER.
WE'VE REACHED ANOTHER MILESTONE, HAVEN'T WE?
YES, MA'AM.
WELL, THERE'S SOMETHING I WISH TO SHARE WITH YOU.
I'VE SEEN YOU OVER THE YEARS, ALWAYS WORRIED THAT SOMETHING BAD WAS GOING TO HAPPEN. FOREVER FOCUSING ON THE TERRIBLE TIMES...
THAT INSTANT HERE OR THERE THAT WENT HORRIBLY WRONG. BUT I WANT YOU TO KNOW SOMETHING...
ALL THE GOOD THINGS THAT HAPPEN IN LIFE, THEY HAPPEN IN AN INSTANT TOO.
A WHIRLWIND ROMANCE, LIKE MINE AND JAY'S. THE DAY YOUR MOTHER, MARY, PUT YOUR HAND IN MINE. YOU WALKING ME DOWN THIS AISLE.
THERE'S A POWER IN EVERY MOMENT--A CHANCE FOR HAPPINESS IF YOU LOOK FOR IT.
AND IT'S EVERY PERSON'S RESPONSIBILITY TO FIND THOSE MOMENTS AND CHERISH THEM. YOU REMEMBER THAT, SON.
YES, MOM.
"I PROMISE."

DEAR FRIENDS AND FAMILY, WE ARE GATHERED HERE TODAY TO WITNESS THE SWEET BONDS OF MATRIMONY...

...BETWEEN MY FATHER, JOHN JONAH JAMESON SENIOR, AND HIS LOVELY BRIDE, MS. MAY REILLY PARKER...

TWO VERY YOUNG SOULS IN TWO VERY OLD BODIES...

OY.

SON...

LET IT GO, JAY. HE'S TRYING.

I CAN'T BELIEVE HARRY OSBORN. HOW CAN HE BE MISSING THIS?

I TALKED TO HIM, BETTS. HE'S...STILL GOING THROUGH A LOT.

"BUT HE SAID HE'D DO EVERYTHING HE COULD TO MAKE IT."

CAN'T YOU GO ANY FASTER? WE'RE ALREADY SO LATE!

I'M DOING THE BEST I CAN. DIDN'T YOU HEAR?

THE WHOLE TOWN WENT CRAZY TODAY. WE'RE LUCKY ALL THE TRAFFIC LIGHTS ARE WORKING.

MY DEAREST MAY, THOUGH I HAVEN'T KNOWN YOU LONG, I PROMISE TO LOVE YOU FOREVER.

GOOD TIMES, BAD TIMES, ALL TIMES. BECAUSE THE TIME I HAVE WITH YOU IS THE MOST PRECIOUS TIME OF ALL.

JAY, MY LOVE. THE LIFE WE ARE TO HAVE TOGETHER, MORE THAN ANYTHING, IS THE LIFE I WISH TO LIVE.

I'M ALIVE WHEN I'M WITH YOU, JAY. BECAUSE OF YOU.

DOES ANYONE HERE KNOW OF A REASON WHY THESE TWO SHOULD NOT BE WED? SPEAK NOW OR FOREVER HOLD YOUR PEACE.

ANYONE? THIS'S YOUR WINDOW. RIGHT HERE. TAKE YOUR TIME. I CAN WAIT.

JUNIOR.

÷SIGH÷

VERY WELL. BY THE POWER VESTED IN ME BY THE GREAT CITY AND STATE OF NEW YORK...

...I NOW PRONOUNCE YOU *MAN* AND *WIFE*. YOU MAY KISS THE BRIDE.

PSST. J.J.?

WHAT?!

NOW THAT WE'RE RELATED...

...CAN I BORROW FIFTY BUCKS?

PARKERRR!

...OKAY GIRLS, TIME FOR THE BOUQUET.
IS IT ME?
OR DID ALL THE GIRLS HERE BREAK THE SOUND BARRIER GETTING TO THAT SIDE OF THE ROOM?
NORAH SAYS SHE WANTS IT AS AN IRONIC POST-MODERN FEMINIST STATEMENT.
YEAH. SHE'S A KEEPER.
IF CARLIE CATCHES IT, I'M SETTING IT ON FIRE.
PULL OVER!
THIS'S IT!
NYC TAXI
THIS'S IT!
HERE. KEEP THE CHANGE.

GOT IT!
OVER HERE!
MINE!
WAIT!
NO!
FWAP
NO WAY!
ANNA WATSON?! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?
WHAT CAN I SAY? I HAD A "PLUS ONE" TOO.

HI, GANG. SORRY I'M LATE.

SO? WHAT'D I MISS?

# the AMAZING SPIDER-MAIL

In the year 600, smallpox first arrived in Europe.

Welcome to another edition of the Amazing Spider-Mail.

600 issues.

47 Years.

Thousands of pages.

There's no way around it…you just paid five bucks for history (unless you live in Canada where history is sold at higher rates due to the mailman having to fight off moose{s}).

Of course, Spidey's comic isn't the first super hero book to reach that magical Pronic number. That title belongs to the granddaddy of them all: DC's Action Comics which reached #600 back in 1988…50 years after its debut! (Back then Amazing Spider-Man #300 was all the rage and I had a vaguely mid-Missouri semi-mullet.)

Amazing Spider-Man isn't even the first Marvel Comic to make it to #600. That honor went to Thor a few months back. And thanks to our thrice monthly shipping (and Thor Editor Warren Simons' slow reading skills), we'll pass that Mighty title up in numbering in the next couple months.

Amazing IS the first Marvel comic to reach this milestone without changing its name and without changing title characters (though the book did restart as an issue 1 a few years back and reverted back to the original numbering with issue #500.)

For 600 action and angst-packed issues Amazing Spider-Man has told the ongoing story of one of the most compelling heroes in all of literature…and through good stories and not-so-good stories (you can all debate which was which), Spidey has survived.

Executive Editor Tom Brevoort (who oversees the work the ASM creators -- along with assistant editor Tom Brennan and I -- do on the book) calls the first 38 issues of Amazing Spider-Man "the Bible," meaning that pretty much everything you need to know about how to handle Pete and his cast can be found in the work that Stan Lee and Steve Ditko created in those pages.

I'd actually extend that by a few years (and I think Tom could probably be swayed) to include the immortal work of John Romita Sr. who took over after Steve…a guy who by all accounts never even wanted to draw super heroes. John's work on the book is burned into the memory of any human who has come across it and the stories those three men created were so timeless that they're still held up today as some of the best stories Marvel has ever published.

None of this is to say that you have to constantly repeat those classic stories. Rather that everything that lies at the core of the character and his world (and in truth at the core of the whole Marvel Universe) can be found within: the price of power, the ever-human struggles to maintain your dignity in the face of overwhelming odds, the difficulties of walking away from your destiny…it's all pretty operatic and it's all right there on each and every page during the book's early years.

All of this is a long-winded way to do something that so many editors of this book have done before me: to say that this issue is proudly dedicated to Stan, Steve and John. (I just hope they like it! Or else…Oy! The embarrassment!).

I want to acknowledge and thank the small army of talent who helped put this giant anniversary issue together…starting with the spectacular team of Dan Slott, John Romita Jr., Klaus Janson and Dean White who together created the biggest single-issue story you're going to read all year…heck, it'll probably take you all year to read it!

And of course, it was a delight to work with Smilin' Stan Lee himself on a story showcasing all the crazy things that have happened to Spidey over the decades. This was a blast and, Stan, any time you want to do it again, we here at Spidey-Sentral are ready for ya.

Marcos Martin is still sending me presents for letting him draw Stan's return to Spidey. (And, NO, comic fans and creators, I cannot officially accept presents like flat screen TVs, new iPhones, DVD box sets or Burberry coats -- size 42 regular. That would just be wrong.).

As you see, though, the talent didn't end there. From all the current Web-Heads, to some of Marvel's biggest non-Spidey writers and to all the sublime pencilers, inkers and color artists, I say a sincere "thanks" for working overtime to pull this 104-page monstrosity together.

And "gracias" to proofreaders Brian Overton and Flo Steinberg for combing through all this stuff I threw into this giant issue. Flo was around back when Stan and Steve were creating the first Spidey stories, so it's a bit overwhelming to get notes from her and wait to hear what she thinks about a given Spidey issue. (Brian's opinions I couldn't care less about and he should keep them to himself. His job is to Just correct my speeling so Is Doon;t luk styoopid! WACKER SUX!)

I have to reserve my biggest "merci," though, for the guy who will have touched more of the pages of this issue than anyone else: letterer and compositor Joe Caramagna. His job is the worst (aside from Brennan's) because it's the last part of the process and usually the part that gets messed with most as he's asked to re-letter entire sequences in minutes, fix minor coloring errors, and basically do everything my inconsistent tastes dream up. He (along with his boss Chris Eliopoulos) work hard day in and day out and while they've been mentioned before on this page, it's always worth doing again. These guys are top shelf (and if they did their jobs right they correctly spelled Chris' impossible-to-spell last name in the previous sentence.)

We also had a lot of help over the last couple months from our two interns, Rachel Pinnelas and Melissa Rogers, who quietly toiled for free while having to listen to me sing the entire *WHAM!* back catalog. I consider them both like daughters I rarely speak to, who can't wait to leave their old man to wither away in the memory dust of his smoky Saturday afternoon dreams.

Oh, wait! Thanks to Brennan, too. He works hard, but in truth, it's all just a job to him between attempts to land a gig with his band, "Mumblety P.I.G.Z."

I doubt that hairless and handsome Gen-Y slacker even reads this page between the Twittering, social networking and tuning his keyboard guitar. I do want him to know, though, that he's everything I want my daughter to be when she grows up. (www.mumbletypigz.com)

And as a final treat, I want to acknowledge all of YOU…the letter writers of each and every issue who fill our e-mail and snail mail boxes with praise, criticism, threats and outlandish defenses of Brennan's rakish behavior. Through the years, the community of Spider-Man readers has always been vocal and strong-willed and these days you're no different.

Let's look back over the decades and salute the very first letters ever printed in ASM from the very first letters column (they called it the *Spider's Web*) in issue #3. Two score and seven years ago, Stan, Steve and Flo heard from:

Tom Jones of Aberdeen, MD
Jerome Haro of Chula Vista, CA
Fred Bronson of Culver City, CA
Bill Ryan of Westlake, Ohio
Frank Glen of Hopewell Junction, NY
Phil Leibfred of Bronxville, NY
Buddy Saunders of Arlington, TX
Doug Arch of Joshua Tree, CA
Margaret Seth of Sciotoville, Ohio

So there's your Nifty Nine! Remember them. Honor them as you type in the shadows of their used ink ribbons! (And let us know if any of you are still around 47 years later. You know where to write!)

That's it folks, as you can see from the last page of our lead story, things are heating up in Spidey's life. Mary Jane Watson may be back…but wait until you see who Pete ends up…aw, I'll just let you find out in a couple weeks in a story by Mark Waid and Mario Alberti that kicks off August's "Red Headed Stranger"!

600 issues down and a helluva lot more to go.

Thanks for reading, Arachnophiles.

Viva Templar!
Simperin' Steve
6/30/09

AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #601

--CLEARLY SEE FROM THIS *FOOTAGE* THAT DOC OCK AND *SPIDER-MAN* WERE IN *CAHOOTS!*

THEY TRIED TO SHUT DOWN NEW YORK CITY--*MY* CITY-- *TOGETHER!*

*HALF-TRUE, AS SEEN LAST ISSUE --STEVE*

**City Hall, 8:00 A.M.**

MAYOR JAMESON, *ALEX DRAKE, DAILY NEWS!* SIR, ALL POLICE AND EYEWITNESS REPORTS SEEM TO PAINT SPIDER-MAN AS A HERO DURING YESTERDAY'S ATTACKS!

HAVE YOU *DIRECT EVIDENCE* TO THE CONTRARY?

*EVIDENCE?* HE'S *SPIDER-MAN*, YOU--

MR. MAYOR, DIDN'T THE FANTASTIC FOUR'S *HUMAN TORCH* GIVE STATEMENTS THAT *EXONERATED* SPIDER-MAN OF *ANY* WRONGDOING?

I HAVE *NO INFORMATION* ABOUT--

MAYOR, IT'S *OBVIOUS* THAT YOUR LEGENDARY *GRUDGE*--

*CRUSADE!*

--"CRUSADE" AGAINST THE WEB-SLINGER IS SOMETHING YOU FEEL QUITE *PASSIONATE* ABOUT! HAVE YOU EVER DONE ANY SERIOUS *INVESTIGATION* AS TO JUST WHO EXACTLY IS *UNDER* THAT RED-AND-BLACK MASK?

IT SEEMS HE'S PLAYED TRICKS WITH HIS IDENTITY BEFORE--

*IT DOESN'T MATTER!*

*MENACE* IS A *MENACE!* I DON'T CARE WHO HE REALLY *IS!*

HE COULD BE A *MIDDLE-EASTERN TERRORIST!* HE COULD BE DR. DOOM'S *BROTHER!*

FOR ALL I KNOW, HE COULD BE SOME *SHIFTLESS* LONER WHO'S DOWN TO HIS LAST *NICKEL!*

OW.
SUN.
BRIGHT.
OW.
WHY IS MY HEAD SO...?
IS THIS WHAT A *HANGOVER* FEELS LIKE? WHAT DID I *DO* LAST NIGHT?
I REMEMBER AUNT MAY'S *WEDDING*... THERE WAS A *RECEPTION*...
...AND THEN... *SOMETHING* IMPORTANT. SOME... *ONE?* WHY CAN'T I...
HELLO, PETER--
LONG TIME, NO *SEE!*

"THINKING. THINKING. I REMEMBER 9:00."

GO TALK TO *MARY JANE*, DEAR.

I DON'T...

...I WOULDN'T KNOW WHAT TO...I...

...OKAY.

AFTER THIS SONG.

"I REMEMBER *10:00.*"

TWEL' SONGS ⇢HIC⇠ *LATER...*

PARKER, *GO TALK T'HER* AL⇢HIC⇠ALREADY, YOU *SSSSSISSY.*

WHO'S YOUR CHARMING *FRIEND*, BY THE WAY?

BETTY, THIS IS VIN GONZALES'S SISTER, *SATAN.* I MEAN, *MICHELE.* GARGLE "HI," MICHELE.

I HATE YOU, PARKER.

"BUT EVERYTHING AFTER THAT ELEVENTH GLASS OF *CHAMPAGNE* IS KINDA...*HAZY.*

"RIGHT. OKAY. WE DID FINALLY TALK. BUT...WHAT DID WE *SAY?*

⇢HIC⇠

"WHAT DID WE *DO?*

"WHERE DID WE...

"...END...

"...UP?"

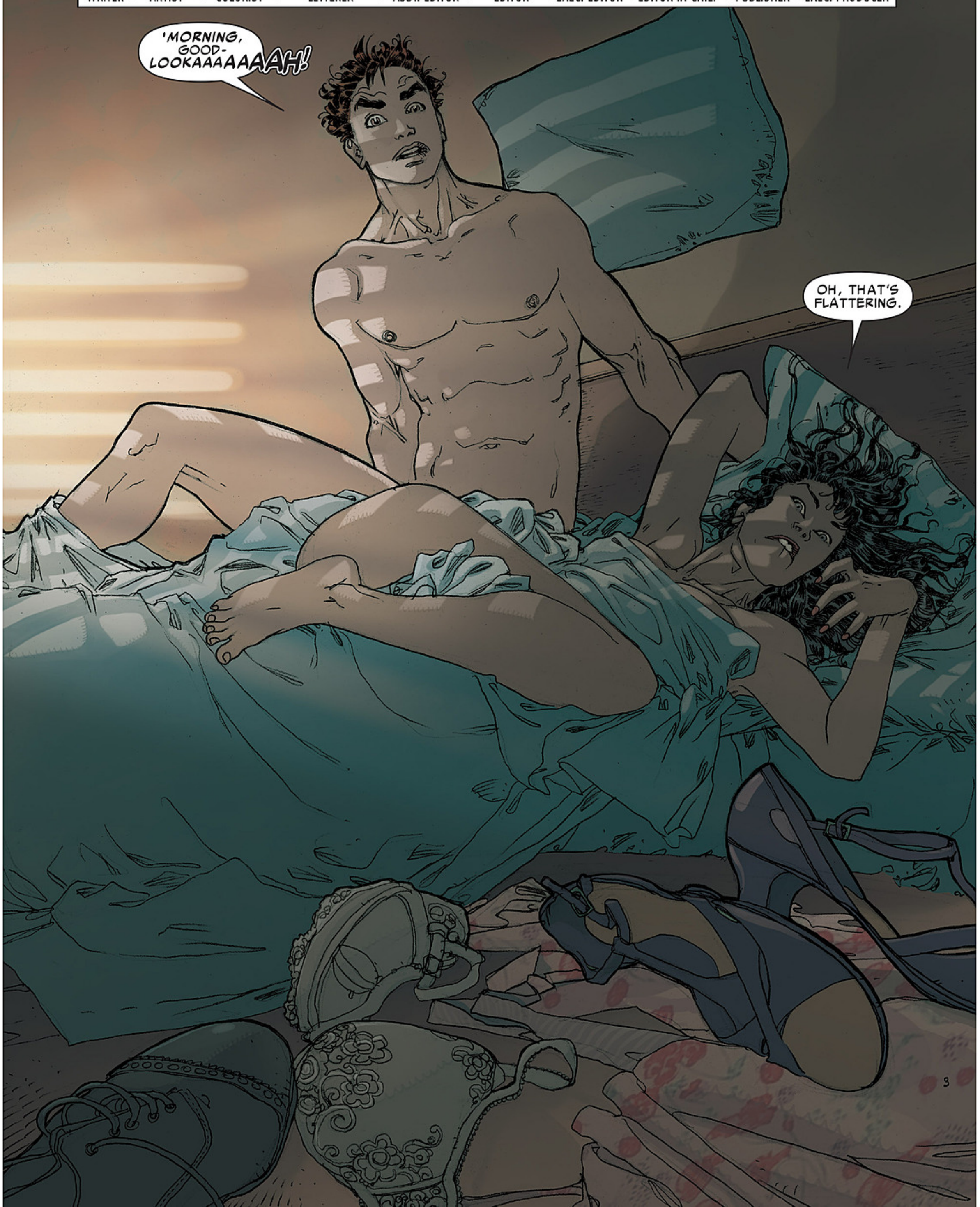
UH-OH.

MJ?

# RED-HEADED STRANGER:

# NO PLACE LIKE HOME

| MARK WAID | MARIO ALBERTI | ANDRES MOSSA | VC'S JOE CARAMAGNA | TOM BRENNAN | STEPHEN WACKER | TOM BREVOORT | JOE QUESADA | DAN BUCKLEY | ALAN FINE |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| WRITER | ARTIST | COLORIST | LETTERER | ASST. EDITOR | EDITOR | EXEC. EDITOR | EDITOR IN CHIEF | PUBLISHER | EXEC. PRODUCER |



MUH-MUH-MICHELE? OH, MY GOD. DID... DID WE...?

YOU.

DON'T EVEN.

REMEMBER?

NO?

GHAAAAH!

I KNEW IT! I KNEW IT WAS A MISTAKE TO LET YOU KEEP LIVING HERE AFTER MY BROTHER LEFT!

MICHELE, I'M SORRY--!

NO! I'M SORRY! YOU'RE THE REASON THERE'S A WAITING PERIOD FOR HANDGUNS!

SLAM!

I'M GOING TO GO TAKE A SILKWOOD SHOWER! WHEN I COME OUT, BE GONE!

I GUESS WE SHOULD TALK.

GONE!

VIN IS SERVING A LITTLE TIME FOLLOWING THE EVENTS OF ISSUE #584-588 --GUGGENHEIM'S ACCOUNTANT

WHY ON EARTH DO THEY CALL IT "GETTING LUCKY"?

I HEARD THAT!

MAN, I SHOULD START A BLOG.

"SPIDERFAIL.ORG."

WHERE IN THE WORLD AM I GONNA LIVE NOW, ON MY NONEXISTENT SALARY? NICE GOIN', PARKER.

WHY WOULD MJ MAKE ME THAT CRAZY? HOW MANY OTHER LAMEBRAIN THINGS DID I DO FOR THE FIRST TIME LAST NIGHT...

...JUST BECAUSE THE EX I LIVED WITH AND THOUGHT I'D MARRY POPPED UP OUTTA NOWHERE AFTER A YEAR?

I WAS LESS SURPRISED WHEN MYSTERIO CAME BACK FROM THE DEAD, AND THAT HAPPENED, LIKE, NINE TIMES!

AND THE WORST PART IS THE SWISS-CHEESE MEMORY. WHAT DID I SAY TO--

OH! OH!



"WE AGREED TO MEET--TONIGHT-- TO CATCH UP! AND WE WERE GONNA MEET...

ABSOLUTELY BE THERE. PERFECT. THASS THE PERFECT PLACE

A DATE, HANDSOME. WHY DON'T WE SAY AROUND

"...AROUND WHEN? WHAT TIME? WHERE?"

"OF ALL THE THINGS TO *SPACE* OVER...! THAT HAD TO BE THE KEY *MOMENT* OF THE WHOLE *NIGHT!*"

FLASH!

PEARLS? WITH *THAT* OUTFIT?

SPIDER-MAN!

I'D JUST CALL MJ, BUT I DIDN'T GET HER NEW *NUMBER*...

...PLUS, I CAN'T FIND MY *CELLPHONE*, MY *COMB*, OR MY LEFT SOCK AFTER LAST NIGHT, SO *SHE* CAN'T CALL *ME*...

...*AND* I DON'T KNOW HER *AUNT ANNA'S* NUMBER OFF THE TOP OF MY HEAD AND--

THANK GOD, A DISTRACTION!

STOP! THIEF!

BRING BACK

WE REALLY NEED TO *STREAMLINE* YOUR *LOOK!*

I SUGGEST WE *LOSE* THE *ACCESSORY...*

...AND TRY SOMETHING A LITTLE MORE *FORM-FITTING!*

*HNNFF!*

*HEY!*

WHAT'DJA GO N' DO THAT FOR? WHADDA *WE* DO NOW? WAIT *AROUND* UNTIL ALL THAT WEBGOO *DISSOLVES?*

YOU THINK THAT'S A PROBLEM? WHAT ABOUT MY *BUSINESS?* *YEAH! YOU! SPIDER BIG-SHOT!*

WHO'S GONNA BUY ALL THEM *NEWSPAPERS* YOU JUST *ROONT?*

I DUNNO. WHO WAS BUYING THEM WHEN THEY WERE *NEW?*

*DON'T GET SMART WITH ME!* MAYOR JAMESON'S *RIGHT!* YOU *ARE* A MENACE!

*HATE.*

SO IT'S *UNANIMOUS,* THEN. WELL, LOOK AT THE *BRIGHT* SIDE, MR. PRISON-BOUND! AT LEAST IN A FEW HOURS, YOU'LL HAVE A *ROOF* OVER YOUR HEAD--

--WHICH IS MORE THAN I CAN SAY FOR *MYSELF!*

Forest Hills, Queens.

LUCKILY... AND, REALLY, HOW OFTEN DO I GET TO USE *THAT* WORD?...

...*LUCKILY*, I HAVE A *TEMPORARY OPTION*. "IT'S NOT *CONVENIENT*," HE SAID, LOOKING FOR AN UNDEFECATED ALLEYWAY IN WHICH TO CHANGE *CLOTHES*...

...BUT AUNT MAY AND "UNCLE" JAY LEFT FOR THEIR HONEYMOON STRAIGHT FROM THE *RECEPTION*...

...WHICH MEANS THE OLD PARKER *HOMESTEAD*, WHILE A STEP *BACKWARD* FOR TODAY'S YOUNG BACHELOR, IS BLISSFULLY *EMPTY*.

OR *IS* IT?

WHY IS MY *SPIDER-SENSE* TICKLING MY NOGGIN EVER SO SLIGHTLY?

OH, NO. *LAST* TIME I WALKED IN UNANNOUNCED, AUNT MAY AND HER FIANCÉ WERE... WERE...

OH, PLEASE, NOT AGAIN.

ANYBODY...

....HOME...?

PETER!

WOW.

REILLYCON '09.

AUNT MAY'S DISTANT RELATIVES--FLOWN IN BY HER HUSBAND AS A **WEDDING GIFT** AS SEEN LAST ISSUE! --BRIDESMAID WACKER

GOOD TAH SEE YOU ***ALIVE***, M'LAD! YOUSE WAS ***WICKED*** TIGHT AT THE PAHTY! C'MON ***IN!*** THE GANG'S ALL ***HEAH!***

I'LL SAY.

MAY SAID TAH MAKE AHSELVES AT ***HOME***--SO WE ***AH!***

I...DIDN'T REALIZE YOU WERE STAYING ***ON...!***

AND GO BACK TAH ***TAXACHUSETTS?*** ***HECK***, NAH! YER AUNT JAN AND THE ***TRIPLETS*** AND ALLA ***KIDS***... WE ***LOVE*** NEW YAHK!

WHY, THEH'S NO TELLIN' ***WHEN*** WE MIGHT GO HOME!

THAT IS ***JUST! GREAT! NEWS!***

I AM ***SO! HAPPY! FOR YOU!***

YAH C'MON BACK ***ANYTIME!*** DOOR'S ALWAYS ***OPEN!***

OF ***COURSE*** IT IS. WHY NOT SHARE THE ***NOISE?***

SIGH.

Manhattan.
UPPER EAST SIDE.

DID SHE SAY THE *COFFEE BEAN?* NO. THAT WASN'T IT. THE *BUGLE?* NO. THIS IS KILLING ME.

MAYBE *HARRY* HAS MJ'S NUMBER. ALSO, MAYBE HE'LL LET ME CRASH AT HIS *PENTHOUSE* LIKE *OLD TIMES.*

MAY I *HELP* YOU?

I'M HERE TO SEE *HARRY OSBORN...?*

THE YOUNG MAN WITH THE *FURROWED HAIR* NO LONGER *RESIDES* HERE. MOVE ALONG.

*WHAT?* BUT THAT'S *UNPOSSIBLE!* WHEN DID *THAT* HAPPEN?

LIKE *MANY,* YOUNG MR. OSBORN HAS APPARENTLY BEEN A VICTIM OF THE RECENT *ECONOMIC DOWNTURN.*

HE PLACED HIS RESIDENCE ON THE MARKET NOT *TWO DAYS AGO.*

DO...DO YOU KNOW WHERE HE *WENT?*

I REGRET TO SAY THAT I AM NOT A *GOOGLE MAP.* GOOD DAY.

*"ECONOMIC DOWNTURN," OR MANEUVERED* OUT BY HIS *SPITEFUL FATHER?* IS THIS SOME SORT OF BACKLASH BY *NORMAN OSBORN?*

I SHOULD CALL *HARRY. HIS* NUMBER, I'VE *MEMORIZED.* AND I KNOW JUST WHERE TO FIND A *PHONE.*

*HARRY AND NORMAN CAME TO BLOWS IN ISSUE #599*
*--FAMILY COUNSELOR STEVE*

# The DB! Offices.

"...AND I WON'T TAKE UP MUCH *ROOM*, BETTY, I *SWEAR*.

"PARTICULARLY SINCE I'M PRETTY SURE MICHELE HAS ALREADY SET *FIRE* TO EVERYTHING I *OWN*. AND IT WOULD JUST BE UNTIL I CAN GET A *NEW* PLACE--"

THE DB

I'M ON WITH THE *GOVERNOR*, PETE!

WHOOPS! SORRY! DIDN'T MEAN TO COME AT A BAD TIME!

NO, DON'T PUT ME ON *HOLD* AGAIN DON'T *DON'T*--

AGGH. DISCONNECTED.

IT'S *ALWAYS* A BAD TIME AROUND HERE, PETE! EVEN WITH DEXTER BENNETT'S BANKROLL, THE DB!'S NOT IMMUNE TO CUTBACKS!

THERE'VE BEEN *LAYOFFS*, WE'RE ALL DOING TWICE THE *WORK*, AND THE UNION'S HAD TO SWALLOW A *PAY CUT*--

--WHICH IS WHY I'VE *ALREADY* HAD TO TAKE IN A ROOMMATE!

SPEAKING!

GLORY GRANT! HOW'VE *YOU* BEEN?

SAME AS EVERYONE THESE DAYS, PETE--

--LAID OFF AND LIVING ON *CREDIT CARDS* AND *GOOD LOOKS.*

WE'D LET YOU SET UP A *TENT*, BUT THERE'S BARELY ROOM FOR *TWO!*

DON'T LET HER ALARM YOU. SHE'S GOT A NEW GIG ALREADY LINED UP AT THE MAYOR'S OFFICE.

MAYBE MJ CAN PUT YOU UP.

YOU ARE A *STITCH.*

APOLOGIES. COULDN'T RESIST. SO SURELY YOU'RE GOING TO *SEE* HER NOW THAT SHE'S BROOMED BACK TO OZ?

*ALLEGEDLY.* I KNOW WE SAID *TONIGHT*. DID I HAPPEN TO MENTION TO *YOU* WHEN OR WHERE?

'FRAID *NOT*... "TIGER."

BECAUSE I CANNOT FOR THE LIFE OF ME REMEMBER THE DEETS OF--

*WHAT AM I PAYING YOU PEOPLE FOR?*

MR. *BENNETT!* WHAT--?

DON'T WASTE YOUR BREATH ASKING *ME* QUESTIONS!

GET YOUR BUTTS OVER TO THE *EMPIRE STATE BUILDING*, EVERY LAST *ONE* OF YOU!

IT'S *BEDLAM* OVER THERE! NO ONE KNOWS WHAT'S *GOING ON!* WITHIN THE SPACE OF *SIXTY SECONDS*, THERE WAS A *FULL-BUILDING BLACKOUT--*

"--THEN THE *BACKUP* GENERATORS *BLEW OUT*--

"--AND *THEN*--

"--THEN THE ENTIRE *14TH FLOOR CAUGHT FIRE!*"

LET US *THROUGH*, PEOPLE! *LET US THROUGH!*

SOMEONE'S ALREADY *AHEAD* OF YOU!

*LOOK!*

TAKE THAT, WINDOW!

OH, BOY.

THIS IS *WAY* WORSE THAN IT LOOKS FROM *OUTSIDE!*

FOLKS, TRY TO STAY CALM!

IT'S A *LOCALIZED FIRE!* GET TO THE *STAIRWELL* AND YOU'LL BE *ALL RIGHT!*

EASY FOR *ME* TO SAY!

I CAN'T EVEN *SEE* THE EXIT SIGN THROUGH ALL THIS! NO *WONDER* THESE PEOPLE ARE LOSING THEIR MINDS!

LOOK, I *PROMISE* I'LL GET YOU ALL TO *SAFETY* IF WE CAN JUST KEEP OUR *HEADS!*

FIREMEN ARE *RIGHT BEHIND ME!*

FIRE HOSE

G-GET THE *FIRE HOSE--!*

TERRIFIC *THOUGHT--* BUT *NO WAY* ARE WE MAKING IT THROUGH TO *THERE!*

THINK, THINK, *THINNNNK...*

WHERE'S THE *MEN'S ROOM?*

ARE YOU *KIDDING ME?*

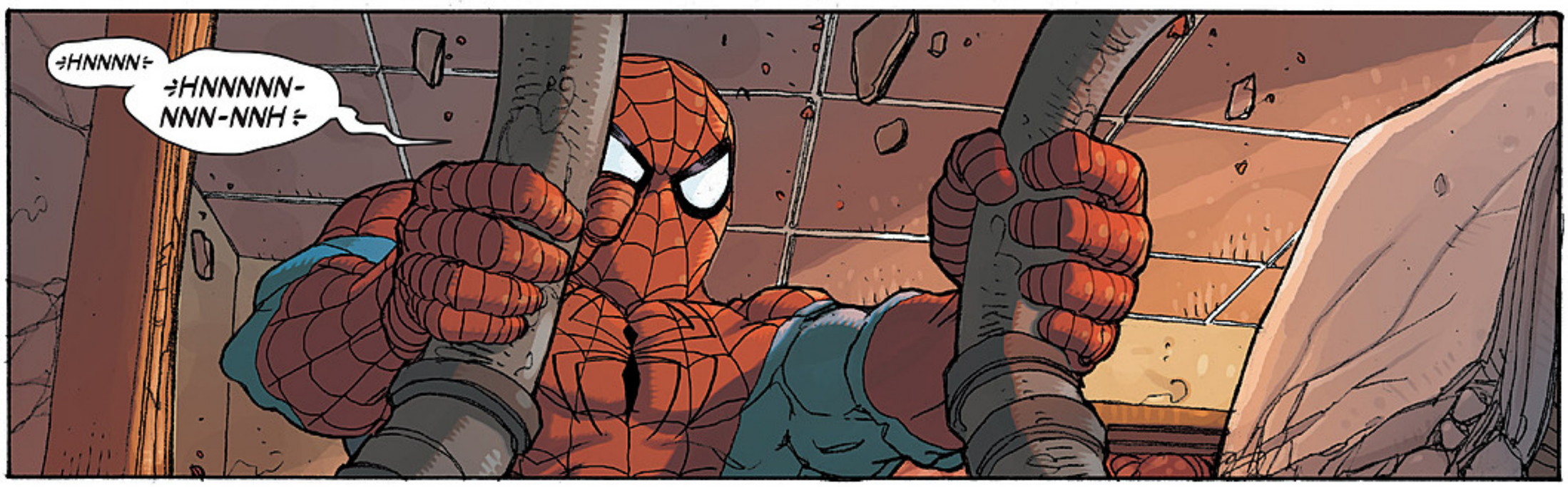
*JUST ANSWER THE QUESTION!*

*NEVER MIND! FOUND IT!*

*POP QUIZ!* WHAT DO THE *BRITS* CALL THIS ROOM?

ANSWER:

*A WATER CLOSET!*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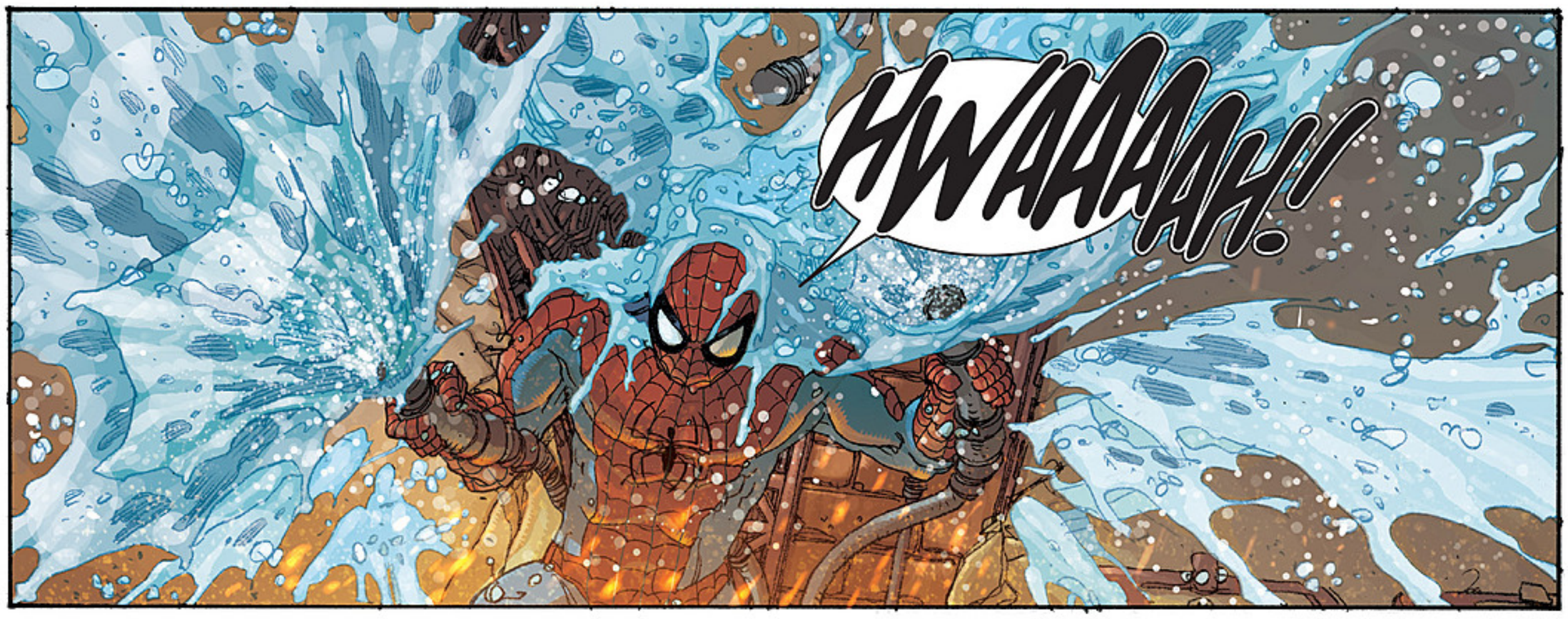

HWAAAAH!!

THERE! THAT MAKES A CLEAR PATH!
GO! GO!
EXIT
CAUTION

Several Minutes Later...

THERE YOU ARE. IT REALLY WAS YOU. THANKS FOR THE ASSIST, MAN.

NO PROBLEM. WHAT CAUSED THE PANDEMONIUM?

AND KNOCKED OUT THE GENERATORS?

GOOD QUESTION. SOME SORT OF FREAKY ELECTRICAL SURGE, MAYBE? BEEN HAPPENING ALL AROUND. WE'LL LOOK INTO IT.

ANYWAY, THANKS AGAIN.

DON'T THANK ME. IF THE MAYOR SEES YOU, YOU'LL BE OUT OF A JOB.

SPEAKING OF WHICH, YOU GOT ANY OPENINGS DOWN AT THE FIREHOUSE? I HEAR THERE'S ROOM AND BOARD INCLUDED.

IF YOU'RE WILLING TO WORK YOUR BUTT OFF, YOU BET, BUT BE WARNED-- IT'S NON-STOP MOST DAYS. BUSIER THAN GRAND CENTRAL STATION!

GRAND--?

GRAND CENTRAL STATION!

-KAFF-

IT WAS SPIDER-MAN! HE SAVED US!

IS HE WITH YOU?

WE DIDN'T SEE HIM!

WELL, DON'T WORRY! WE HAVE IT UNDER CONTROL NOW!

F.D.

DUH, GRAND CENTRAL, UNDER THE CENTER CLOCK! EIGHT SHARP, SAME AS THE NIGHT WE WENT TO SEE GREAT FROG IN CONCERT!

AND-- MIRACLE OF MIRACLES--I'M EARLY! WHICH IS TERRIFIC--

--BECAUSE I JUST REALIZED I HAVEN'T GIVEN ONE THOUGHT ABOUT WHAT I'M GONNA SAY!

"SO, RED... WHAT BRINGS YOU TO TOWN?"

"ANYTHING NEW IN MODELING? THE ACTING CAREER?"

...

"DID YOU FORGET TO WEAR A WATCH?"

GOD, EVERYTHING SOUNDS SO FORCED. WHY AM I SO AWKWARD WITH THIS?

"HOW'S YOUR SOCIAL LIFE?" YEAH, THAT DOESN'T SOUND CODED AT ALL...!

"WHERE YOU STAYING?"

EH. I DON'T KNOW WHETHER TO FEEL DISAPPOINTED OR RELIEVED.

OH, WELL. G'NIGHT, MJ.

WHEREVER YOU ARE, PARTY GIRL, KNOWING YOU... YOU'RE PROBABLY HAVING THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE.

THUD

HUZZAWHA?

WHOA, THAT *CAN'T* BE RIGHT, CAN IT?

DID AUNT ANNA'S FAVORITE *NIECE* JUST SLEEP FOR *FIFTEEN HOURS STRAIGHT?*

WHO KNEW SWEET *MAY PARKER* COULD THROW A *BASH* LIKE *THAT?* I WAS UP UNTIL *FIVE* BECAUSE IT TOOK UNTIL *FOUR* FOR *PETER* TO FINALLY COME OVER AND--

OOOOH.

PETE. *TONIGHT.* CLOCK. *EIGHT.* OUCH.

SORRY, HAZEL-EYES.

I HOPE YOU MADE SOMETHING OUT OF *YOUR* NIGHT.

--BREAKING NEWS FROM MIDTOWN--

SPIDER-MAN ON TAPE

--WHERE RESCUE WORKERS CREDIT SPIDER-MAN WITH SAVING DOZENS OF POTENTIAL VICTIMS FROM A MYSTERIOUS ELECTRICAL FIRE. MORE ON THIS AFTER THE BREAK.

SPIDER-MAN ON TAPE

SPIDER-MAN CREDITED WITH THE RESCUE OF TWENTY OFFICE WORKERS

CCN

GUESS YOU *DID*.

NICE *WORK*, TIGER.

MICHELE?

ANYBODY HOME?

=WHEW=

NO SIGN OF HER. ADDED BONUS: NO *DEATHTRAPS* LAID. IN FACT...

Pete

...I SPY A *PEACE OFFERING!*

OH, MAN, THESE ARE REALLY *TASTY*, TOO--

--AND HERE I AM EATING THEM *DRY*, LIKE A *CAVEMAN!*

EVERYBODY KNOWS WHAT GOES WITH *COOKIES*, AND NOW I'M *CRAZY THIRSTY* FOR IT!

AT THIS MOMENT, THERE'S *NOTHING* IN THE *WHOLE WIDE WORLD* I WANT *MORE--*

--THAN A NICE, TALL GLASS OF *MILK!*

Sucker.

Next: The Chameleon!

Brooklyn, N.Y.
AVENGERS HIDEOUT.
YO YO YO, MRS. JONES-CAGE...
OH, HEY, MR. PETER PARKER.
JESSICA, COME ON!!
WHAT?
HELLO! WE *TALKED* ABOUT THAT!!
WHAT?
THE SECRET IDENTITY. MY SECRET IDENTITY. IT'S A SECRET.
SECRET AS IN YOU DON'T *SAY* IT *OUT LOUD.* EVEN HERE.
YOU *SHH!!* WITH THE SECRET.
MY BAD.
I'M SERIOUS.
*MY BAD.* I'M STILL JUST FLOORED THAT IT'S *YOU.* THAT I KNOW YOU.
AND I'M FLOORED THAT *YOU* STILL DON'T REMEMBER THAT WE WENT TO HIGH SCHOOL TOGETHER.
I TOLD YOU I KINDA DO.
"*KINDA.*" THAT BUMS ME OUT SO MUCH.
NO. NO. DON'T BE BUMMED. I HAD SO MUCH GOING ON IN HIGH SCHOOL. IT WAS SO CRAZY.
GUYS WITH OCTOPUS ARMS AND MOLTEN MEN AND LIZARD GUYS. YOU CAN'T COMPETE WITH THAT.
OKAY, YOU KNOW WHAT... I'LL JUST TELL YOU.
YOU--
--YOU WERE *SO* IMPORTANT TO ME. YOU WERE, LIKE, THE DEFINING THING IN MY LIFE.
WHAT?
I'M TELLING YOU THE TRUTH.
HOW CAN THAT BE? I WASN'T EVEN THE DEFINING THING IN MY *OWN* LIFE.
YOU REMEMBER--
--YOU DON'T REMEMBER--
--YOU REMEMBER THAT TIME AT SCHOOL WHEN THAT SAND GUY SHOWED UP?
SANDMAN.

BUT, OUTSIDE THE CLASSROOM DOOR, THE RETURNING **PETER PARKER** HAS OVERHEARD THE COMMOTION, AND, MAKING A RAPID CHANGE, HE SUDDENLY BURSTS INTO THE ROOM LIKE A TORNADO, AS THE AMAZING ***SPIDER-MAN!!***

YOU'VE GOT THAT BACKWARDS, LOUD-MOUTH! ***YOU'RE*** THE ONE WHO'S GOT A LOT TO LEARN!

***SPIDER-MAN!!***

"REMEMBER WHEN HE CAME TO OUR SCHOOL? YOU FOUGHT HIM OFF--"

"THAT HAPPENED AT ***SCHOOL?***"

"I WAS RIGHT THERE."

"I REMEMBER THE FIGHT. I JUST DON'T REMEMBER IT HAPPENING AT SCHOOL."

"WELL, I SAW IT WITH MY OWN EYES.

"DO--DO YOU KNOW WHAT A PROFOUND EFFECT SOMETHING LIKE THAT COULD HAVE ON SOMEONE LIKE ME?

"I'M SURE I'M NOT THE ONLY ONE. I CAN'T BE. BUT ME SPECIFICALLY..."

"WHAT EFFECT? WHAT?"

"WELL, I'D GOTTEN MY POWERS BY THEN. I WAS IN AN ACCIDENT WHEN I GOT THEM.

"THAT'S WHEN I WAS IN THE COMA."

"I KNEW YOU WERE IN A COMA."

"I CAME OUT OF IT AND I HAD POWERS. AND I HAD NO DAMN IDEA WHAT TO DO WITH MYSELF.

***BOY!*** DID YOU SEE ***THAT!?!***

I WONDER WHERE ***PETER*** WENT? HE ISN'T HERE!

WHO, THAT ***COWARD?*** HE'S PROBABLY HIDIN' WITH HIS HEAD UNDER A DESK SOMEWHERE!

12

"MY PARENTS WERE DEAD.

"I HAD ***NO ONE*** TO LOOK UP TO OR ASK ABOUT WHAT I SHOULD DO WITH MYSELF.

"I DIDN'T KNOW ***WHAT*** TO DO.

"AND THERE YOU WERE, RIGHT IN FRONT OF MY FACE. THERE IT WAS. A HERO.

"AN HONEST-TO-GOD-HERO. FIGHTING THE FIGHT.

"AND I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW IT WAS YOU. ALL I KNEW WAS, THERE'S ***SPIDER-MAN,*** USING HIS POWERS TO--TO--TO--WHAT? TO DO SOMETHING.

"TO--TO--"

I DON'T KNOW THE WORDS I'M LOOKING FOR.

I DO...

WITH GREAT POWER THERE MUST ALSO COME GREAT RESPONSIBILITY.

OH, THAT'S GOOD.

I KNOW.

THAT'S--THAT'S-- DID YOU JUST MAKE THAT UP?

NO. NO, I KIND OF LIVE MY LIFE BY IT.

THAT'S WHAT I NEEDED!

WHEN I WAS A KID...I NEEDED SOMEONE LIKE YOU TO SHOW ME THAT.

"I MADE MY FIRST COSTUME BECAUSE OF YOU."

"WOW."

"AND I DIDN'T EVEN *KNOW* ABOUT THIS '*POWER AND RESPONSIBILITY*' THING.

"I KNEW IT IN *THEORY*, BUT I DIDN'T HAVE THE WORDS."

IT'S GOOD, RIGHT?

CAN I USE IT?

YOU CAN.

*THAT'S* SOMETHING TO TELL MY KID. *THAT'S* SOMETHING YOU COULD LIVE BY.

AND I *DO* LIVE BY IT.

ON MY BETTER DAYS...

YOU COULD START A *RELIGION* BASED ON THAT!

WELL, AS FAR AS I CAN TELL, YOU CAN START A RELIGION BASED ON *ANYTHING* IF YOU PUT YOUR MIND TO IT.

WELL, MY POINT WAS: THANK YOU, PETER PARKER.

THANK YOU FOR HELPING ME FIND THE BEST PART OF ME.

EVEN IF IT WAS ONLY FOR A LITTLE WHILE.

OH, YOU...

HEY, SO...

GO BACK AND DO IT AGAIN...

YOU *SHOULD* GO BACK TO BEING A SUPER HERO.

WHAT?

YOU WANT YOUR KID TO SEE THE BEST PART OF YOU?

DON'T TELL HER...

SHOW HER.

THE BEST VERSION OF MYSELF

BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS WRITER JOE QUESADA ARTIST

SOMEONE TALKED!

MORRY HOLLOWELL COLOR ART CHRIS ELIOPOULOS LETTERER

TOM BRENNAN ASSISTANT EDITOR STEPHEN WACKER EDITOR

THE BEST PART.

THANK YOU, PETER PARKER.

To be continued in NEW AVENGERS...

Salem, Oregon

WHY DID I COME HERE?

OF ALL PLACES...AT ALL TIMES... WHY HERE?

THAT'S NOT A DIFFICULT QUESTION TO ANSWER, IS IT, YOU OLD FOOL?

WHERE ELSE DOES ONE GO WHEN THERE IS NO ONE LEFT IN THE WORLD THAT THEY *LOVE* OR WHO LOVES THEM..?

THE *FORGOTTEN* ALWAYS RETURN *HOME*...ALWAYS TO FIND THAT SANCTUARY LONG EMPTY. LONG DEAD.

HOW COULD THE *"GREAT" MADAME WEB NOT* HAVE SEEN THIS COMING?

THE TRAGEDY IS THAT I *DID*. I SAW IT ALL IN DREAMS THAT I CHOSE TO IGNORE...

BECAUSE IT WAS MORE WORK TO BUILD A RELATIONSHIP THAN IT WAS TO HIDE.

SO HERE I SIT, IN THE HOME OF MY BIRTH. A SHRIVELLED OLD SPIDER ALONE IN HER *WEB*...

# VIOLENT VISIONS

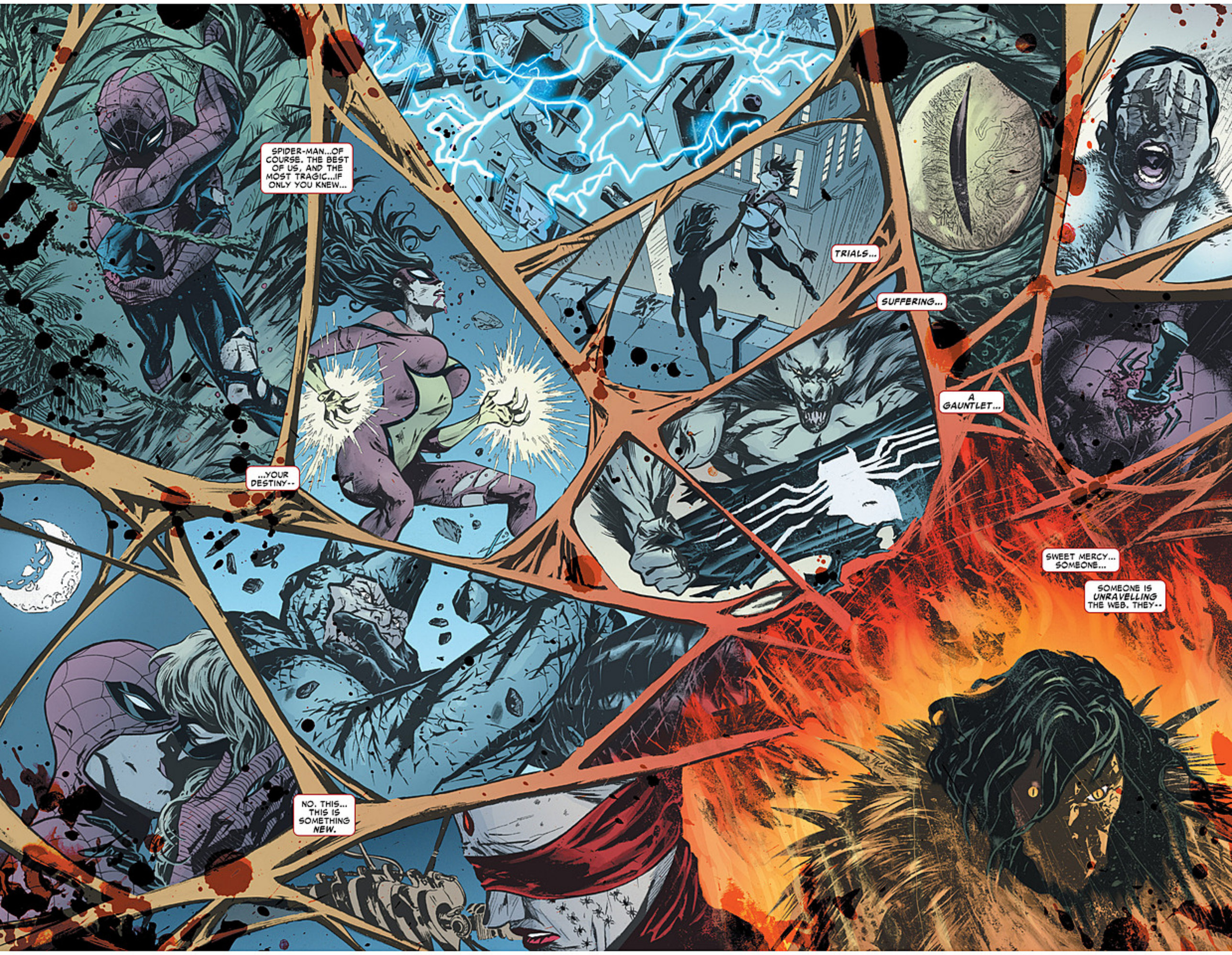
by KELLY, FIUMARA, CHUCKRY and VC's CARAMAGNA

Edited by WACKER and BRENNAN

...SURROUNDED BY THE *CORPSES* OF THOSE WHO ONCE GAVE HER NOURISHMENT.

BUT WHY? WHY *NOW?* WHY THE COMPULSION TO COME HERE, SO UNDENIABLE...

*SHOW ME* WHAT I *CAME HERE TO SEE.*


SPIDER-MAN...OF COURSE. THE BEST OF US, AND THE MOST TRAGIC...IF ONLY YOU KNEW...
...YOUR DESTINY--
NO. THIS... THIS IS SOMETHING *NEW.*
TRIALS...
SUFFERING...
A GAUNTLET...
SWEET MERCY... SOMEONE...
SOMEONE IS *UNRAVELLING* THE WEB. THEY--

OH MY GOD...

THEY'RE HUNTING SPIDERS.

BADOOM!

WHO ARE YOU!?

WHO DARES TAMPER WITH THE WEB OF FATE?

HEH.

IT TALKS LIKE IT'S A REAL PERSON.

WHY CAN'T I *SEE* *YOU!?*

WHY CAN'T I *SEE THIS FUTURE!?*

YOU CAN'T SEE ME.

YOU CAN'T TOUCH ME.

YOU CAN'T FEEL ME...

BUT I SEE YOU...

I SEE YOU.

I SEE YOU!

KRAKT!!

DON'T BE MAD...

SHE *BROKE.*

I DIDN'T DO IT.

DON'T LIE TO ME, PRECIOUS...

...BUT DO NOT DESPAIR EITHER. SHE'LL LIVE. SHE'LL SEE AGAIN.

MAMA IS PLEASED?

VERY.

MAMA IS *VERY* PLEASED...

WE HAVE OUR EYES...

THE *HUNT* BEGINS.

Continued in Amazing Spider-Man.

**AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #600 VARIANT**

BY **JOE QUESADA, DANNY MIKI** & **MORRY HOLLOWELL**

MARVEL COMICS GROUP©

AMAZING SPIDER-MAN COVERS YOU'LL NEVER SEE! #1 BY LOEB AND MCKONE

# the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN

SWEET CHRISTMAS, *SPIDER-MAN!* MY SON IS A JIVIN' AND DIVIN' WHIZ! HE COULD BE IN THE *NEW AVENGERS!!*

BUT MY BOY ALWAYS WINDS UP WITH A SPIDER-FLOP, *LUKE CAGE!* HE'S HEADED FOR THE *PET* AVENGERS!

*NOTHING CAN PREPARE YOU FOR*

## "THE SHAME OF THE SPIDER-SON!"

**LANNING-**INKS
**HOLLOWELL-**COLORS
**ELIOPOULOS-**LETTERS
**WACKER-**EDITS

AMAZING SPIDER-MAN COVERS YOU'LL NEVER SEE! #2 BY BRUBAKER AND MCKONE

$1.25 US
$2.25 CAN
21-1987
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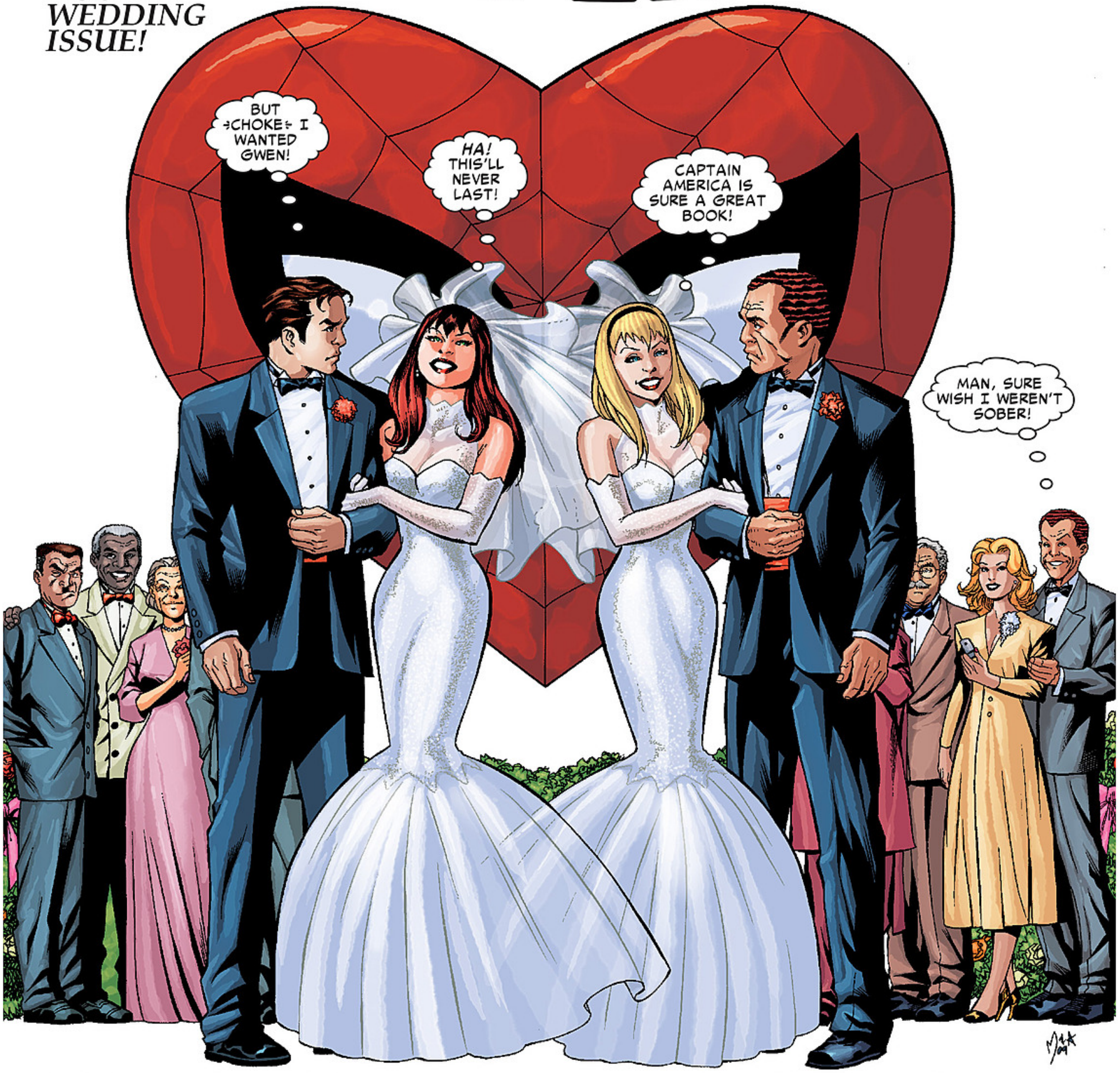
NOT APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

# GIANT-SIZED ANNUAL

# the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN

*SPECIAL DOUBLE-WEDDING ISSUE!*




## COULD ONE OF THESE BRIDES OR GROOMS BE A CLONE?

(OR BUCKY?)

NO! -QUESADA

LANNING-INKS
MOSSA-COLORS
ELIOPOULOS-LETTERS
WACKER-EDITS

YEP! IT'S SOME MORE **SPIDER-MAN COVERS YOU'LL NEVER SEE!** BY FRACTION AND McKONE

## *IT'S THE LATE SPRING OF 1970:*

*AT THE BEHEST OF HOOVER'S FBI, A SPECIAL SPIDER-MAN TITLE WAS DESIGNED BY THE BUREAU AND MARVEL TO TRY TO COOL THE EXCITED TEMPERS AND RIOTOUS PROTESTS THAT WERE ENGULFING THE NATION'S YOUTH. HONORED TO BE ASKED TO SERVE THEIR COUNTRY BY PRODUCING COMIC BOOKS, AND TOO FRIGHTENED OF HOOVER TO SAY NO, THE MIGHTY MARVEL BULLPEN AGREED.*

*WRITTEN BY "MARVEL COMICS, AND THE FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION" AND DRAWN BY "MANUEL MANOS"– AKA 'MANNY HANDS,' A COMMON BULLPEN JOKE WHENEVER LOTS OF FREELANCERS PITCHED IN ON A SINGLE PROJECT, THE MAGAZINE LASTED ONLY 2 ISSUES BEFORE BEING QUICKLY, QUIETLY, AND UNCEREMONIOUSLY DUMPED.*

TURN ON! TUNE IN! **DROP DEAD!**

NEVER MENTIONED PUBLICLY AGAIN WE NOW PRESENT THIS MINI-GALLERY OF BOTH COVERS FROM **SPIDER-MAN: BIG MAN ON CAMPUS!**

AARGH! SGT. HIPPIE'S WAY-OUT *MIND RAY* IS MAKING ME HATE **MY PARENTS!**

OPEN FIRE, MEN!

OPEN FIRE ON THESE AWFUL HIPPIES!! THEY'RE DESTROYING OUR *VALUES!!*

# HA! GET A JOB!

**LANNING-**INKS
**D'ARMATA-**COLORS
**ELIOPOULOS-**LETTERS
**WACKER-**EDITS

THE FINAL SPIDER-MAN COVER YOU'LL NEVER SEE! BY BENDIS AND JANSON

# the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN AND BATMAN

## CEASE & DESIST

MARVEL

Wacker —

NOT FUNNY !

Don't even think of running this !

Dave Altshuff
- Legal

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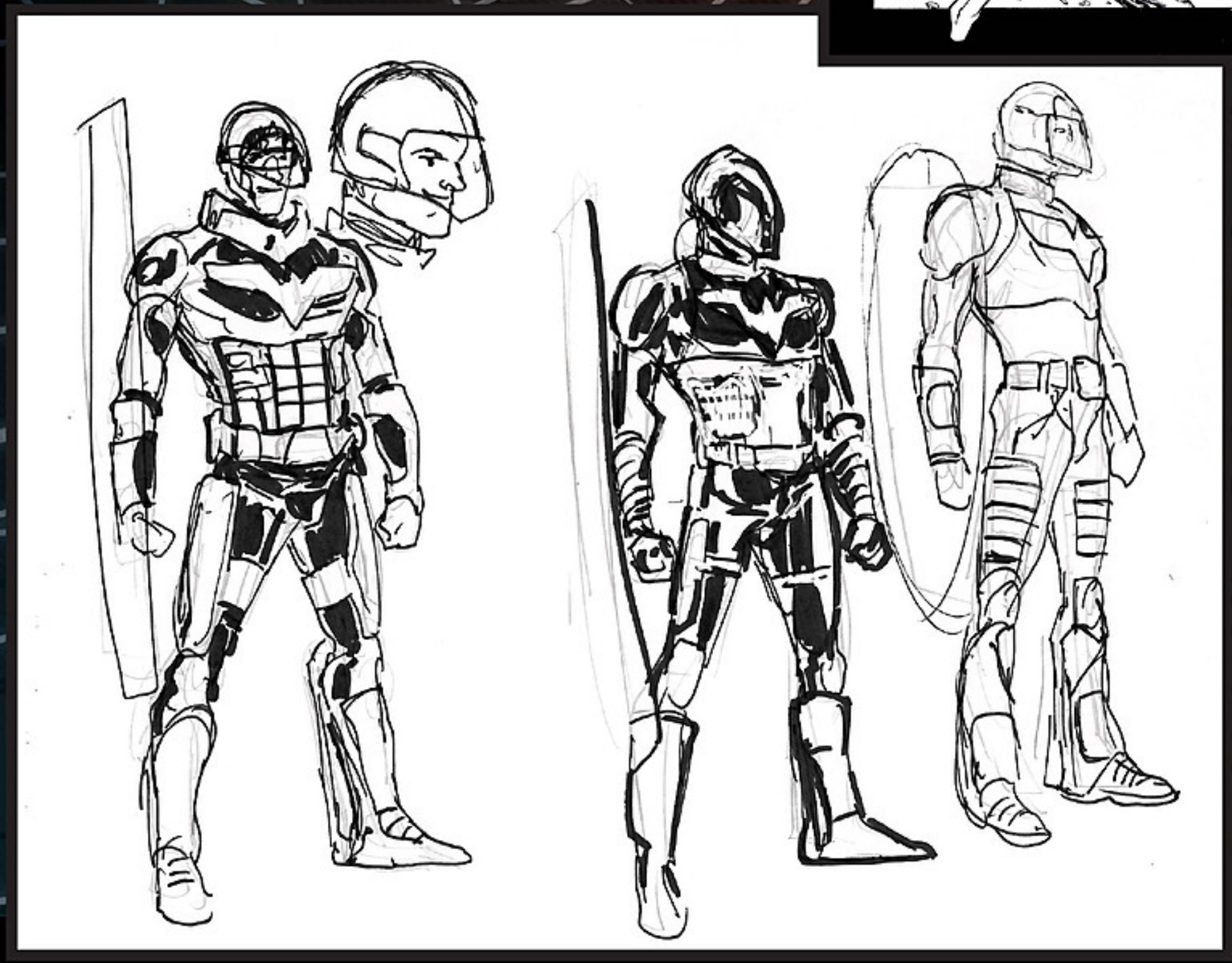
## THE TEAM-UP YOU DEMANDED BY THE GUYS WHO CAN NEVER DO IT!

MOSSA-COLORS
ELIOPOULOS-LETTERS
~~WACKER~~-EDITOR
BREVOORT

# AMERICAN SON SKETCHBOOK

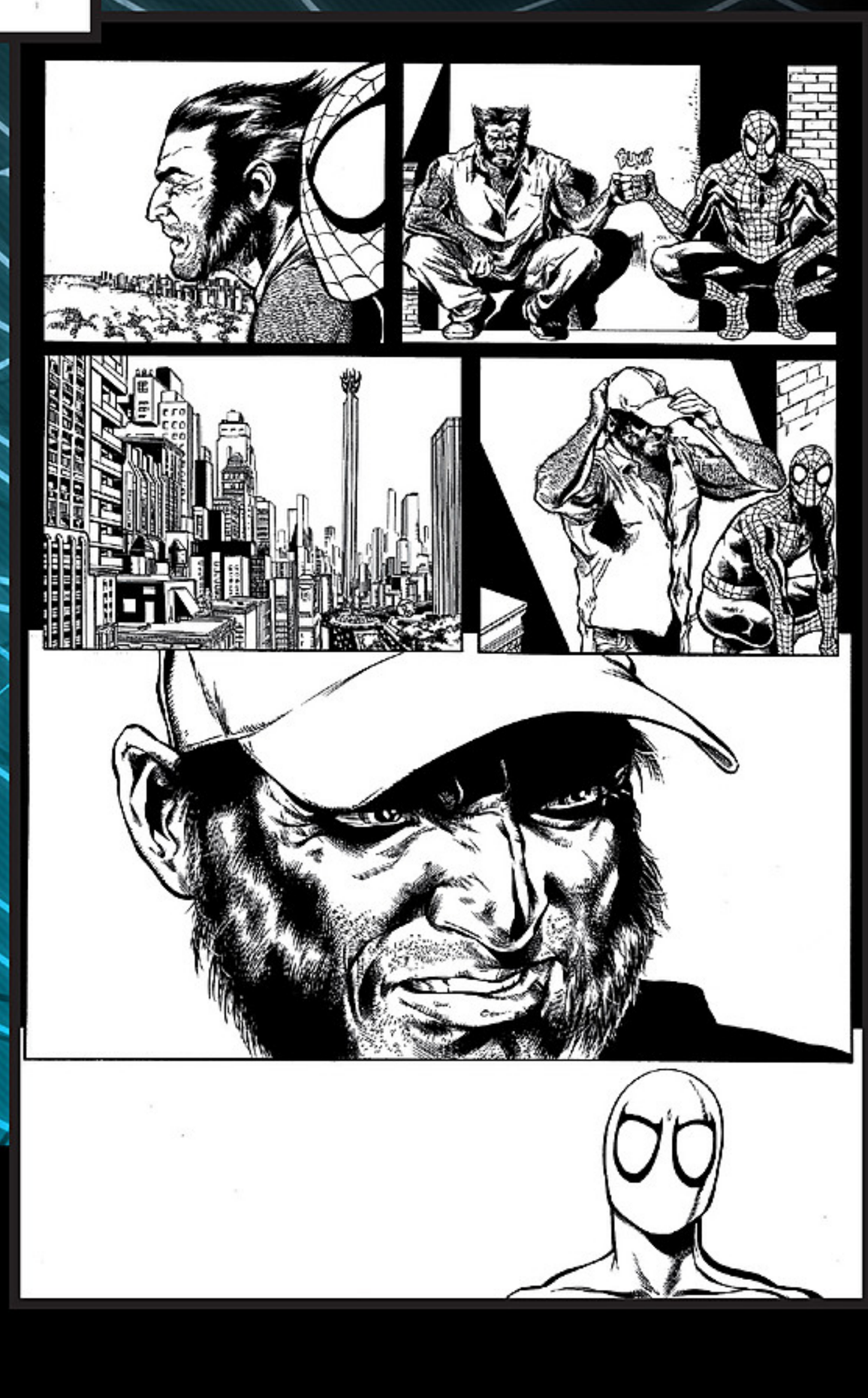
I know that Norman's been all over the place this year, but THIS was the shot of him I wanted to see. Classic, showing up where Pete positively does NOT want him to be, with that "cat and the canary" grin across his face. Originally this was one panel on a page, but thankfully Phil went for the gusto and gave it the feel (if I may geek out for a second) of Vader's reveal in Lando's dining room. The reaction shot reflected in the silver is priceless. **– Joe Kelly**

I'm waving the nostalgia flag big time on this one, but I can't help but laugh seeing Spidey swinging with a trussed up Norman. The best part about this page (other than the fact that Phil killed it!) is how it sets you up for a joke, and then you turn the page and see a Spidey as savage as we've ever seen. When Spidey gets his hands on Norman — no Dark Avengers, no New Avengers — it's years of anger and frustration behind each punch, and Phil executes it to perfection. **– Joe Kelly**



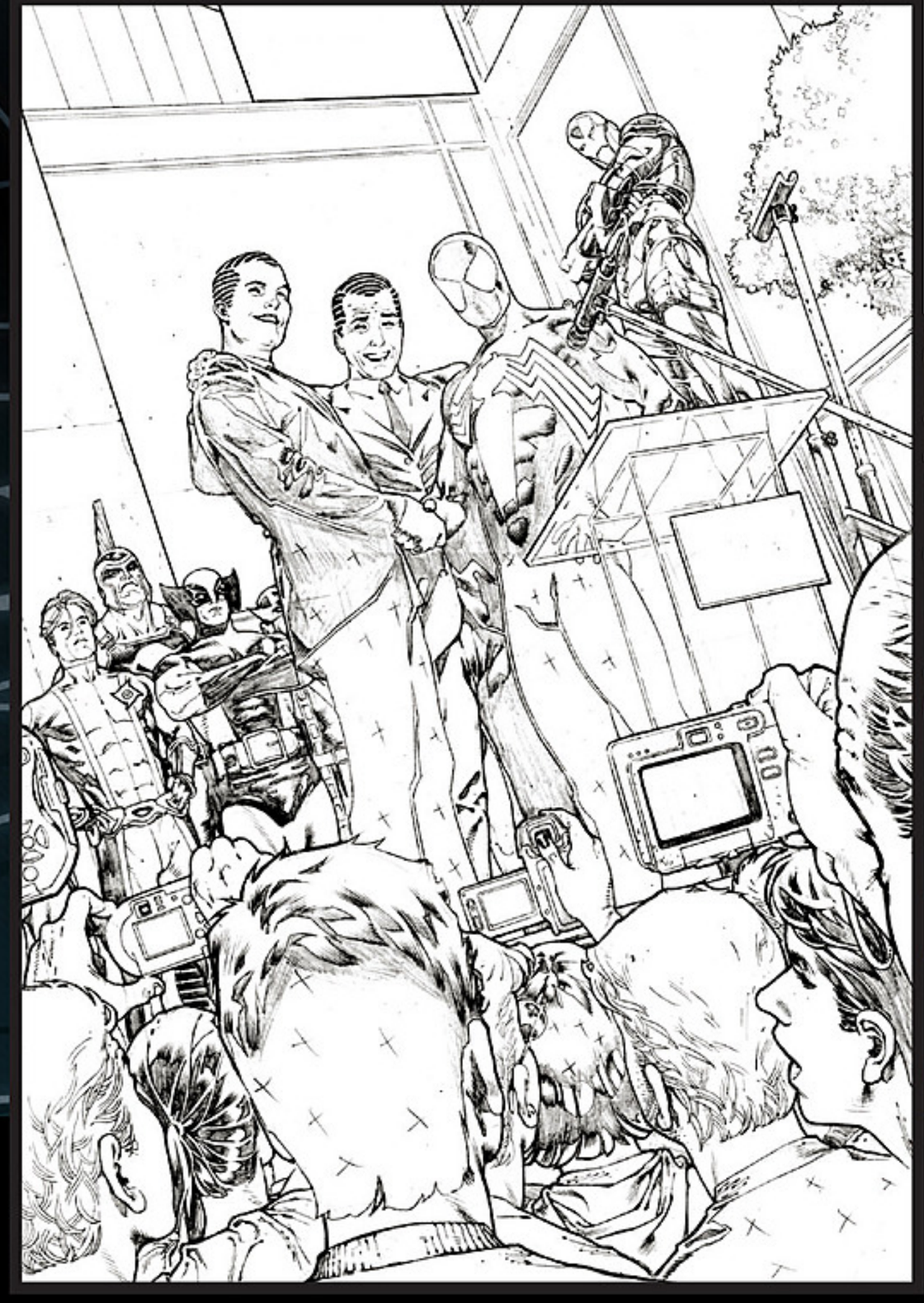
Who is American Son? Hmmm...there are keystones to every franchise, and Norman in his infinite wisdom has realized that he's missing a big one in his — his Avengers has no Captain America. But with the real Cap dead and that new guy not much of a team player, what's a power-mad villain to do? Make his own. **– Joe Kelly**

The team spent a lot of time brushing Harry off and putting him on his own two feet well before I ever showed up, and the truth is I like him as a character. The guys took him from Pete's often simpering playboy pal and reimagined him into a genuinely good guy who's buried his demons and lives on hope. That sets the tone for a strong relationship between Harry and Peter — perfect fodder for the "American Son" arc. Ultimately, this story is about the last temptation of Harry Osborn by his father, but also Pete's struggle to see Harry as a whole person, and not a wet mop he needs to take care of and protect. The irony is that Pete cares so much for Harry that he's blind to his friend's inner strength...and that mistake will cost them both.
**– Joe Kelly**



I love that Spidey and Wolvie hang out from time to time and have a younger brother/older-psychotic-just-got-out-of-jail brother dynamic. Spidey really admires Wolverine, but he's afraid of him at the same time. The scene of the two of them plotting Norman's demise is one of my favorites in the arc. **– Joe Kelly**

Artist Marco Checchetto steps in to take us on a Norman-guided tour through the halls of the Dark Avengers HQ and the beginnings of the American Son project. I'll warn you right now though, not everything on these pages is as it appears. **– Steve Wacker**



Joe keyed in on the father/son dynamic right away. And what better way for a father to show his love than to introduce him to the world as the man that will save the country. "Prince Harry" is ready to take his place up front with the king. Note Peter Parker up front. **– Steve Wacker**

Phil Jimenez tried a couple different takes on the cover until he landed on that feeling of real defeat and desperation for Spider-Man. This cover probably does the best out of all five to really give you a sense of the pressure that Peter is under as he watches his worst enemy become the country's #1 citizen. **– Steve Wacker**

# A TRULY AMAZING ERA OF SPIDER-MAN CONTINUES WITH THE FORMER GREEN GOBLIN IN CHARGE!

First, Spidey goes all-out, "24/7" to mess with J. Jonah Jameson — as a new Vulture makes his high-flying debut! But Norman Osborn is policing the nation with his Dark Avengers, and Peter Parker doesn't like that one bit! Whose side is the armored American Son on — and what will Osborn's Dark Reign mean for Mister Negative? Spidey will go from one of his greatest enemies to another when Doctor Octopus makes a comeback — like never before! Plus: Daredevil, a wedding and the return of one of the most important people in Peter's life!

Collecting *Amazing Spider-Man (1999) #592-601* and *Annual #36, Spider-Man: The Short Halloween, Dark Reign: Mister Negative #1-3, Amazing Spider-Man: American Son Sketchbook,* and material from *Amazing Spider-Man Family #7* — written by Mark Waid, Joe Kelly, Dan Slott, Stan Lee, Marc Guggenheim, Bill Hader, Seth Meyers, Fred Van Lente, Roger Stern and more; and illustrated by Mike McKone, Phil Jimenez, Paulo Siqueira, Marco Checchetto, John Romita Jr., Marcos Martin, Mario Alberti, Pat Olliffe, Kevin Maguire, Gianluca Gugliotta, Val Semeiks and more.

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